INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISING CONVENTION LONDON 1924

# ACROSS *with the* AD-MEN

BY THE
BUCKEYE COVER
MAN

TO COMMEMORATE IN PERMANENT FORM THE
SUPREME ACHIEVEMENT OF ADVERTISING THE
INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISING CONVENTION
LONDON 1924
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ACROSS WITH THE AD-MEN

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INTERNATIONAL
ADVERTISING
CONVENTION
LONDON, 1924

BY

THE BUCKEYE COVER MAN
(CARL RICHARD GREER)
Author of: *What a Buckeye Cover Man Saw in Europe*

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*To*

THE ADVERTISING MEN WHO WENT
TO LONDON, AND THOSE WHO DIDN'T

# BY WAY OF JUSTIFICATION

When H. R. H. the Prince of Wales formally opened the International Advertising Convention in London on the 14th of July, 1924, the British Chairman said that at last the profession of advertising had taken its place in the sun. I think Mr. Vernon used these words: "This is the day when advertising has taken its proper place on the map."

I thought so too, but perhaps for somewhat different reasons. To the English advertising men the appearance of their prince at once gave the gathering social prestige and put behind its deliberations the influence of the embodied glory of those things we call Old England and the British Empire. We Americans have never learned that point of view and I am afraid we never shall. We are by nature and habit too individualistic; and while we are building up some traditions, they do not have the continuity of such an institution, for example, as the British crown.

In any case it was a handsome thing of the prince to have come, for an unending round of formal functions has left him a weary and bored young man. Although I am not quite certain, I think it is a fact that the Prince of Wales had never before honored a business convention with his patronage or presence. Affairs of state, charity and sport are the chief claimants on his time. It is, of course, significant of the changed attitude of the British nation that the heir to the throne should concern himself with business, and particularly with a business that is both the mainspring and the lubricator of once despised "trade."

The London convention of 1924 was in fact, as the race-track men say, the twentieth annual "renewal" of the convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the

World. However, in London it was usually referred to by the more descriptive title of the "International Advertising Convention."

When, a year ago at Atlantic City, I learned that the convention of 1924 would definitely be held in London, I knew that it would be a significant and interesting occasion. In common, I suppose, with every other advertising man and business man of America, I wanted to go. But as I had taken a long vacation in Europe the summer before, I gave the thought no serious lodgment in my mind.

As the program began to develop, with its long array of the most eminent and alluring personalities of Britain, the urge grew stronger, and it was not lightened by the luggage-packing and passport-buying of sundry of my friends. London, the largest community of the nicest people in the world! London, in the season and in Empire Exhibition year! London, with the opportunity of meeting and hearing in a week the great leaders of British thought and enterprise!

It was too much for any ordinary human resistance, and my inhibitions never did work well. So a few days before the advertising argosy set sail, I said to Mr. Minor Beckett, "I think I have an idea;" and all advertising men know that an "idea" represents the sum total of their earthly aspirations. I spoke euphemistically, I know, for ideas and I do not always dwell together. But I accomplished the first step in the well-known series; I aroused curiosity. "What is it? That you go to London?" he said. How he happened to guess I never knew.

We make Buckeye Cover and the printers and advertising men of the country buy it. One year ago, when we passed our seventy-fifth milestone, we reminded our friends of our anniversary by sending them a book called "What a Buckeye Cover Man Saw in Europe—and at Home." It was the simple story of the incidents of European travel, and it concluded with the narrative of The Beckett Paper Company, written by the well-loved Mr. Thomas Beckett, whose un-

timely death, in July, 1923, we have not ceased to mourn. The reception given this modest effort by the advertisers of America rather overwhelmed us by its extent and generosity.

The nub of my annual idea for the year 1925 was this: "If a book of travel and the story of an old paper manufacturing business has interested our friends, will not the personal and human side of this great advertising pilgrimage please them quite as much?"

Our conclusion was, "yes." This book is the result. Time was of the essence of its production. It was written fast, and this may account for small inaccuracies that time spent in research would have prevented. Nor have we forgotten that Lord Byron said: "Easy writing makes damned hard reading." It may be so in this instance, but we know from long experience that the friends of Buckeye Cover are generous.

CARL R. GREER.

AT THE MILLS OF
THE BECKETT PAPER COMPANY
HAMILTON, OHIO
1924

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*Of the pictures used in this book the worst were made by the writer. For others we are indebted to Captain Reginald Colley, of Fargo, Dr. Stephen Pritchard, of Croydon, and to those excellent sources, Topical Press, of London, and the London News Agency.*

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The Right Hon. Viscount Burnham

# ACROSS WITH THE AD-MEN

## I

### THE VOYAGE OF THE REPUBLIC

HAVING decided to go to London less than a week before the sailing of the chartered ships, I had to work fast. A telephone message to my friend, Mr. J. H. Londergan, of New York, brought an answering wire that I was booked on the *Republic*, the first of the four or five special boats that carried well upwards of two thousand American advertising people to the International Advertising Convention at Wembley, which was in fact the Twentieth Annual Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World.

The *Republic*, of the United States Lines, was due to sail from Hoboken at noon on the following Wednesday and it was then Saturday. No time remained to secure passports in the ordinary course and nothing could be done except to apply in person at the Department of State, securing the vises at the Consulates General of Great Britain and France, either in Washington or New York.

On Sunday after a pleasant drive to Cincinnati, I boarded a train due to arrive in Washington early next morning. The weather was cool and fine and in the smoking-room I fell into conversation with a young naval ensign from Louisville, attached to the U. S. S. *New York*, then in European waters. Then developed one of those curious little coincidences that are always happening to travelers. My companion asked me where I lived, and when I told him that my home was in Hamilton, Ohio, he said: "I know a gentleman in Hamilton. His name is Henrik Greger and he and I shared the same seat in a charabanc in the Trossachs for a whole day last summer. I suppose you know him." Now

Mr. Henrik Greger is the chief engineer of a large engineering concern immediately adjoining our own Beckett Paper Company, and although his name was as familiar to me as my own, and we had worked within three hundred feet of one another for two or three years, it so happened that I had never consciously seen him. The next evening in New York, I strolled down to the Waldorf and went up to the campaign headquarters of Major George L. Berry, whose candidacy for the Democratic nomination for vice-president was being managed by two of my own fellow townsmen, Tom Bateman and Edward Antrim. In a few minutes a stranger walked in and approaching me said, "When did you get in town? I didn't know you were here." My face, I fear, was a trifle blank as I acknowledged the salutation, and my new acquaintance, observing my confusion, added, "I'm Greger, of Hamilton." We then went down to the Democratic Convention together.

At the Passport Bureau, in the Department of State, I was among the first to appear. The chiefs had not yet come in and the hospitable clerks made me comfortable. They informed me, however, that it would be 4 p. m. before my passport would be ready. As this didn't fit in with my plans at all, I produced a letter I had taken the precaution to bring along. I was then advised that if I would return in an hour my papers would be ready.

Washington was never fairer than on this bright late June morning, and as I walked down to the State Department I thought the White House was at its very best, resplendent in a new coat of snowy paint. Mr. Coolidge had just come in from a short drive and was standing on the main portico pointing out something in the grounds to a guest. My hour of waiting I consumed by strolling, going first into the White House grounds. Tourists and trippers from the prairie states were already about in numbers, all eager to have a look at the interior of the executive mansion, portions of which are thrown open to them each day.

"Ad men" on the Republic

TOP—*Mr. Lou E. Holland and the writer.*

MIDDLE—*Left to right: Mr. Holland; Reginald Colley, of Fargo; Carl F. Hunt, Secretary-Manager the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World.*

BOTTOM—*Left to right: Mr. John Clyde Oswald, of "The American Printer;" Mr. Holland; Mr. Jarvis A. Wood, President of the Poor Richard Club, Philadelphia; Mr. H. H. Charles, President of the Advertising Club of New York; Mr. Carl Hunt.*

The older of the two policemen on duty at the entrance looked to have a good deal of White House experience, and he was in a communicative mood. "Do you see much of the President?" I inquired. "Well, sir, he passes me several times each day, but 'Good morning' is about all he has to say. The President is a plain man, a very plain man. I can remember only one time when he had much to say to me. The Girl Scouts were given an old mansion and the Congress made a place for it in the grounds down toward the river. One morning the President stepped out in the rear while I was standing there, and looking at the house, which had just been moved there, he said: 'Well, officer, it certainly seems strange to see a house here on the grounds. I shouldn't have thought it would have paid them to move it there.' I explained to him that they got the house for nothing and that no doubt they would get a good many gifts, and when I had made it all clear he said: 'I suppose it is all right in that case, but it looks like a pretty expensive job.' Do you know the President talked like he felt that it was his own money they were spending?"

I asked the policeman if Mr. Coolidge were not a pretty hard worker. "He is that. He has no sports at all. But hard as he works, I believe Mr. Harding beat him to the office. He was the earliest man I ever saw in the White House."

At 10 a. m., with my newly acquired passport in my pocket and the addresses of the French and British Embassies carefully written down, I awoke a young darky from a sound sleep and chartered his taxicab. The British Embassy was the nearer, a spacious but plain brick building with a wing of very simply furnished offices. The young clerk who received me said that he would be unable to give me a vise, as the Washington Consulate General was authorized to issue vises only to residents of the city of Washington. I was a trifle insistent and was informed that the Consul General would be in his office at eleven, when I might return. The

French Embassy was far out in a fine residential district, and my colored boy carried me a half mile beyond it by mistake. There were no complications here, though the fee had risen from $5 to $10 since I had previously obtained a French vise. The British Consul had appeared when I again reached his office, and on hearing my explanation he very courteously complied with my request.

I caught the one o'clock train and was in New York at six.

The offices of the Associated Advertising Clubs were a mighty busy place on the day before the sailing, but I was an early arrival and Mr. Carl Hunt kindly posted me at the head of the fast-forming queue at the desk of Mr. O. Schumaker, the representative of The American Express Company, who accompanied us abroad. A telegraphic order promptly became a ticket and my preparations were complete.

My trunk had been sent through to the baggage-room of the Pennsylvania Terminal, and on my way to Hoboken next morning I had to pick it up in a taxi. There was a long delay due to a traffic jam at the ferry, and the $8 taxi bill was not so exorbitant as it might seem, though my arrangement with the driver almost brought tears to the eyes of the porter on the mezzanine of my hotel, who carried my bags down, protesting every minute that the regular taxi fare to Hoboken was $5.20.

There were animated scenes around Pier 4. In the cabin were five hundred and twenty-seven passengers, of whom five hundred and twenty-four were American advertising people. The solitary three who kept on to Bremen must have felt pretty lonely after leaving Southampton. The sides of the ship carried big signs bearing the words, "Associated Advertising Clubs." Both ship and pier were thronged with friends and relatives, and the reporters and camera men were busy getting a last word from President Lou E. Holland and pictures of the advertising celebrities aboard. Henry Beckett, of *The Evening Post*, came aboard and expressed the wish that he was embarking on another of those

unconventional trips of his, which have carried him into many out-of-the-way places of the world.

The gang planks were up at last and there was the usual series of farewell incidents. As a large proportion of the party was going abroad for the first time, some of the home folks took it rather hard. One pleasant-looking woman put her head down on the pier rail and sobbed convulsively as long as she was in view.

No ship ever left port in finer weather, but before the voyage was old many of us learned a new mood of the sea. The further we got from shore the warmer it became. The North Atlantic lay like a vast mill pond under the burning sun, and on the third day out we celebrated the Fourth of July in a temperature that not even the residents of Saint Louis would envy, though it might have been acceptable to Phoenix or Yuma.

We had on that day a patriotic celebration that I thought the best I had ever attended. The principal speeches were delivered by Mr. Jarvis A. Wood, of Philadelphia, President of the Poor Richard Club, who at seventy years was making his first trip abroad; and by Mr. Fred B. Smith, of New York, the traveler, orator and publicist who delivered the inspirational speech at Central Hall, Westminster, on the Sunday afternoon of the convention. I never heard at a patriotic meeting ashore more appropriate or inspiring speeches. But the crowded social hall was undeniably hot.

The weather held fine until the eighth day of the ten-day sailing, when it came on to blow and rain, so that for a time we thought we were in for a real storm. That day was enlivened by an incident that varied the monotony of the voyage. In the afternoon, during the storm, we sighted a ship ahead which we steadily overhauled, and everybody gathered forward to watch the chase. Even the numerous girls who had claimed to be seasick from the moment the lines were cast off, appeared on deck and said that their illness had disappeared. The deck stewards and officers were deluged

with inquiries. Some passengers were solemnly assured that the ship was the *Orinoco*, bound for Peking, and went proudly about sharing their superior information with their friends. As a matter of fact, she turned out to be the French liner *De La Salle*, carrying the southern delegation to the Advertising Convention. She had left Galveston, Texas, nearly a week before our sailing, and it was remarkable that we should have encountered her far out at sea.

The voyage of the *Republic* was quite unlike an ordinary ocean traverse, with a cosmopolitan list. It was rather a bit of home afloat and the conventions were quickly cast over the side. Even the skipper, the genial Captain A. D. Randall, of a Long Island sea-going family dating back in America to 1631, caught the spirit of the occasion. One evening on deck a woman passenger to whom he had been pointed out, ran up to him and exclaimed excitedly: "Are you the captain of this ship?" "I don't know, madam," quoth the skipper, "I am trying to be."

Anyhow it was an informal assemblage and the ship's officers gave us the run of the premises. Even the German servants and seamen were infected and the excellent German band, whose members spoke little English, was letter perfect in "The Spar Spangled Banner" and "My Old Kentucky Home."

The chief steward, Mr. J. H. Parker, quickly endeared himself to the stomachs of his guests, though I think he must have made a substantial addition to the U. S. Shipping Board's deficit by the table he set. It was bountiful and excellent to the last degree and in two items it was superlative. Better coffee and ice cream are not to be found in the world—at least in those parts of it that I have visited.

Ship life on the *Republic* was one continuous round of stunts and entertainments. Lieut. Col. Eric Field of London, President-elect of the Thirty Club, the official hosts of the convention, was aboard as the British liaison officer. He gave a series of daily talks on London life, customs and

Mr. Holland and Mr. Field

*This picture of Mr. Lou E. Holland, President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, and of Lieut.-Col. Eric Field, of London, President-elect of the Thirty Club, was made on the U. S. S. Republic by Capt. Reginald Colley, of Fargo.*

geography that were a great help to first visitors and were interesting to everybody. Most of the speeches wound up with a series of questions from the audience, and there were the usual "shockers." One lady said: "Oh, Mr. Field, will you tell us how to get from Waterloo Station to the Savoy Hotel?" The only possible answer was given, "Take a taxi."

The New Yorkers, the New Englanders, the Philadelphians and the Chicagoans all put on entertainments, and there were group luncheons and dinners galore. Every prominent organization in America had its meetings, I think. Personally I enjoyed most of all a reunion of the college fraternity men aboard, presided over by Mr. Charles Hoyt, of New York.

The radio set kept us in touch with the Democratic Convention for two or three days, and when New York faded from the range of even the much-discussed "Super," *The Chicago Tribune's* ship edition continued the narrative from day to day. The ship provided motion pictures each evening, the screen being attached to the after mast. It seemed curious to take a trip through the Yellowstone Park and to see all its familiar wonders in mid-ocean. The features were apparently among the latest productions.

Mr. T. R. Gerlach, of Joliet, Chairman of the Division of Advertising Novelties, became by common consent "Judge" Gerlach, and many of the ship's social and smoking-room activities were entrusted to him. He managed the auction pools so well that he won at least one of them himself, having the pleasant custom of always opening the bidding if nobody else responded promptly. The "Judge" was the life of the ship. Nor must the opportunities afforded by the ship's cigar counter be overlooked. This counter was presided over by a pleasant young man of long experience at sea, and his stock had a forbiddingly expensive look. But when the prices asked got around, business came fast. I think even King James the First would have smoked if he could have got

cigars of *Republic* quality at *Republic* prices. They were purchased for sale on the high seas only and paid no taxes nor duty. Bock Panetelas were ten cents and the big Coronas that were selling in the Paris restaurants for $1.25 and in Berlin for more than $4, were here twenty cents. My friend, Mr. Norman Metcalf, of The Charles Francis Press, New York, assured me that his taste for shore cigars was forever ruined.

The second chartered ship from New York was the *Lancastria* of the Cunard Line, and she left New York a day later than we. Now the Cunard Steamship Company has successfully wiggled out of the Volstead net that stretches for a few miles around our shores, and the gleeful advertising men aboard her bethought themselves of a joke. They sent about a thousand little corkscrews aboard the *Republic*, each bearing a tag printed thus: "With sincere sympathy from the bunch on the *Lancastria*." Their sympathy was really unnecessary, and in mid-ocean some jesters on the *Republic* sent them this radio: "Send us some more corkscrews quick. The others are all worn out." The *Montcalm*, from Montreal, and the *Samaria*, from Boston, suffered no thirst, I understand.

There is no denying the fact that the *Republic* is one of the steadiest ships afloat as well as one of the finest one-class vessels in any service. She was German-built and was before the war the *President Grant*; but she was overhauled recently at an expense that varied, according to ship gossip, from two millions to three and one-half millions of dollars. She was interned at the outbreak of the war and finally seized by the United States. Captain Randall told us a story of her sister ship, the *President Lincoln*. During the war our skipper was engaged in convoying troops to France, returning at the end of each trip as a passenger. He was in that capacity on the *President Lincoln* when, at a point about four hundred and fifty miles west of Brest, a German U-boat torpedoed her. Twenty-six men were killed outright

Shipboard Snap-shots

TOP—*Judge T. E. Gerlach and the writer.*

MIDDLE—*Captain Reginald Colley holding the fatal paddle with which a whipping boss in a Florida lumber camp murdered a young North Dakota lad, causing revelations of peonage that shocked America.*

BOTTOM—*Left to right: Mr. Eric Field, of London; Mr. John Clyde Oswald; Mr. Holland; Mr. H. H. Charles; Mr. Philip Thomson, of New York, President of the Association of National Advertisers; Mr. John Sullivan, Secretary of the Association of National Advertisers.*

and the rest took to the boats. Captain Randall found himself the only competent steersman in his boat and he took the oar. The U-boat came up and summoned them alongside, asking for the captain. Finally she went her way, leaving more than four hundred drifting at sea. After twenty-seven hours destroyers rescued the entire party. The captain said that he saw a corpulent young man in his boat who seemed strong, and he told him to man an oar. This he did, and such was his strength and endurance that the captain inquired as to his identity. He turned out to be "Cupid" Black, the captain of the Yale football team of the year before. The captain said that some years after he was accosted by a man whom he didn't know in a New York elevator. The man was Black, now a Wall Street man, and they had such a happy renewal of an acquaintance so oddly begun, that the captain nearly missed his own ship.

So far as I could learn, there was but one other paper-mill man on shipboard. This was my friend, Mr. Walter Dearden, of "Strathmore-town," who expends some part of his well-known talent in trying to get orders that I think should be for Buckeye Cover. Our own business might be larger if he had devoted himself to the show business on shore, instead of to the paper business. His announcements, as town crier of the New England meeting, were distinctly heard all along the west coast of Ireland.

On Thursday midnight there was an appealing little ceremony aboard. In the presence of more than one hundred of the passengers, Mr. H. H. Charles, President of the Advertising Club of New York, dropped over the rail a wreath dedicated to the memory of Elbert and Alice Hubbard, who had perished in May, 1915, when the *Lusitania* was torpedoed off the Old Head of Kinsale. Mr. Charles was one of Elbert Hubbard's nearest friends, and the day before he embarked on his last voyage he was in Mr. Charles's office. His last remark was, "If those damned Germans get me, I want you and Bert to be good friends."

Now that the new immigration restrictions have practically ruined the profitable "steerage" business of the transatlantic lines, the word "steerage" has been dropped and "third class" substituted. The quarters and service have been improved and all the lines are making a great bid to students, teachers and other nice people of limited resources, to travel abroad third class. A rate of about $73 each way has been established and the experiment seems a success. We had quite a lot of this type on the *Republic* and the big and fast ships carried even more. As a matter of fact, the third class on the *Republic* was very inviting, with large and comfortable cabins and a table that left no ground for complaint. In fact there were many unoccupied cabins in third class that were far superior to my own accommodations in Deck E. As the food is an important item on shipboard, where eating is one of the main diversions, these menus from the *Republic* third-class cabin may interest prospective student voyagers:

BREAKFAST

Fresh Fruit — Stewed Fruit

Scotch Oatmeal
Grape Nuts

Lamb Chops
Bacon and Eggs
Saute Potatoes

Fresh Rolls — Pumpernickel

Marmalade

Tea — Coffee — Cocoa

DINNER

Relishes

Chicken Soup

Hungarian Goulash
Roast Chicken, Brown Gravy

Green Peas — Mashed Potatoes

Ice Cream

Fresh Fruit

Coffee

SUPPER

Relishes

Esterhazy Rostbraten

Roast Veal, Lemon Sauce

Stewed Tomatoes Creamed Potatoes

Assorted Cold Cuts
Salads

Cake

Cheese and Crackers Jam Bread and Butter
Tea Coffee

Long as was the voyage, there were hundreds aboard who wished that it might have been still further protracted. But I must admit that to me the sight of The Lizard, early on Friday morning, the eleventh of July, was a welcome one. I never approached the shores of Old England in finer weather and the high cliffs of Cornwall looked very fair and friendly, with their little settlements and their white lighthouses on the points. Whole batteries of cameras were turned on the rather too-distant landscape. The shipping now became considerable and fishing craft added interest to the changing panorama. Eddystone Light, with its historic associations, interested many; but it was when we passed Tor Bay in the late afternoon that we had our principal thrill. There on our starboard side lay the mighty watchdogs of the shores of Britain, the Atlantic Fleet of more than one hundred warships, under the command of Admiral Sir John de Robeck. They were gathering for the annual review of the Grand Fleet, at Spithead, by the King.

But it was not the display of British sea power that held the eyes of the Americans, for there, on the other side, lay a bit of our own country, the great battleship *West Virginia*. Our passengers swarmed the decks and Captain Randall obligingly ran the *Republic* close up. Our German band burst forth with "The Stars and Stripes Forever" and the

band on the battleship came back with the familiar "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," while both the passengers of the *Republic* and the bluejackets of the *West Virginia* sang the words in unison. "Gee, but that's the most inspiring thing I ever saw," said young Mr. Mack, of the University of Michigan, who was having his first glimpse of foreign shores.

The days were not quite at their longest, but even at the South of England the sun set very late. I saw Mr. Lou Holland take a picture by sunlight at 10:10 p. m.

Next morning we awoke early in Southampton Water, where we had arrived during the night. The genial captain of the port was the first man I met when I came on deck, and he gave us a hearty welcome to Old England. Breakfast was early and hurried, for everyone wanted to be out to see the *Leviathan* come up the harbor. She had to wait outside off Cowes all night and come in on the tide, for she takes, when loaded, forty feet of water. The *Mauretania* was in port and the *Olympic* was occupying, as a first tenant, the new Southampton dry dock.

Before eight o'clock the Mayor of Southampton, Alderman M. Mouland, in his scarlet robe and gold chain, came aboard attended by several of the town's officials, and bade us a formal welcome. I think he did little else that morning but go from ship to ship and make addresses of welcome to Americans. On the landing stage was a committee of our hosts, who had come down from London at the sacrifice of their morning sleep. In the party I recognized Messrs. Harold Vernon, President of the Thirty Club, John Cheshire, of Lever Brothers, G. H. Roberts, Horace Imber, Edgcumbe Brighten and Harry Tipper, of New York.

I doubt if a more thoroughly cowed set of Americans ever landed on British shores and caught a boat train for London. What happened on the other ships, I don't know; but so far as the delegates on the *Republic* were concerned, I can say that the virtue of modesty was drilled into them as it was never expounded in Sunday-school or classroom. Every

Welcome to Old England

*The Lord Mayor of Southampton, attended by members of his council, arriving on the Republic to extend an official welcome to Great Britain.*

American speaker on shipboard—and who did not make a speech?—exalted the spirit of humility. "Whatever you do, don't boast," was the alpha and omega of every speech, until I feared that the more timid would be afraid to admit that they were Americans. If the delegates to the International Advertising Convention didn't live down our national reputation for bumptiousness, I want to assure our British friends that it wasn't the fault of the American speakers on the *Republic*.

# II

## DOWN TO LONDON

THE customs house at Southampton was a busy place on the morning of the twelfth of July. Nearly two thousand Americans passed through its gates, but their mission was well-known and the inspectors were both smart and lenient in their handling of the mountains of luggage that were piled along the alphabetical alleys.

The porters were making money fast, with a half dozen passengers clamoring for the service of every man. A big bobby surveyed the scene with tolerant imperturbability, and after trying to engage several men who were already taken, I turned to that sure friend of the traveler.

In three minutes the policeman had found me a man and got me an inspector, with the result that I was amongst the first through and caught the earliest of the several boat trains to town.

My shipmates found the scene of interest, particularly those who were first voyagers. Everything was a little different from home, and I am bound to say that it was not always worse. Where in the U. S. A. will you find, for example, a burly dock porter, up to his eyes in work, warning people out of the way of his truck by shouting: "Thank you, thank you"? Long queues quickly formed before the money-changing booth and the railroad ticket office, and those who had not supplied themselves with British money at home or on shipboard were here accommodated.

The people who put off the changing of their money until they were ready to take their train paid a penalty, as a rule. Mr. Bennett Chapple, my neighbor of The American Rolling Mill Company, I met at Waterloo. He told me that he had nothing in his pocket but American dollars, with the result

that his tip bill at Southampton amounted to three or four times the amount that would have satisfied the English porters.

In my compartment on the boat train were, among others, Mrs. Beebe, of Paris, Ill., and her young daughter who had just graduated from Vassar and was going to Oxford to spend a year or two in the university. Mrs. Beebe was a graduate of the Western College, at my birthplace, Oxford, Ohio, and we had many mutual acquaintances. Young Miss Beebe was torn by a dreadful conflict between flesh and spirit. Like so many American girls, she had not gone to bed at all on the night of our arrival, with the result that she was dreadfully sleepy. Yet such was her enthusiasm for the British countryside that she would not yield to her inclination to sleep. I could not decide, when we finally reached town, whether her yawns or ejaculations had predominated.

The country was rather dry and the day was warm, but the flowers and the hedges and the numerous sheepfolds were typical of rural England. At Wimbledon our train was held out for some time and again at a point but a few blocks from Waterloo. From the car window the landmarks of London were before us, the Parliament Houses, the Abbey and in the distance the great dome of Saint Paul's. The stack of a factory by the tracks bore vertical lettering which announced that the business was founded in the reign of King Charles the First, whose tragic end it had so long survived.

It was about noon when we stepped out at Waterloo, where a welcoming committee awaited us under the leadership of Sir Herbert Morgan.

The endless stream of taxis was running bank full, but such was the demand that it required several minutes to find a car. Bennett Chapple and I went together, driving through roads jammed with the wind-up of the business week's traffic, and getting out at the Grand Hotel, Trafalgar Square, to which he had been assigned long before.

My hurried departure from America left me no time to arrange hotel accommodations, beyond dispatching a message

to the Hyde Park. Just before we went ashore at Southampton I was handed a letter from this hotel expressing regret that there was no possibility of providing for me. Thus I was left homeless in a crowded London. The reception clerk at the Grand Hotel could see no possibilities there, but concurred in Mr. Chapple's suggestion that another bed be put in his room in case I could not find elsewhere a place to lay my head.

Leaving my bags behind, I hastened to that refuge of the troubled American traveler, The American Express Company, at No. 6 Haymarket. Upstairs I found Mr. Miller, who listened sympathetically to my predicament, and after dismissing from his mind one or two available places as "too provincial," took down the telephone and in two minutes had found me a small suite, consisting of a private hall, bath, and a large bedchamber with French windows and a balcony overlooking Piccadilly Circus. The house was called Jermyn Court Hotel and it was quite a large and highly complex structure, having fronts in Jermyn Street, the Haymarket and Piccadilly. It was the most convenient and the noisiest location in the whole of London. Everything I required was nearby. The steamship offices and the American Express were within a block or two. Piccadilly Circus underground station had three entrances in the building. The shops of Bond Street and Regent Street were within five minutes' walk. Thirty or more theatres were around me and the night-life of London surged through the circus and all the surrounding streets. The London Pavilion, directly across from my rooms, was exhibiting an American film by the prolific Zane Grey, called "Wanderer of the Wasteland," in the colors of nature. "Ruggles of Red Gap" was thrown in, and the permanent electric sign across the front described this cinema palace as "the center of the world."

I sent a taxi over to the Grand Hotel for my hand-bags and gave my trunk check (for the Southwestern has a checking system now) to the hall porter, and that evening my belongings were all at hand.

A Ceremony in Mid-ocean

*This picture, made on the Lancastria, shows Mr. Williams, the British liaison officer, giving formal welcome to the delegates to the "Old World," as the ship passed the halfway mark in her voyage. This was one of the pleasant "stunts" that enlivened the voyage from day to day.*

A large part of the next ten days I spent doing two things: the first was trying to find my way to my rooms; the second was learning to operate the system of switches that controlled my electric lights.

I feel sure that Jermyn Court must have absorbed an adjoining building, and have failed somewhere in the process of incorporation, unless it was designed by the architect of the House of Trouble at Coney Island. The best and only route of travel to my third-floor domicile lay through the hall lounge, up a few steps to the reception desk, thence by an elevator to the lounge floor one flight up. Here one left the elevator and traversing the lounge turned to the right, passing the writing-room and proceeding down a long and winding alley toward the restaurant. Circling around the booth in which the restaurant clerk was installed, and where cigars and cigarettes were also stored, one ascended another small flight, and turning to the right found the electric lift, by which ascent could be made, when the appliance was working, almost directly to my door. Coming in rather late one night, I carelessly said to the elevator operator, "Third floor, please." The lighting was dim and I started in the general direction of my room. Presently I found myself in a cul-de-sac. I turned back and saw on my right a large light court that was utterly unfamiliar. Then I tried turning in every direction in which I saw a passage. Finally when I was on the point of giving it up and going to sleep on the floor, I saw in the distance the light of a moving elevator. It was to me even as is the beacon light to the storm-tossed mariner, and keeping my eye steadily on the spot, I reached it in safety and was rescued. I then learned for the first time that access to the west part of the hotel, in which I lived, could not be obtained from any floor above the lounge.

The trickster who installed my electric switches must have long since found a job as a theatrical electrician, as his talent for illusions was unsurpassed. There was a light in my hall, another in the bath, a chandelier in my bedroom and a read-

ing lamp at the bed. There were also four switches conveniently placed. There was no trouble in getting a light in my hall, as the switch was by the door. But when I tried to throw on my reading lamp and extinguish my other lights, or to illuminate my entire quarters at one time, my troubles began. As soon as I would throw one switch, the wrong light would come on and any others that happened to be lighted would fade away. When I threw on my hall light, I could not get light in the bathroom. I could always light my chandelier, but when I tried to cut it off and light my reading lamp, I would turn on the lamp in the bathroom or the hall. At least ten minutes each night was required to adjust my lighting so that I could lie down with the newspapers and read myself to sleep. I have a suspicion that the contraption was devised as a current-saving scheme, and despite my numerous resolutions to study the whole thing out next morning, I was never able to make the necessary mental effort. To the last it remained a mystery and my knowledge of it continued empirical and vague.

Bush House must be visited and credentials secured before one could become an accredited delegate to the International Advertising Convention; for there in the main hall on the Strand side were the general headquarters of that great and highly-organized London Committee that achieved the greatest triumph of program-building and convention-handling that has come within my experience. Bush House is probably the finest commercial building in London, and they say it is the most expensive. Although it has been completed two years or more, it is still not entirely occupied. It extends through from Aldwych, at the bottom of Kingsway, to the Strand, opposite the old church of St. Clement Dane.

The structure is of white stone, so characteristic of all modern London construction, and it rises to a final height of eleven floors. It was erected by Irving T. Bush, of New York, and over the impressive Aldwych entrance is an in-

scription dedicating it to the cause of Anglo-American goodwill. It was an appropriate setting for the headquarters of this convention, for the note of unity among the English-speaking peoples contended with the larger aspiration for peace and harmony for all mankind in every speech of every session of a gathering that has seldom been surpassed in the excellence of its speeches. The contrast between Bush House, London, and the Bush Terminal Building that towers above 42nd Street, in New York, is typical of the difference between the two cities, and for that matter, the two nations.

The London morning papers were filled with allusions to the animated scenes at headquarters, with many diverting comments on the straw hats of the visitors and the supply of ice-water provided "to make the Americans feel at home." It was a busy and cosmopolitan scene, but through it all ran order and efficiency. The quarters were spacious, the desks well placed and plainly marked and the committeemen and their helpers efficient and polite. Within a few minutes my registration was completed and I was provided with the necessary badge and programs, with a press ticket thrown in, so that I might be certain to hear all that was said. There was a pass to the Empire Exhibition at Wembley, and had I so desired, I might have had as well passes on the underground and general omnibus systems, which Lord Ashfield generously provided for the delegates. There is a limit, however, beyond which I cannot bring myself to accept hospitality, no matter how freely given. So whole-hearted and free-handed were our London hosts, that I quite sympathized with Mr. Fred B. Smith's amusing comment, "God pity the city that gets this convention next year."

Here, at the headquarters of the committee on tours, I witnessed the only example of discourtesy that came to my notice in London, and I regret to say that an American was the offender. Mr. Stanley Mitchell, of *The Times*, had been very helpful to me in making certain arrangements, and when I went to confer with him, I found him confronted by a large

man of the surly and aggressive type, who was seeking five tickets to the Hampton Court Garden Party, given by Lord Ashfield and the directors of the underground railways on the following Friday afternoon. The number of guests was limited to six hundred and the quota had already been filled, but Mr. Mitchell volunteered to try to make special arrangements for the applicant. He said that he felt sure that he could accomplish it, but my uncouth fellow countryman angrily remarked that he didn't care to be left in uncertainty and would like a definite answer. There was scarcely a perceptible change in the voice of the Britisher, but his manner was quite altered as he answered, "Oh, I see. You wish to remove the matter from a personal to a business basis. On that ground I am forced to say that the quota is entirely filled and has been for some days, and I much regret that it is impossible to assure you of anything." Turning to me he said, "My, how that man annoyed me. You know I am originally from the other side (Montreal) too."

London was undeniably hot that day. I was wearing much heavier garments than we affect in July at home, and I unwisely decided to walk back to my hotel, stopping on the way at Simpson's for a late luncheon. When I reached my hotel after a fifteen minutes' walk, I was wet with perspiration and quite exhausted. A cool bath was followed by the sleep of profound weariness. When I awoke it was after eight o'clock, the electric signs of Piccadilly Circus were twinkling merrily and the streets were filled with men in dinner clothes. The opening reception at the Royal Albert Hall was scheduled for nine, and Albert Hall was two miles or more away.

Next morning the newspapers said that Saturday was London's warmest day, with a shade temperature of 87. Yet one of the papers reported that five men were seen walking in the Strand wearing heavy overcoats.

# III

## THE LORD MAYOR'S RECEPTION

THE first great function of the convention was the Lord Mayor's reception to the delegates in the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington, on Saturday evening. Strictly speaking, it was not the Lord Mayor's reception exclusively, because the two other presidents of the convention, Lord Burnham, of *The Telegraph*, and Lord Leverhulme, the soap magnate, were joint hosts. Lord Burnham was really most in evidence, as he made the speech of welcome and stood first in the receiving line. But the Lord Mayor of London (the Hon. Louis Newton) by coming to the affair in state, gave to the entertainment that atmosphere of Old London so interesting to Americans. It was to many of the delegates their first view of the pageantry of this great and ancient metropolis.

I arrived in state, too, having taken the very nicest taxicab in the Haymarket cab line. If I hadn't known that it was to be a crush, I should have felt a bit self-conscious in a dinner jacket, for the Britishers still know and recognize the difference between formal and semi-formal dress. But a steamer trunk is a small thing at best, and why fill it with evening clothes?

Curiously enough, I encountered a number of my Ohio friends on the pavement outside, but they were not going in just then and I was left on my own. Now a word about the Royal Albert Hall may not be uninteresting, for it is the largest of London halls and is a curious place of interesting origin. It stands in Kensington Road directly opposite the Albert Memorial in the garden across the way. It is a great circular amphitheater, with a glass dome and four encircling balconies. There are two concentric walls and

between them are the corridors and stairways. The height, I am told, is one hundred and fifty-five feet and its length is two hundred and seventy-three feet as against a greatest width of two hundred and forty feet. The seating capacity all over is about eight thousand, and it is used for all sorts of large affairs, including concerts, political meetings, exhibitions and prize-fights. The boards outside announced a great ball to be given there a few days later for some charity, under the patronage and direction of the Duchess of York. It was completed in 1871 at a cost of about one million dollars, which of course would represent but a small fraction of the cost of building such a structure today. While it was the enterprise of a joint stock company, it was in a sense a memorial to Price Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the consort of Queen Victoria, the man who built the Crystal Palace where his memorial now stands, and sponsored the first great world's fair of history.

Depositing my wraps in a cloak-room in the basement, which I later had difficulty in locating, I made my way to the main floor. It was nearly nine o'clock and the floor was crowded, but happily the hosts had not yet made their entry.

The crowd was probably the most cosmopolitan that had ever assembled in this famous room. The visitors came from everywhere. Not a state in the American union nor a city of consequence was unrepresented. Every nation of the British Empire Commonwealth had its quota, and Canada had many representatives. There were men from China and Japan and every country of continental Europe, except possibly Russia and Turkey. Irishmen of all localities and of all political faiths were drawn together by a common interest in advertising. The British Isles were finely represented. Nearly every town had sent its delegation, in most cases headed by the chief officers and citizens. Official and commercial London turned out its best, and I think it may properly be said that it was a notable gathering.

The platform made a brave showing in its tasteful and

appropriate decorations. There was a large model of the *Mayflower* floating on silken waves, and on either side swam monster golden fishes in a sea of palest green. The illumination was from giant lanterns, hung from gold-topped mooring masts. From the lofty dome festoons of ribbon were stretched to the boxes all around, while the whole lower tier was a mass of flowers. In many of these boxes the mayors of cities and the presidents of chambers of commerce were at home to the guests from overseas. Their cordiality was but a foretaste of the overpowering hospitality that filled the days to come. I was told by an old gentleman from Los Angeles that he was a Londoner by birth, but had been taken to America when young. He remembered that work had just begun on this hall when he left the country and now, after nearly sixty years, he was seeing it for the first time.

It was nine o'clock when a fanfare of trumpets was heard, announcing the state arrival of the Lord Mayor and his party. Yeomen of the Guard—or at least men in the dress of the Beefeaters—formed a lane to the stage, and under their raised halberds, to the stately strains of Sir Edward Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory," the chief of the ancient "City of London" made his formal way. The guests swarmed about to gaze on the colorful procession. There first came the city chamberlain and the sword-bearer; then the two sheriffs of London, with their ladies; the Lord Mayor with Viscountess Burnham, Viscount Burnham and the Lady Mayoress, Viscount Leverhulme and Mrs. Lou E. Holland, Mr. Holland, President of the Associated Advertising Clubs, and members of the British National Reception Committee, headed by Sir Herbert Morgan, of the Lever Brothers' firm. There was great enthusiasm among the guests, and amid cheering and applause the procession moved to the platform and was seated.

It is useless to describe the historic robes and official symbols that distinguished the official members of the procession. Needless to say, they are direct survivals of ancient ceremonies

and customs and they carry the mind of the Britisher back to the glories of a past that was great and old before the first foot of civilized man was set on the shores of our own land. That is why tradition has meaning to an Englishman.

The program of welcome was begun directly. One of the sheriffs, Mr. Sennett, I think, was attired in evening dress, and taking his place at the left of the stage, set out on his task as official toastmaster of the City of London. His presentations were in a quaint old form. Tapping his little gavel on a table, he cried out in the manner of an auctioneer, "I pray silence for the Right Honorable, the Viscount Burnham."

This was my first meeting with the famous proprietor of *The Daily Telegraph*, and no man I heard in London has a more winning personality; but as he figured largely in the affairs of the whole week and will be mentioned again in this narrative, I shall leave my impressions of him for another time. He made a highly pleasing speech in the course of which he said:

> "On behalf of the presidents of the International Advertising Convention—and I speak for the Lord Mayor of London and Lord Leverhulme—in the time-honored words of the City of London, I bid you all a hearty welcome. We are proud to be your hosts and entertainers. Welcome is the best cheer, and we give it you with heart and voice. This is the first time that this mighty gathering, which is in reality a business parliament of the world, has been held outside America, and only the second time elsewhere than in the United States. On that one other occasion it was held in the spreading city of Toronto. I am glad to know that the attendance of delegates of the advertising clubs and societies of the world will easily establish a record which it will be hard indeed to beat. The United States may be the predominant partner in this great enterprise, and we gratefully recognize that in advertising, which is the fine art of trade and the humane literature of business, the United

The Reception in Albert Hall

*At the right is Mr. Sennett, one of the sheriffs of London and the Official Toastmaster of the city. Next to the right is the other sheriff of London. In the center is the official sword-bearer and in order to the right, the Lord Mayor of London, Lord Burnham and the City Chamberlain, bearing the official mace of the city. This photograph was made during the Lord Mayor's welcoming reception to the overseas delegates.*

States easily leads the world, not only by numbers but by imagination. The English-speaking states in which this old country still claims its pride of place for having the mother tongue as a proprietary article, count for much in this world-wide conference, and there figure powerfully among them the oversea dominions of the British crown, and especially what we always call the Great Dominion of Canada. But many other countries are powerfully represented. Our French and Belgian friends have come in important delegations. Scandinavia is here in force from Sweden, Norway and Denmark. Holland and Czecho-Slovakia, with which we have many commercial links, are also present, and from the expanding East come India, China and Japan. Internationalism is a word that has been soiled by ignoble use, but it is to the internationalism that is founded on justice and patriotism that we have to look for the progress and prosperity of mankind.

"This assembly is international in its composition, and still better, it is international in its character. The Convention will discuss the many questions that will be submitted to it, not in the lurid flashes of self-seeking and exclusive dealings, but in the clear, strong light of general benefit and universal convenience. In Great Britain we are glad to know that District 14, the host of this year's convention, is now the largest district group in the whole association, although of the most recent creation. Whereas last year it contained only three clubs, it now has thirty-eight. For this convention all the estates of the business realm have united and are joined together. Wholesale and retail merchandising, manufacturing and finishing industry, newspapers and publicity agencies, have worked with one accord to make the convention the magnificent success it ought to be. The homes of Great Britain have been thrown open to you, and in all you will be equally welcome. All I can say in conclusion is:

"Come in the evening or come in the morning,
Come when expected or come without warning,
Thousands of welcomes you'll find here before you."

I thought it a curious coincidence that a few years ago I had heard the late Mr. John Galvin, then Mayor of Cincinnati, conclude an address of welcome to the Archbishop of York with the same kindly old rhyme.

Mr. Lou E. Holland responded. It was not an easy situation, and in common with all other American advertising men, I was proud of the dignity and good form with which he carried it off. He referred to the occasion as the finest welcome ever given a body of advertising people in any land, and proceeding, said:

> "It only shows that we must still come to the mother country to learn. We want to spread the spirit of advertising all over the world that all people may profit by it. We have a few ideas in America about advertising, but whereas over there we think of it in terms of states, you on this side think in terms of nations. We can each be of mutual benefit, the one to the other. It is just and right that the great English-speaking nations of the world should meet in conference in Great Britain, and I hope that from this world-wide convention of advertising men, there will come a great brotherhood movement that will lead all the nations of the world into the paths of peace and prosperity. In America we devote a great deal of our time to "Truth in Advertising," the first principle in business, the principle of the Golden Rule. There is no reason why one man should deceive another in commercial transactions; but, outside the federal governments, we are the only people who preach integrity in business. We hope by our conferences to bring about a better understanding, because when there is understanding, the causes for strife between nations are removed."

There was no more speaking, and the toastmaster, who possessed an excellent voice as well as a large gray moustache, announced that all presidents of advertising clubs and chambers of commerce, and all mayors of cities or heads

of delegations, were requested to assemble at the left of the stage, that they might be presented to the hosts.

Now I am the president of a modest little advertising club, but not expecting to go to London, I had given my credentials to my friend, Billy Goodwin. Casting my eyes over the crowd that gathered under the toastmaster's direction, I could see nothing of my substitute. So I took my place with the rest. It had been stated that no order of precedence would be observed. When it was all over I could see more reason for precedence than it is fashionable to admit in democratic America; for who cannot see the bathos of a sequence like this: "The Right Honorable, the Duke of Abercorn, Governor General of Ireland; Mr. C. R. Greer, President of the Advertising Club of Hamilton, Ohio." Yet the toastmaster went through it all without a smile, while the sweat poured from his overworked countenance.

The presentations were over at last and they furnished good fun for the guests, as a large number of persons were presented whom it was of interest to identify. My heart went out to our hosts, but it bled for the toastmaster, whose position, I think, is honorary.

There is a wonderfully fine floor in Albert Hall, which they put in or take out as the occasion requires. It made a spacious place for dancing and I fancy one-half the guests used it for that purpose.

Meantime I rambled about, stopping to gossip here and there, for no introductions were required. One genial Londoner explained to me his occupation, which consisted of acting as the business representative of a number of commercial artists. He said, "I don't think you have any such function in American advertising." I don't think so either.

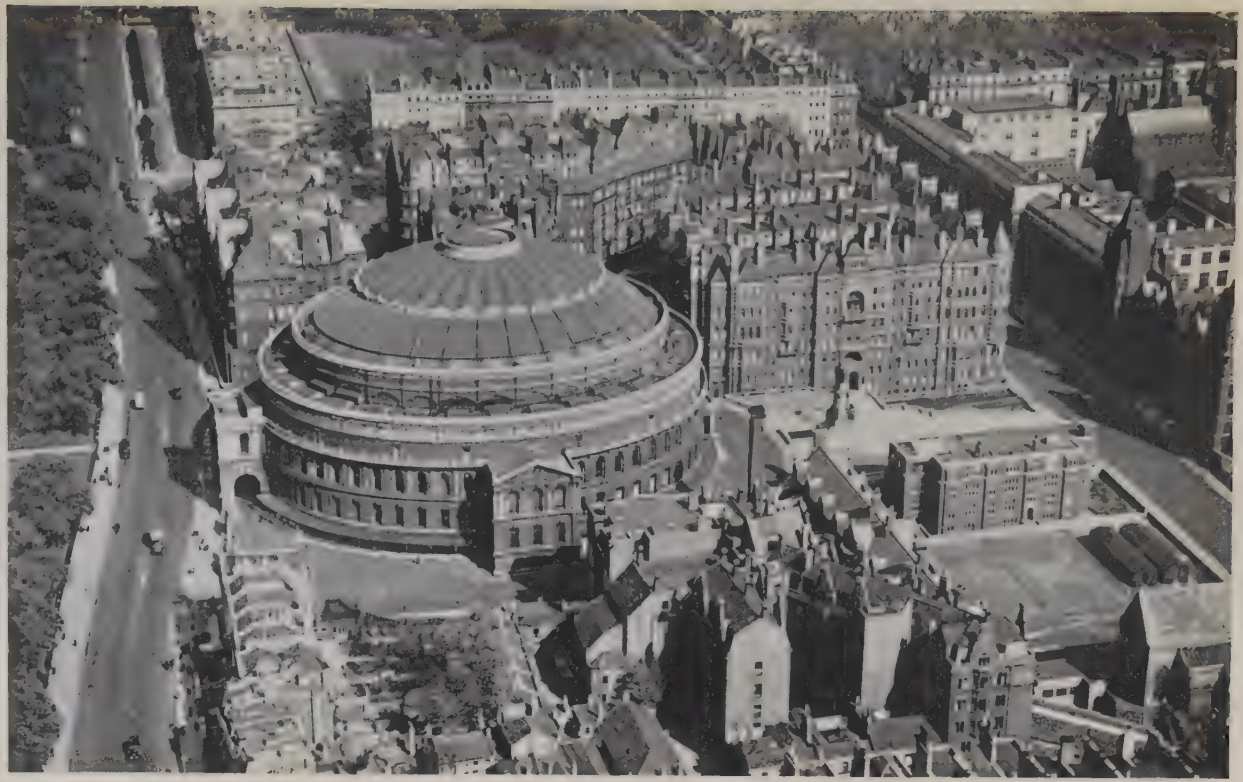
At length, in the foyer, I fell into conversation with a likeable man, and we made an evening of it together.

My acquaintance with Mr. James Pike, editor of the *Midland Tribune* of Birr, Offaly, Ireland, began with a double

misapprehension. I mistook him for an Englishman and he mistook me for an Englishman. He was the first to discover my error and informed me that he was an Irishman, making his first visit to London. Now my ancestry is straight Irish, without going back to the more remote Scotch part, and I always like to know how things are going in the land of my fathers. My questions may have seemed a bit pointed to one who later admitted that he had been pretty active in Irish politics, and the guarded answers I received told me something was wrong. But when I happened to mention the fact that I was an American, the reserve quickly vanished. Mr. Pike was clearly well informed from the Free State point of view, and he told me that De Valera would be set free in a few days, a prediction that was verified by the press within forty-eight hours. He assured me that one thing, at least, was settled; and that was that there would be no more fighting in Ireland, no matter what happened. I was delighted by this expression, but I felt less certain about it when a few days later I talked to some bright young Belfast men in the Ulster Pavilion at Wembley. They were outspoken in their statement that regardless of what any boundary commission might do, Ulster would fight if one foot of ground were taken from her. The intensity of their feeling astonished me.

The Irish question is not settled at the time this is written, and it may prove the instrument of the destruction of the MacDonald Labor Government. While I was in London the ministry decided to make a major issue of its determination to name a boundary commissioner for Ulster, if Ulster declines to act for herself, and to stand or fall on the outcome.

We went to supper in the upper balcony and found at our table a pleasant couple from Montreal, who, learning that I was from Ohio, expressed great admiration for Cleveland. They were visiting London for the first time, and coming down from the north they had driven through Park Lane. They were curious about a large building adjoining or near



The Royal Albert Hall, from the Air

*The architectural peculiarity of the Royal Albert Hall is well shown in this air picture. The district is one of the finer parts of London's West End. To the left is Kensington Road, with a glimpse of Kensington Garden. The Albert Memorial stands in the garden directly opposite the hall. The footwalk leads to this notable monument.*

Hyde Park, that had attracted their attention as they passed in a taxicab. Their somewhat nebulous description did not suggest any particular building to my mind, and we turned to a young man who had joined our party with the modest remark, "I am only a Londoner." To my amazement he disclaimed all knowledge of the Hyde Park district, though he had lived always in London. "My home is out north," he said, "and really I don't know anything about the West End."

It would be unfair to close these desultory remarks on a large ball without a good word for the London girls. They were numerous, friendly and good looking, and their manners and habits appeared to be those of the young women of any metropolitan community. All in all, we had a fine evening and an auspicious introduction to the hospitality of London.

# IV

## THE WELCOME OF THE CHURCH

London on Sunday used to be regarded as the dullest place in the world, but it is no longer so. Apart from the diversions offered by the city and its environs, the programs offered in the churches of the metropolis provided a full day for the American delegates. Advertising men occupied many London pulpits, but the most notable services were those in Westminster Abbey at 10:15 a. m., in Westminster Cathedral (Roman Catholic) at noon, and in St. Paul's Cathedral at seven in the evening. Apart from these there was the great official "Inspirational Meeting" at Wesleyan Central Hall, Westminster, at three in the afternoon. I established a personal record by attending three services in one day and I was well repaid for my devotions.

The service in the Abbey was a notable occasion. Its setting was the most historic shrine of the English-speaking peoples, and the preacher was a famous man, the Bishop of Durham, the Right Reverend Dr. Herbert Hensley Henson. Two thousand seats were reserved for the overseas delegates and every one was taken. The old Abbey was fitted with amplifying devices and every word of the sermon could be heard throughout the building.

Westminster Abbey is one of the great tourist centers of London and happy were the first visitors who saw it under circumstances so propitious. The day was glorious and the service dignified and profoundly impressive. Many had come early and had wandered about among the tombs and cenotaphs of Britain's famous dead.

I received, in a way, a new impression of the Abbey. On previous visits I had not failed to observe that there were all too many figures of persons otherwise unremembered, with

the result that scant space remains for the requirements of the future. But I did not know that the same thought had crystallized in influential British circles until I noted in *The Times*, one day, a letter from an eminent churchman—I think it was Dean Inge— in which he lamented the fact that the Abbey was so cluttered up with the recumbent stone figures of ecclesiastical nobodies of past centuries, whose names were not remembered twenty years in their own communities, that there remained no provision for true eminence. He criticized the statuary airily, concluding with the statement that many parts of the Abbey reminded him of nothing so much as the yard of a mad stone-mason.

This thought was brought to my mind when, in leaving the service, I noted, near the tombs of the Wesleys and of George Crote, the historian of Greece, a recumbent figure bearing this inscription:

"In memory of Thomas Thrynn, who was barbarously murdered on Sunday, June 6, 1682."

We might with equal propriety find a place in the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, for the remains of our own Joseph Boyce Elwells and William Desmond Taylors.

Nor was the audience without interest to an American. The persons of importance were formally dressed, but there were many touches of the antique and the bizarre. One tall man, in early middle age, was of a type not to be found in all America. He wore a stock and a morning coat and top hat of curious design. His face was that of an American statesman of the forties. "Why, it is Henry Clay come to life," said Miss Grace Park, of Chicago. Seventy-five Tasmanian Boy Scouts gave a novel touch to the assemblage.

The Bishop of Durham, I take it, is a Liberal. His sermon so indicated and an item in the press, in which one of his deans took the liberty to refer to him as "the rum bishop," because of his attitude toward sumptuary legislation, pointed in the same direction. None the less, he delivered a fine sermon and proved a vivid and attractive personality.

The preliminary service was beautiful. The organist, Mr. Sydney Nicholson, played Purcell's Suite and Handel's Largo as a prelude to the singing by the full choir of King's Venite, Dr. Crotch's Exurgat Deus and a special setting of the Te Deum and Benedictus.

Two of the minor canons, Messrs. Westlake and Perkins, read the service and the lessons. Before the music had concluded, the Abbey was so thronged that it was necessary to close the doors.

The bishop spoke from the highly apposite text, "Wherefore putting away falsehood, speak ye the truth each one to his neighbor, for we are members one of another." He dwelt first on the complexity and scope of modern business and on the influence of advertising so subtly exerted upon the political as well as the economic relations of people, then proceeded to quote the economist, Alfred Marshall, as having described advertising as falling into one or the other of two classes, constructive or combative. The former sought to create new demands among the people; the latter was engaged in wresting existing markets from rivals. For both he thought there was a place, as the first tended to improve the standards of life and the second was the most effective stimulus known to experience for advancing human efficiency.

Apart from its direct function in selling goods, the advertisement of today the speaker regarded as the greatest educational force among the common people, and its influence in fashioning the taste and shaping the opinions of the multitude could hardly be overestimated. He likened the art of modern advertising, constantly paraded before the eyes of the multitude, to the influence of the mediaeval frescoes and windows upon the unlettered peoples of an earlier age.

Regarding the vexed question of the influence of advertising on the free opinion of the press, the speaker made the very practical observation that newspapers must be made to pay and they could be made to pay only by their advertising patronage. He said that it was unquestionably true that the

press in modern democracies provoked apprehension in many thoughtful and patriotic minds, and he could only say that for journalists, as well as others, honesty always proved in the long run to be the best policy.

Turning to the delegates, the Bishop said:

> "I have the honor of addressing many who are members of the International Advertising Convention, which has declared its aim thus: 'The aim of this convention is to raise the whole status of British advertising, marketing and allied professions in the public mind and to promote those national and international trade interests which are of primary importance to the publicity world.'
>
> "Your presence at this service implies an assumption that your aim stands in direct relation to those sublime verities which the church exists to form and illustrate. This assumption is well taken, for the whole process of industry depends on credit, and credit is the reflection in society of sincerity in the individual. Given sincerity in commercial intercourse, and business is cleansed of those dangerous ambitions which have too often been the cause of strife and bitterness between peoples. Honest commerce, honestly developed in an atmosphere of kindness and good-will, is one of the greatest peace-making influences in the world.
>
> "The unity of makind is obscured from men by many circumstances. There are barriers between races and nations that can never be wisely ignored. The obstinate problems presented by the different types of civilization; by the inbred and unmanageable antipathies of race, color and creed; by the weakness of uncivilized and semi-civilized peoples when brought suddenly into a continuing contact with the civilized nations; by the existence in civilized nations themselves of uneradicable hatreds which are the legacies of history and of discordant ambitions, which are the new births of time—all these things obscure, eviscerate and drive from the mind the ultimate solidarity of man.

"The effective assertion of this great truth must be a gradual process, achieved by weary stages, and in this advance out of sectionalism into unity it is apparent that the nations of English speech have been called to an august responsibility. Think of the unifying power of the English language, which is our common inheritance. Every language is a record of history and the mouthpiece of a spirit, and for this reason its habitual use carries to the individual the fashioning power of the past and of the present. Of all modern literatures, none is superior to the English and none comes nearer to the peerless model of ancient Greece. It is the only language of which it is not unreasonable to think it may become universal. The fortunate circumstance of the English-speaking peoples, which has banished fear from their minds, has enabled them to carry into the world a kinder, juster temper than is found elsewhere. If the English-speaking nations can come into such an effective and continuing co-operation as to carry this distinctive spirit into the councils of the world, some light may enter into the darkened horizon that now meets our gaze.

"It is no mean proof of the intrinsic goodness of human nature that the more one knows of an individual almost invariably the better one likes him. Prejudice grows strong in isolation and antipathies are nurtured in ignorance. Bring people together in friendly intercourse and they will create links of good feeling that will have a happy influence on business and politics. The harmony of the world will be secured, not by diplomatic instruments, though these may assist and register its advances, but by the sincerity of countless individuals bound together by ties, not altogether material, but having material aspects."

The Roman Catholic delegates, of whom there were many from the United States and still more from continental Europe, attended a noon-day low mass in the great Westminster Cathedral, whose curious, almost Byzantine architecture forms an interesting feature of London's West End.

The preacher was Father Ronald Knox, and in his sermon he struck a rather discordant note, if he was correctly reported in the press. He was quoted as having said:

> "We see on the hoardings a new motto, 'Truth in Advertising.' Small wonder that it makes people rub their eyes, because we have been brought up to believe that truth lives in the bottom of a well, not in the underground stations. Many have supposed that optimism, rather than veracity, was the leading quality of advertisers. Yet why should the idea of truth come as a surprise. I think it is because the modern world has acquired a false standard of values and has come to assume that when a man has an axe to grind he always lies about it. There is no good reason for assuming that advertisements are always misleading. An advertisement is in fact a warning, calling somebody's attention to something, and its economic function is to bring the buyer and the seller together without the necessity of a personal meeting.
>
> "Let us then not leap to conclusions about advertising, especially today when many of our fellow worshipers are in London to attend the advertising congress. We are told that, among other topics of discussion, they intend to debate the possibilities of advertising religion. And at that word our sympathies once more turn against them. Advertise religion. How vulgar, how American, how almost blasphemous!
>
> "We are accustomed to think of advertisement as essentially a competitive thing. Let the worse man win so long as he can shout the louder—that is the idea we have of what advertisement means. And if that idea is right, then it would be wrong to advertise religion. There is no harm in advertising anything; there is no harm in advertising a particular kind of religion, so long as you are sure that it comes up to sample. Other religious connections may cry their ware louder or woo the ear more winningly, but they cannot state a plain case nor deliver a straight message."

There was a large assemblage at the Wesleyan Central Hall, near the Abbey, on Sunday afternoon to hear Mr. Fred B. Smith, of New York, deliver the inspirational address of the convention. Mr. Harold Vernon presided and the Dean of Windsor, the Very Rev. Victor Albert Baillie, and Lord Burnham were among the notable persons on the platform.

It had become the custom in the London newspaper offices to refer to Mr. Fred B. Smith as "the famous American evangelist." Although a friend at home tells me that long ago he heard Mr. Smith and his brother conduct evangelical meetings, I have myself never heard Mr. Smith allude to that part of his career. For a long time he was engaged in the international work of the Y. M. C. A., and now, as assistant to the president of The Johns-Manville Company, he gives much of his time to spreading effectively the gospel of peace and good-will among the nations. He may or may not remind one of Mr. Bryan, and I personally think he is a sounder and more interesting speaker. In any case, he has talked five times around the world, and his crossing of the Atlantic with our party he referred to as his 29th. In advertising club circles he was not intimately known until June, 1923, when the committee had the good judgment to select him as the inspirational speaker at the Atlantic City convention. We had with us that year a delegation of about one hundred of our English friends, including most of the leading spirits of the London convention; and when they won the convention of 1924, they made the proviso that Mr. Smith should fill the same role again. Mr. Vernon attributed the holding of the convention in London largely to the influence of Mr. Smith's address.

Certain it is that no American has a greater faculty of pleasing our British friends and no American of my acquaintance is a more sincere or understanding admirer of London and the British people. All through Mr. Smith's address of more than an hour there were constant punctuations of

The Government Center from the Air

*The heart of official London is clearly revealed in this air picture. In the foreground is Westminster Abbey and behind it the Houses of Parliament. Across the river the new London County Council Building is shown at the left of Westminster Bridge, and the great Saint Thomas' Hospital at the right of the bridge. Central Hall, Westminster, in which the Inspirational Meeting was held, is shown at the lower right.*

laughter and approving "Hear, hear." The Dean of Windsor is a handsome man of benevolent, yet dignified mien. His face lighted into a smile at Mr. Smith's first words and ranged thereafter from that stage of satisfaction to outright laughter.

Mr. Smith first paid tribute to London and to British hospitality, saying:

> "From the time the Mayor of Southampton welcomed us until we arrived in London, and then when Lord Burnham gave us Westerners such a hearty welcome, we have had a touch of life the like of which we may never witness again. We are overwhelmed by the hospitality you Britishers have extended to us. Before I was introduced I always supposed that superlatives had their home in the United States. But now I see that little by little they are drifting across the seas and domesticating themselves in these conservative old British Isles.
>
> "Advertising is taking on an international aspect never thought of before, and it is well that this convention has so wide a charter, for the time has come when anything worth while attempted or accomplished in one country must find its echo in every land throughout the world. We are rapidly coming to a world system of economics, of education, of politics and social life, and may we not hope eventually to a world system of religion. This may come last, though in my view it would be better if it were first. I suppose that before next Thursday night great world ideals will be released that will reach literally to the uttermost parts of the earth. For this reason I am glad that the convention is being held in London; for I have learned from experience that if any group or organization or individual has a great idea to release, the best place on this planet in which to set it going is London. And I say this as one coming from New York, a place where we have never been accused of modesty. But even with all these traditional things around me, I want you dele-

gates to know that Old London remains the greatest pivot on this globe, and I will say this even if there is a delegate from Seattle here."

After alluding to the pessimistic spirit of much of the more important fiction of the past four years, Mr. Smith said:

"A number of people have been writing books telling us that the sun has gone down on our civilization, while others have been saying that the black, brown and yellow races are destined to rise up against the white peoples, who will go down and out forever. Now I am on the wrong side of the color line to cherish books like these. Many of these pessimists hold the theory that in the realm of economics there is no remedy, save the remedy of force; that the only doctrine is the survival of the fittest—the big to grow bigger and the weak to grow weaker until they perish. Their theory leads to the basis that this thing we call war is incurable and that the only solution of our difficulties is the resort to arms and collective slaughter. This, they say, is the lesson of history, and civilization, as we know it, cannot long endure.

"There is only one thing of outstanding importance in this world and that is how these groups called nations may learn to live together in peace and harmony. If we can't cure war, all these things we are meeting to talk about will soon go to the scrap heap. I have lately traveled again around the world, and in every one of the nineteen countries I visited I found that the universal cry was 'peace.' Its manifestations were many—pacifism, labor, women and the youth movement are all warring against preparation for war.

"Yet I see on every hand the wildest competition for war in the history of nations, and it is all going on under the mask of preparedness. I remember calling in 1911, here in London, on Mr. William T. Stead to invite him to deliver a speech in Carnegie Hall on World Peace. I never forgot his answer. Turning to me solemnly he said, 'Smith, why should I go to the United States to speak on peace when my own country is preparing

for the damnedest war in history?' He died on the *Titanic* too early to see his terrible prophecy fulfilled, and the lives of forty millions of human beings blotted out.

"There is no use in my preaching against war unless I have some remedy to propose. A well-meaning man said to me one day, 'Why, we need war to keep us brave.' I say that if we must have another war, let us make war terrible, and not try disguise it with the fiction of humanity. And I say if we are to have another war, let the old men who make it fight it. Last year I said at a meeting in Singapore that the right thing to do would be to permit no man under forty-five years of age to enlist. After the meeting an important Singapore editor came up to me and said, 'Mr. Smith, I agree with much that you said, but I can't quite understand your suggestion that only the older men fight. I really don't think they could stand the marches.' 'Oh that's all right,' I responded, 'Henry Ford has taken care of that.'

"Before any people are again committed to war, I would have a referendum. Let not a few old men get into a room again and plunge us into such a cateclysm. Let us say to them, 'Open that door.' Indeed I think I'd be willing as to go so far as to leave the whole thing to the women.

"And let's take money out of it. Let no man make a single pound out of any war. My own country is debauched by war profiteers. I say that any man who makes money out of war and keeps it is permanently degraded.

"Let us have a law that there shall be no more changes in geography through war. We have arbitration and world conferences. I ask why we shall not have a world court. We must so cement the bonds of the Anglo-Saxon world that they can never be severed. But I don't mean it in the sense of one of my acquaintances who said to me just before I sailed, 'Smith, tell those Britishers that we must stand together, because if we do we can lick the world.' If we can't set the rest of the world a good example, then God help the world.

"Now I may add another suggestion. If you know any nation that wants to lease the United States Senate for ninety-nine years, just tell them that we have one to let out.

"We invite tired Old Europe to come with us to the Western World, and to visit the 3,000 miles of border that separate the land of the Maple Leaf from the land of the Stars and Stripes. In all this vast frontier you will not find one soldier, one warship nor one fortress. We have proven that it is possible for nations to dwell side by side in harmony."

That evening I went into Saint Paul's to hear the famous Dean Inge, whose reputed pessimism has won him the title of "the gloomy dean." There is, I suppose, no more famous preacher in England, and several thousand people had gathered to hear his sermon on "Nature Study." I found the acoustics of the vast cathedral so bad that from my not too well-placed seat I could hear only with constant effort. The voice of the speaker seemed to lose itself in the great dome that towers over Ludgate Hill. The dean was a younger and less austere man than I had pictured him in fancy, but in fact he was none too cheerful in his estimate of the ability of the average Britisher to intelligently enjoy his vacation.

"I wish," he said, "that our boys in the public schools were not left in sublime ignorance that they have a national heritage of princes and heroes, of prophets and saints, of poets and thinkers, as inspiring as even a Jew or Greek could boast. The glorious religious, historical and literary associations of all parts of England are a sealed book to the ordinary English holiday-maker. The old cities, castles, battlefields and monasteries of this country mean nothing to him; they do not stir his imagination, because he knows nothing of their history. If you are going to visit some glorious piece of God's handiwork—sea coast or mountain—prepare for it as for the sacrament. Pray God to purge your mind from worldliness, self-indulgence and vulgarity; pray him to give you the heart of a little child."

Mr. Fred B. Smith

*Mr. Fred B. Smith, of New York, photographed by the writer on board the U. S. S. Republic. Mr. Smith is assistant to the President of The Johns-Manville Company, New York, and is one of the world's greatest travelers and lecturers. World peace and good citizenship are his chief interests. His inspirational address in London was an outstanding feature of America's contribution to the program.*

# V

## THE PRINCE OF WALES

On Monday morning, the 14th of July, I was among the first to appear in the breakfast-room of the Jermyn Court. It was the opening day of the convention and the chief attraction was the Prince of Wales. It would be sheer affectation to say that I was not interested in seeing this youth, whom the accidents of royal birth and a winning personality have made the most conspicuous young man in the world. Moreover, I had not yet been to Wembley, so I allowed myself plenty of time.

The sessions were held in the conference hall of the Palace of Industry, at the British Empire Exhibition, and Wembley is in the north-west section of London, so well out that farm lands and pastures appear just beyond. My informants were usually inaccurate in their information as to the distance. Some said it was six or seven miles. My own impression is that it is eight or nine miles from Piccadilly Circus, for it required about forty minutes to make the trip by underground, and nearly an hour by bus. Going into the Piccadilly Circus station, I bought my ticket and was then dropped in a large elevator to the lower-level tubes, which must have been from sixty to seventy feet below the surface. This line was the Bakerloo, and in a few minutes, after passing Oxford Circus and Regent's Park, we were at Baker Street—well remembered as the residence of Sherlock Holmes—there transferring to the Metropolitan Railway, whose lines eventually emerge from the tunnels and make their outlying reaches on the surface.

This was the most direct and rapid route to the exhibition, and the station was called Wembley Park. But there were two other underground routes. One was by the Bakerloo,

all the way to Wembley Town, and the other by the District Railway to Sudbury Town, whence one went by bus to the gates.

The morning was beautiful, rather warm than cool, and I reached the main north gate before ten o'clock. It was but three minutes' walk to the Palace of Industry, and here the way to the Conference Hall was clearly marked. Early, though I was, there was already a great crowd and the newspapers reported that many had arrived as early as 8 a. m. My press ticket gave me a seat in the front row at the left, perhaps ten feet from the speakers' stand. Here I settled myself to inspect my surroundings and wait for what might happen. The hall was a pleasant room, seating perhaps two thousand, five hundred people and having a balcony across the rear. The platform was large and was banked high with chairs, for it was often used by large choruses. There were numerous flag decorations, with the Union Jack predominating, of course, and a considerable showing of our own national colors.

The crowd gathered fast and was the largest of the entire convention. Every seat was taken and some hundreds were permitted to stand. The reason was obvious. Every woman who went to London attended this one session, even though she saw no more of the proceedings. To feminine America the attraction of His Royal Highness was resistless.

At ten o'clock the orchestra—or was it a band?—started things off merrily, paying special honor in its repertory to the American guests. The familiar old airs came in rapid succession—"Old Black Joe," "Suwanee River," "Dixie" and even "Turkey in the Straw" and "Marching through Georgia." There was much shouting and cheering, and good humor and enthusiasm ran high.

Notable persons of the advertising world began to take their places on the platform, until the following party was assembled: the American Ambassador (Mr. Frank Kellogg); the Colonial Secretary (the Right Hon. J. H. Thomas); Vis-

count Leverhulme; Lieut.-General Sir Travers Clarke; Mr. Harold Vernon (Chairman British Executive Committee); Mr. W. S. Crawford (Chairman British Program Committee); Mr. J. C. Akerman (Chairman British Hospitality Committee); Mr. Sydney Walton (Chairman British Publicity Committee); Mr. Ivor Fraser (Chairman Transport Committee); Mr. T. B. Lawrence (Chairman National Sight-Seeing Committee); Sir Herbert Morgan (Chairman National Reception Committee); Mr. John Cheshire (Chairman Finance Committee); Sir Charles Higham; Mr. Lou E. Holland (President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World); Mr. Jesse H. Neal (Secretary-Treasurer); Mr. Rowe Stewart (Past President); Mr. Harry Tipper (Chairman American Program Committee); Mr. John N. Logeman (Chairman American Exhibit Committee); Mr. Frederick M. Feiker (Chairman American Associated Advertising); Mr. Paul T. Cherington (Chairman, American Educational Committee); Mr. John Clyde Oswald (Chairman American Special Committee); Mr. H. S. Van Scoyoc (Canadian Chairman); Miss Katherine H. Mahool and Mr. Carl G. F. Meyer, of the Executive Committee; Mr. Francis H. Sisson, Mr. E. W. Beatty, Mr. O. C. Harn, Mr. James D. Mooney, Mr. Fred B. Smith and Mr. Carl Hunt.

There were no tedious delays in the well-planned London program, and at exactly 10:30 the Prince of Wales walked in from the north doorway, accompanied by Lord Burnham and others. The band struck up "God Save the King," and everybody stood up and cheered. It was a fine welcoming ovation and it continued three or four minutes. It is true that some of the demonstrations at the Democratic Convention lasted longer, but there is some question about their spontaneity. This one was from the heart.

Of the thousands of pictures of the Prince of Wales I have seen, none, I thought, looked exactly like him as he appeared that day. He is a young man of thirty years. His brown hair has a tawny cast, accentuated perhaps by the deep

flush on his face as he marched solemnly in and took his seat. His expression was serious and it was some time before even the suggestion of a smile illuminated his rather good-looking features. Had he been a young American coming on the platform to receive his college diploma, for example, I should have said that he was suffering from profound embarrassment. Taking his seat, he made brief acknowledgment of his reception, and then nervously adjusted his scarf and coat lapels again and again, occasionally biting at his nails. Now there is no young man alive who has seen more of the world, nor has lived more in an atmosphere of ceremony, so it was hard for me to believe that His Royal Highness was the victim of stage fright.

However, a spirited young English woman, who had taken the seat beside me and declined to give it up when asked to do so by the "platform steward," seemed to confirm my first impression. Turning to me, she said: "Oh, the poor boy. What a very fine boy, and so high-strung. He knows that every eye is on him and it makes it very hard."

I was told later that this nervous manner is very characteristic of the prince on his public appearances, and that it is a fact that he finds his life of ceremony a great bore.

When he arose to speak there was a second outburst of applause. The prince produced a typed manuscript from which he did not allow his eyes to wander far. The audience hung on his every word and the cheers and choruses of "Hear, hear!" were numerous during the brief address. It was an interesting study, I thought, to observe how the eminent Englishmen hung on every word of their future king. Old Lord Leverhulme, who looks as solid and almost as weather-beaten as the Rock of Gibraltar, put his hand to his ear, and leaning over drank deep of every word. In every speech I heard him make during the remainder of the week, he quoted something the Prince of Wales had said.

The prince has a pleasant voice, and though his speech is that of the Englishman of culture, he certainly has a far less

A Close-up of the Prince of Wales

*This excellent picture of the Prince of Wales was made during his opening address at the International Advertising Convention. His Royal Highness is seen "sticking to his text."*

characteristic "Christ Church" accent and manner than had many of the other speakers who appeared during the week. The same thing may be said, I think, of most of the well-known actors.

The prince made a happy and appropriate speech, saying, I thought, the exact things that should have been said on such an occasion. For some time I have been reading his public speeches. Whether it is in the sphere of possible things that he prepares them all himself, I do not know. In any case, I recall particularly his speech at the Mansion House, upon his return from Australia, as one of the most interesting and natural accounts of travel that I have read. To the Advertising Convention he said:

> "I can assure you that I am very proud to be addressing you this morning on the occasion of the inauguration of this International Advertising Convention. I think that its very name suggests the international interest in its subject, and when I look around this room and see so many people drawn from every part of the earth, I feel convinced that this supposition has been fully realized. You have come from every corner of the British Empire, from the many countries of war-scarred Europe, from the great Republic of North America, from the Republics of South America, and even from distant Asia, to give to each other and to receive from each other information and advice regarding the many problems that arise in your profession. Your presence here is a recognition of the good results which must follow concerted advance towards higher efficiency in business methods, and that the benefits arising from such an advance will be mutual. You show in this convention that you realize fully the principle 'Each for all and all for each.' For if it succeeds in its objects, each individual here must profit from this great effort to increase universally our knowledge of the theory and practice of advertising.
>
> "Little as I know of the science and art of advertising, and it is certainly both a science and an art, I appreciate anyway this much—its general aim is

to provide throughout the world a more free exchange of commodities by a lower cost of distribution. The attainment of this aim would undoubtedly result in the elimination of unnecessary waste and in the consequent reduction of prices and unemployment. If you were to succeed in it, you would go far towards solving some of the great social and economic problems with which the world is confronted today.

"This is the first time, I think, that the International Advertising Convention has been held in Europe, and I am told that this convention surpasses all its predecessors in size, scope, and the number of nations represented by its delegates. Well, we are certainly very proud in London, and England and the British Empire, that we have thus established a record in this regard, and it seems to me particularly fitting that this world congress of advertisers should meet in this particular square mile of the Empire, where for a few brief months are gathered together the products of agricultural and manufacturing skill of its great dominions and colonies. May I, in the name of all connected with this British Empire Exhibition, extend to you a most hearty welcome? I hope that during your sessions and during the hospitalities which will accompany them, many lasting friendships may be formed—friendships which will help to fulfill the true aim of every international convention—namely the permanent increase of international accord. I have great pleasure now in declaring open the International Advertising Convention of 1924."

When the prince resumed his seat, and at the same time his attentions to his neck scarf and coat collar, there was an excellent opportunity to study his sartorial make-up; for there can be no question that, even as London sets the fashion in men's dress for the world, so the Prince of Wales very largely sets it for London.

The pictures of His Royal Highness shown in this book seem to me to be entirely faithful. They are not retouched, and as I examine them later, they bring back exactly the

The Prince on the Convention Platform

*This picture, made during the address of the Prince of Wales, shows many well-known men on the stage. At the extreme left is W. S. Crawford and next are Sir Charles Higham, Sir Herbert Morgan, Mr. C. Harold Vernon, Lord Leverhulme (with his hand to his ear), Sir Lawrence Weaver; and to the right of the Prince, Mr. J. H. Thomas and Mr. Lou E. Holland.*

mental picture I had formed. While I should be the last to attempt to dispute the authority of the prince as a leader of fashion, I am compelled to say that he might have walked the streets of any American city attired as he was that day, without attracting attention. He was quite the antithesis of the Piccadilly "toff" of the society journals. He wore a reefer suit of dark slate gray, with a narrow white pin stripe. Both jacket and trousers were rather close fitting. His hose were gray and he wore tan Oxford shoes. His blue shirt, with a close-fitting collar to match, was of very dark striped material and his scarf was in dull red and blue club stripes. Coming over on the *Berengaria* he wore the same costume at Sunday service and even at dinner.

Later on, when going to lunch in the India pavilion, my attention was attracted by the approach of a procession. It consisted of the prince, accompanied by Major Piers Legh and one or two others, with a miscellaneous throng of women and children a half block long, dogging their steps. The prince carried a stick and was laughing and gossiping with his companions. The brim of his gray felt hat he had turned down all around.

I suppose the prince remained at the convention as long as an hour and a half, and only he can say whether he enjoyed the proceedings. He had two other engagements at Wembley that day, one with Jamaicans and the other connected with some exercise of the city of Hull. His departure was explained by Lord Burnham as necessitated by other public duties. I think he spent seven hours in all at Wembley that day, and it was his seventh visit to the great exhibition. As he left the platform, the prince paused to shake hands cordially with Mr. Holland and a number of others. From time to time he exchanged remarks with those sitting near him, and on one occasion he picked up an advertising blotter lying on a table near him and studied it for a long time. It reminded me of the way I used to peruse the hymnal in church when the sermon failed to hold my attention.

It is no easy thing for a normal young man to spend his entire life in the fierce light that shines on the British throne, and I think it is very much to the credit of the Prince of Wales that he has come through it apparently unspoiled. We Americans can hardly comprehend the British attitude toward the royal family. Certainly they are not a servile race, and in the scheme of the British democracy, the throne exercises no substantial political authority. They literally see in the royal family an embodiment of their government and their institutions, and their interest in them is intense. The newspapers are filled with pictures of royalty and accounts of its daily doings of a public nature. So far as I know, since the days of King Edward, nothing is printed as to their private affairs. Hardly a day passes without the publication of new pictures of the Prince of Wales, his father or his brothers.

Having so recently studied the appearance of the prince, I was amused by an item appearing in *The Daily Mail* under the heading, "The Prince, Leader of Fashion." One paragraph ran thus: "All overseas visitors demand the latest cut, style and materials. There is a great run on double-breasted lounge jacket suits similar to that worn by the Prince of Wales when he opened the Advertising Convention at Wembley."

The editorial leader in *The Express* of the 15th was characteristic of the British attitude toward the heir to the throne. It was headed, "The Advertised Prince," and went on to say:

> "There was not only wisdom, but logic, in the securing of the Prince of Wales to open the Advertising Convention at Wembley yesterday. The wisdom lay in the choice of a man of the highest position who happens as well to be one of the finest public speakers in the Empire. The combination is so rare as to be remarkable. The logic of the situation lay in the fact that the visiting advertising delegates were welcomed by the most advertised personality in the world. If the cost was reckoned of the space given

in the press of all countries to describing and reporting (and, in certain transatlantic circles, misreporting) the appearance, sayings and acts of the heir to the British throne, the total in sterling would be so staggering that it could only be dealt with by some such figure-numbed organization as the Reparations Commission.

"But there is a moral to all this. In the language of salesmanship, the Prince of Wales is 'worth boosting.' He is a human commodity of such compelling qualities that the world simply had to be told about him. The public knows when an advertisement rings true. That is why America and Canada were full out for the prince long before he visited them. The business of the press—if we may borrow another imported figure of speech—is 'to tell the world.' When there is any one so worth telling about as the Prince of Wales, the power of advertising is seen at the height of its efficiency and usefulness."

The only other occasion in London on which I saw the prince was at the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace on the 24th of July. This function was arranged primarily for the visiting lawyers, but a large number of the advertising delegates were included. My first intimation of this interesting event came in the form of a typed letter from Mr. J. C. Akerman, of *The Times*, Chairman of the Social and Entertainment Committee. It advised me that "Their Most Gracious Majesties, the King and Queen, are giving a garden party in Buckingham Palace on the afternoon of Thursday, July 24th, to one hundred overseas delegates," and that my name had been placed on the list. Then followed instructions for getting my acceptance to the Lord Chamberlain through the medium of the convention officers. The last paragraph said: "It is essential for gentlemen to wear formal morning dress—cutaway coat and silk hat; ladies in afternoon frocks with hats." Later on, I was informed, by direction of the King, this proviso was eliminated and guests were told that it would be considered good form

to appear in lounge clothes. This was, of course, in deference to any visitors who might not have brought morning clothes with them; though the Labor government may have had something to do with it, as a few of the ministers have steadfastly refused to wear formal garments. They are, however, a minority in the ministry.

In any case, it was a fine occasion, and of special interest to those who had not before attended a royal entertainment. The formal invitation came in impressive form, adorned with the royal crest, and was in the name of the Lord Chamberlain, on command of Their Majesties. The newspapers printed on the previous day these traffic arrangements for the party:

ENTREE

In the case of guests having the privilege of entrée at the Pimlico entrance, the coachman of each carriage returning to take up is required to leave with the constable stationed on the left of the gateway a card distinctly written with the name of the lady or gentleman to whom the carriage belongs. Carriages setting down at this entrance will be parked in Birdcage walk.

GENERAL COMPANY

For the general company the following entrances to the Palace Gardens will be available: Grand Entrance, Constitution Hill gate, Grosvenor Place gate (opposite Hobart Place).

It is requested that the Constitution Hill gate and Grosvenor Place gate may be utilized as far as possible, the former by all those arriving from the direction of Park Lane or Knightsbridge, and the latter by those arriving from the direction of Eaton Square or Victoria.

In the case of carriages returning to take up at the grand entrance, a card should be handed to the constable stationed on the left of the archway leading to the quadrangle of the palace. Carriages setting down at this entrance will be parked in the Mall.

The Prince at the Exhibition

*In this picture the Prince of Wales is seen on the grounds of the British Empire Exhibition, immediately after his address to the Advertising Convention. He is at the moment the guest of the Governor of Jamaica and the party around him consists of British residents and officials of Jamaica.*

> Constitution Hill gate and Grosvenor Place gate have no facilities for calling carriages. Carriages setting down at Constitution Hill gate will be parked in Grosvenor Crescent, Belgrave Square and Halkin Street; those setting down at Grosvenor Place gate, in Wilton Street, Belgrave Street and Eaton Square.
>
> The gates will be open for the reception of the company at 3:15 o'clock.

For all this formality of arrangement, the Royal Garden Party was an affair at which any visitor might well feel at ease. The American lawyers were the most numerous single group of guests, and although they had a perfectly natural curiosity as to the atmosphere and procedure of a royal entertainment, they conducted themselves with propriety and were doubtless astonished by the simple and friendly character of the function. It was no more ceremonious than a White House reception, or any other sort of state entertainment.

The King and Queen came out on the wide lawn of the palace gardens, separated, and made a slow progress toward a red and gold awning that sheltered the more immediate guests of the royal family. On their way across the lawn they stopped and spoke to scores of people, and anyone who happened to be well placed might have talked to either of them. The King walked with Mr. Charles E. Hughes, our Secretary of State, who was attending in his capacity of President of the American Bar Association, and with Mr. R. R. Bennett, the Vice-President of the Canadian Bar. The Queen also had a party of well-known lawyers around her most of the time. By the time the party had reached the long marquee, where refreshment was served and some of the royal gold plate was used, almost every overseas guest had at least had a glimpse of the royal family and many had spoken to them. The Prince of Wales had a crowd around him all afternoon and was very sociable. I heard that quite a number were so interested in the prince that they didn't get anything to eat or drink.

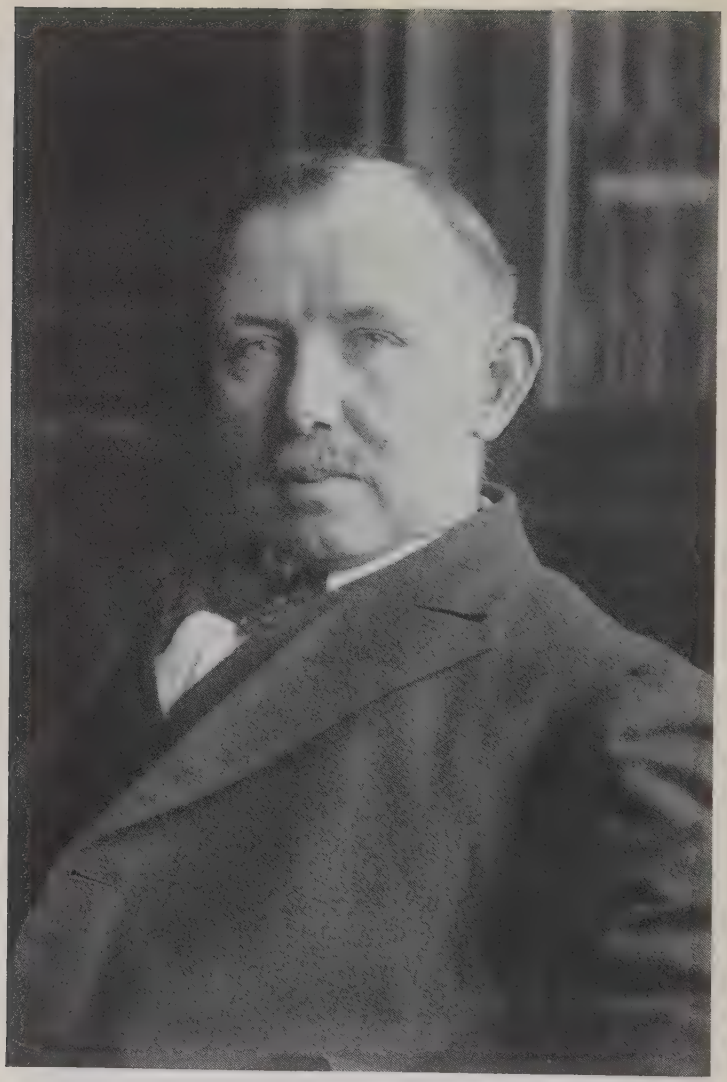
While this party was in fact part of the program of entertainment of the Bar Association, it took on a much wider scope. In addition to perhaps an hundred of the advertising delegates, there were all the members of the London Conference on German Reparations, and parties from the Triennial Imperial Education Conference and the International Prison Commission.

The list of notable persons present was very large. Mr. MacDonald, the British Premier, and M. Herriott, the French Premier, were much in evidence, as was Mr. Kellogg, the United States Ambassador. Most of the famous English judges were among the guests.

There was an unusual incident at the end of the entertainment. The King and Queen had been receiving delegations from the provinces of Canada and the various states of the U. S. A., and when the time came for them to leave, the guests formed a long alley through which the royal party proceeded, shaking hands with everybody. The London papers said that it was like a page from the life of the American White House.

There was an interesting side-light on the life of the King in the papers a day or two before this garden party. It told of his purchase of four new Daimler automobiles to replace those in use at Buckingham Palace. The cars the King had been using were fourteen years old, and although they were completely out of style, he was content to employ them—an attitude quite in contrast with that of a good many Americans who are neither kings nor of kingly income.

*Mr. Thomas, the Colonial Secretary, was formerly a locomotive fireman. As a leading Cabinet Minister he enjoys rather unexpected popularity. His ready wit adds to his effectiveness as a popular speaker and he represents the government on many public occasions.*



The Right Hon. J. H. Thomas

# VI

## MR. THOMAS AND MR. CLYNES

Two years ago, in Milwaukee, I heard the Associated Advertising Clubs welcomed by Mr. Hoan, the out-and-out Socialist mayor of that city. There was a large electric sign on the City Hall voicing the welcome of official Milwaukee to the delegates, and the mayor made a friendly speech.

It was therefore of some interest to be welcomed to London by two men of the British Labor Cabinet, who have so often been described in the conservative press as Socialists. They were the Right Hon. J. H. Thomas, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and the Right Hon. J. R. Clynes, Lord Privy Seal and leader for the government in the House of Commons.

There seemed to be some difference of opinion between these two notable leaders as to the value and need of advertising, in so far as it concerned the Labor government, inasmuch as Mr. Thomas remarked that it was the best advertised thing in England, apart from the Prince of Wales; and Mr. Clynes that afternoon, in the course of his pleasantries, said that all his party needed was advertising. Perhaps he meant favorable advertising; for the newspapers, though fair to the government, are almost unanimously against it.

It seemed strange to return to conservative, aristocratic old England and to find her great offices in the hands of men who are quite the opposite of the traditional rich and cultured "governing class"—men whose appearance is clearly suggestive of their humble origin and hard early lives. Of course the Labor government is not a majority government. It exists only through the sufferance of the Conservative

and Liberal parties, and it may be that this tenuous hold on power has a very marked effect on the policies of the administration. On the other hand, it is not to be doubted that the sobering effect of responsibility has had the usual result of making men who knew just the specific for curing the ills of humanity, a little less certain that their remedy was as sound in practice as it had seemed on paper. A London business acquaintance, upon whose statements I could rely, told me that it was true that the advent of labor to power had exerted a very depressing effect upon British business men. But he frankly added that nothing very harmful had actually been done or attempted, and that confidence was being restored. Like many others, however, he was not so certain whether labor would prove so moderate, once she had a reliable majority back of her in the commons. Certainly there is an element in the Labor party, of which the most conspicuous group comes from the Clyde shipyards, that would turn things upside down if given the chance and would nationalize the greater part of industry. These men are as yet a distinct minority in the Labor party itself.

It know nothing of British politics nor of the personalities of the leaders, and I could do no more than form a first impression of those I saw. As to Mr. Thomas and Mr. Clynes, I am bound to say that this impression was favorable. There was nothing in their speeches that could be construed as Bolshevistic, and both of them made definite recognition of the place of capital in the scheme of industry, and frankly admitted that the restoration of the capital wiped out in the war was the first step toward economic stability.

Mr. Thomas appeared at the opening session and delivered the welcome address on behalf of the government. He is only forty-six years old, but he has been in parliament since 1910, always as a labor member. He came into politics through his position as secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen.

Lord Burnham, in introducing him, said that in this con-

Mr. J. R. Clynes, Leader of the Commons

*Mr. Clynes is an outstanding leader of the British Labor Government, and his speech before the convention was so sound economically that it was hard to discern anything of radicalism in it. He was Food Controller during much of the war and is now the government leader in the House of Commons and Lord Privy Seal.*

vention we knew no party politics, national or international. "I am free to confess that I am not a supporter of His Majesty's Government as at present constituted, but many of the members of the ministry are my good friends, and none more so than that popular cabinet minister, Mr. J. H. Thomas. The only thing about him is that he has become such an imperialist that I am afraid that his imperialism will run away with him. Anyhow, I hope he will always keep in the back of his mind a thought for the old country."

Mr. Thomas, on arising, first indulged in some good-humored retorts.

> "I was not aware," he said, "that Lord Burnham's political views needed advertising. I have known for a long time that some apprehension was felt as to what was the political faith of *The Daily Telegraph*. That, obviously, has come to his lordship's ear, and in order to make it perfectly clear, he has announced to the world today that he never was a labor man. So much the worse for Lord Burnham —but I hasten to add that I am not yet without hope for him."

Proceeding, Mr. Thomas said he welcomed the delegates not in the name of any party, but in the name of the British Government.

> "You will have heard all about this government," he continued, "and you will be able to anticipate in advance all its sins. But you have the opportunity first hand of judging its virtues. In fact, sir, we are the only people next to the prince who need no advertising at all. We are an advertisement in ourselves.
>
> "It is very fitting that you should meet here this year. This is your greatest convention—it could not be other when you meet at Wembley—and you will see here the British Empire in miniature. It will give you an opportunity of understanding what the Empire really stands for, and why we are proud of it. You have met together with a serious object and with a definite purpose, and the very fact that you are meeting in this way will be of real and last-

ing benefit. You cannot come together, representing as you do great influences and great power, without arriving at a better understanding of each other. When the peoples of the world, when all nationalities and all classes understand each other, so much nearer are we to the time when friction, jealousies and war, happily, will come to an end. Therefore, your convention in itself must do good. We have got to make good the ravages of the late war. We have to bring home to the people that the world's capital has been spent, and we must all work together in order to re-establish a better feeling and replenish what we have already lost. You, ladies and gentlemen, can do that.

"The American Ambassador has already indicated that this week, while you are assembling here, not only an important, but perhaps the most important, conference is being held in London. I cannot anticipate what the result of that conference will be, but if every delegate and every power enters into that conference with the spirit and the optimism and determination of the American Ambassador and his people, then you will be able to say, 'Simultaneously with our convention there was another convention that helped us in our own difficult task.' I hope you will have a successful time. I know you will come back to this country. No one yet visited it who did not desire to come back as soon as possible.

"To the Americans I would say: You are proud of Chicago; you looked upon it as the last word in exhibitions; but you are only sorry you did not ask the British people to show you how to run it. To the French I would say: Yes, you had a great show, you did it well; but, after all, you are second only to Wembley. To all of you I would say: We are proud to welcome you. Yours is a great task, a big job. You will find in this exhibition plenty of raw material for your pens, just as you will find it in the British Cabinet. With such raw material as is at your disposal, do your work well. There is no nation in the world that can give you such raw material as you will get here. If you make the most of that raw material, as I am sure you will, there will

be another vote to come back to London, and another Labor minister to welcome you on your return."

When Mr. Thomas had taken his seat the laughter and applause were so general and genuine that there could be no doubt of the favorable impression he had made. He is distinctly quick and witty, as he evidenced again the next night, when at Lord Stevenson's dinner he held his own in an amusing and friendly interchange with Mr. Churchill. His appearance is that of a workman. He is short in stature and bald, and he wore a plain lounge suit and a small black bow tie. He came to some of the social functions so attired, explaining that his public duties left him no time that day to dress.

Mr. Clynes we did not see until that afternoon, when the chair was occupied for the first time by Mr. Lou E. Holland. He followed Sir Lawrence Weaver, the director of the United Kingdom Exhibits at Wembley, a typical Englishman of culture and position. Mr. John Robert Clynes may well claim to be one of the most distinguished members of the Labor party, as well as one of its pioneers; for he has been in parliament for a Manchester constituency since 1906. He was the president of the National Union of General Workers and chairman of its executive council, and he was one of the limited number of labor men who made a name for himself in England during the war; for he was Minister of Food in the War Cabinet in 1917 and 1918, and during the latter part of 1918 and the next year the Food Controller of Great Britain. For these services, I believe, he was given the degree of D. C. L. by both Oxford and Durham in 1919.

The Lord Privy Seal is a small man with gray hair and moustache. He, too, is distinctly of the workingman type; but he gives the impression of great vitality and mental alertness. Both these qualities I am sure he possesses.

Mr. Holland naturally took none of those liberties in his presentation that the British chairmen employed to the

great amusement of their hearers. For this reason we missed some of the repartee that characterized so many speeches when the introduction was made by a political friend or a political adversary.

Some time after my return home, I read in *The Times* a comment that came to my mind many times during the sessions. The writer said that, taking the convention as a whole, the Americans made serious speeches and the Englishmen jocular ones—all of which was exactly as it was assumed it would not be. The Englishmen may, or may not, regard us as a nation of jokers; and a large part of our public has certainly been misled by stage and newspaper jokes into the false opinion that the Britisher has but an attenuated sense of humor. The London convention failed to bear out this tradition, and the kindly explanation of *The Times* seemed to me to be pure irony; for the writer said he supposed the Americans didn't think it worth while to waste their witticisms on a public that probably couldn't understand them. In any case, the British speakers were both chaste and witty, and I had more honest smiles at London than I ever have had at any corresponding gathering at home.

Mr. Clynes gave welcome for the government as a whole, which he said looked upon this adventure not only with sympathy and approval, but with confidence that results of the highest and most valuable kind would accrue from it. He reminded his hearers that the leader of a House of Commons such as England now has, was seldom safe in leaving his post; and some of the risks of the ministry he thought were due to the very serious defect that the government did not know how to advertise. "Indeed, we have to endure every week a series of defeats in the lobby in order to attract attention to our existence. This special weakness of our government is being emphasized by our critics until they are now actually printing lists in the press and elsewhere of the number of times we have been defeated. We are thinking of retaliating, and if we can get the permission of their back-

benchers in the house, we see no reason why we in turn should not print the number of times the opposition has been defeated in the house."

Changing to a more serious vein, the speaker said that he was present to say that the welcome given to this convention by the Labor government was no less hearty and real than could be the welcome of any other government, no matter to what party it belonged.

> "This," he continued, "is due to the fact that all of us, without regard to party or class, are coming more and more to understand that we have an equal interest in those great considerations that affect human welfare and international well-being.
>
> "There are those who sneer at conferences as so much empty, valueless parade; but the truth is that mankind has found no better way of advancing civilization. The world is indeed ruled by conventions, by committees and by conferences, for through such mediums the best in mankind in the end emerges.
>
> "Your slogan is 'Truth in Advertising.' Truth is no longer to be found at the bottom of the well, but at the head of the column, on the hoarding, in any document, publication or book that may be used to advance the trading, commercial and business interests of the world. You conceive truth to be more remunerative than fiction—and more just. I hope this week will not conclude without a good deal being heard on the highest and most moral standards in business affairs; on the question of applying the rules of private honor in our trade dealings; on the rigid practice of good taste in advertising; and last, but not least, on the necessity of workmen in their capacity of producers doing all they can to repay fair dealing, and not fearing the fullest production from their labors."

This utterance brought out prolonged cheers from the business men present, and it seemed to me to be a sane and courageous utterance for a Labor minister to make in a country that still had a million unemployed, and who represented a

party presumably committed to the fiction that there is only so much work in the world, and that the man who does more than his share is simply keeping somebody else from doing any at all.

"America and Britain must pursue more and more in common the mission of making world peace endure," added Mr. Clynes. "The press of the world, the business interests of the world, can do much to remould the minds of nations, and to make enduring peace as great certainty for the generations to come as wars have been made a certainty in the ages of the past. Prosperity is linked up with peace. We are seeking in political and diplomatic affairs a purer international spirit. We should seek not less earnestly the same spirit in economic and social development. The advertiser takes less out of business than he puts into it, and he can do much to reduce the ignorance which acts greatly to the disadvantage of the trade of the world. We in this land, as in America, have the case of the skilled workman who is an unskilled citizen. If you can give to the average workman an elementary knowledge of the administrative difficulties which have to be faced by the men who must organize and sustain industry and commerce in this and every country; if you can educate him about his own industry, lift the mind of the workman above the few feet of space in which his body may live; let him understand more of the world and the international character of trade; let him know that away from his workshop or factory skilled and trained men are striving to secure business, to dispose of goods, to buy and to sell, to make and repair, as it were, the ravages which did something to wear out the financial resources of those who conduct our trade and commerce—the more the worker can be taught something of the larger aspects of his particular industry, the more will he see that his true interests are wrapped up in the interest and prosperity of the firm which he may happen to serve.

"At the moment, we are happy to see evidence of returning trade prosperity. There are three lines of

effort which I ask the convention to set their minds on, and on which the revival of trade depends. The first is that there should be guarantees for continued peace in industry and a return to that state of confidence which is in itself a part of capital; the second, co-operation on the basis of mutual gain for labor and capital; and the third, the ample use of our credit and of all our great financial resources in the encouragement of great undertakings, which may not offer tempting returns for private investment, but which are essential for internal development and world advance. Nothing shall be done to discourage initiative and individual enterprise, but outside that there is much that must be done by government and by people acting as communities."

There was hardly anything in Mr. Clynes speech that might not equally have emanated from the mind of one of our American captains of industry. In fact I have heard almost identical sentiments fall from the mouths of several of the largest employers of America at various meetings on the employment problem that I have attended. If Mr. Thomas and Mr. Clynes have any communistic tendencies, they successfully concealed them at the London convention.

# VII

## MR. BALDWIN AND SIR ROBERT HORNE

THE Wednesday morning session was, as some of the newspapers put it, the welcome of the Conservative party to England. Lord Leverhulme presided and the chief British speakers were Mr. Stanley Baldwin and Sir Robert Horne. Perhaps I should include in this category the talented, but younger, Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame, who is very highly esteemed in his own land, but is not so well known on this side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Baldwin was the first to appear, and the recent premier of the British Empire received the hearty demonstration that was his due. He is, in the first place, a very handsome man, as his picture clearly shows. His features reveal a singular combination of cordiality and restraint, of intellectuality and experience. His voice was pleasant and his manner magnetic and appealing, so that before he had uttered one word, his audience was in a friendly and receptive mood. I should think Mr. Baldwin would be a very effective campaigner, and I think he is, though his last experience at the polls proves that he can't convince everybody.

Almost everyone, I suppose, knows that he has been unable to point the way to his eldest son, who has espoused the Labor party and was lately reported in that reliable medium, the Sunday picture sections, to be betrothed to the elder daughter of Mr. Ramsey MacDonald, who has made a very acceptable mistress of No. 10 Downing Street.

It soon became evident that Mr. Baldwin knew something about advertising as well as politics. Despite the humorous suggestions he made as to his humble start in business, it is a fact that he came up in politics through the most accepted

Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Ex-Premier

*Mr. Baldwin, I think, is a strikingly handsome man, with intellectuality and sound sense clearly stamped upon his features. His speech revealed these qualities, as well as a delightful sense of humor. Apart from politics he is a great business man.*

channels of Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. I think he must be a modest man, for there is not an eminent person in England who has a briefer notice in the British "Who's Who." As we often estimate the importance of our own senators in inverse ratio to the length of the biographies they furnish to the Congressional Directory, I think it is fair to assume that Mr. Baldwin is a great man.

He was fifty-seven years old this August and has been an M. P. for the Bewdley Division of Worcestershire since 1908. In addition to being the head of the Unionist Government, he has served as chancellor of the exchequer and first lord of the treasury. Business and finance are his strongest points, I suppose, and I understand that he has large interests in the British steel trade.

His address began with a very handsome tribute to the convention. Mr. Baldwin said that when he was the prime minister he was asked whether such a visit as this would be welcomed in England, and he answered that he could conceive of no gathering that would be of more good either to Britain or to the countries from which the visitors came. Having thus committed himself, he felt absolutely bound to come when he was invited to speak to the convention.

> "At such a gathering as this," he continued, "one forgets all about prime ministers and becomes once more the simple, ordinary man of business that one has been for so many years before entering public life. For I was just one of yourselves, and I was brought up in very much the same school. Far different from my old friend, Sir Robert Horne, who started at the top in business life, I started at the bottom. When Sir Robert was making a fortune at the Scottish bar, I was keeping a cash-book on about two pounds per week. It was those days to which I looked back when I saw you coming to England to discuss questions of advertising. I know the troubles of trying to sell goods, for I have done it. I know the trouble of having one of your best lines destroyed by a hostile tariff. I was nearly

knocked out by the McKinley tariff; but I read in the text-books of political economy that nothing sharpened the intellect of the manufacturer like losing a market. I have lost two in my life, and it so sharpened my intellect that I became prime minister. I am a standing proof of the truth of the gospel of Manchester.

"When I look back to those earlier days I well remember the interest I took in advertising. Five and thirty years ago there was no paper in my own trade comparable to one published in America called *The Iron Age.* It was a wonderful paper. There used to appear in it week by week advertisements of a hand crane which so fascinated me by their originality that I used to count the hours from Saturday to Saturday to find out the new charms which had attached themselves to that crane during the past week. Looking back over thirty years, I remember how it did all the work of the shop without any assistance, how it went home at night and put the baby into the cot, and brought father home from the saloon.

"Then, as a further illustration of the power of advertising, I knew a man in those early days who invented a pudding dish, the peculiar property of which was that no pudding could possibly boil over in it. He advertised the article to such an extent that it sold by thousands. But when it was brought into use it was found that the pudding boiled over more quickly in that dish than it had ever done in any other. In no wise disconcerted, the inventor called them all back and started advertising them as beetle-traps. They were sold as such, and I was told caught beetles with the same facility with which they had let out the pudding.

"I will only weary you with one more illustration, and I give that because it had a serious side. I know it could not happen nowadays. When I was a boy I was traveling one summer down the Rhine. I was admiring the scenery, and when we came to one of the most beautiful cliffs that overhung the river, across the face of the cliff was written in letters ten feet high the name of a very famous American pro-

prietary article. I was so furious that I said I would never buy that article as long as I lived, and I never did. I mention that as an example of how ill-considered advertising might do harm when it was meant to do good. But I am quite sure that the spirit of today is quite different from that of a generation ago, because now the advertiser is gradually getting to realize that the beauty of his advertisement will help him, and that by putting advertisements where they might offend the susceptibilities of even a portion of his public, it might do him more harm than good. There is no doubt that the public taste is improving very much, and I rejoice to think the taste in advertising is keeping pace with it. As an old railway director at home, I would like to pay a tribute to what the railway companies of this country have done in the use of advertising. It has certainly been of great service to themselves, but they have set a high standard in artistic posters that I think can do nothing but good in this country.

"Another direction in which advertising has done a great deal of good was in bringing home to the people of this country during the war the benefits of thrift and saving. You have there an enormous field where advertising and publicity may render the greatest possible service to the life of the whole community. I suppose that it is a truism that there are limits even to advertising. It is of the greatest possible use in commerce in regard to every kind of article of general consumption. That is why in its early days advertising was so largely confined to things like pills, mustard, soap, cocoa, and an article of great interest to me, because it is produced in my own county—Worcester sauce. There are two features of that article with which you may not be familiar. First of all, it is always possible to 'win a bit' by betting anybody the number of times the names 'Lea and Perrin' appear on the label. Secondly, it provides the only shibboleth of which I know that separates the inhabitants of Great Britain from the inhabitants of America, assuming that one cannot detect it by their speech. The sauce according to the label is called 'Worcester-

shire sauce,' but in this country it has never been called anything but 'Worcester sauce'; nor in America is it ever called anything but 'Worcestershire sauce.' Therefore in any corner of the world one can tell where a man came from merely by noticing whether he asks for 'Worcester' or 'Worcestershire' sauce.

"It is probably in the common articles of life that the nations will be bound together. One can not imagine advertising influencing orders for steel rails and ship-plates. I do not see the stores superintendent of the Great Western Railway looking through the picture posters to decide where he is going to buy his rails, nor can I see the directors of the White Star or the Cunard lines referring to the pages of any advertisement book to see where they should get ship-plates or boiler-plates. It is entirely different with regard to articles of ordinary consumption, and in these days, when nation is set against nation, and when the outlook throughout the world is so full of peril, it must be a source of great comfort to feel that there are pills which are common to all races, black and white.

"I have always been a fervent advocate of meetings of this kind, which bring people together from all over the world who speak the same tongue. I am a little jealous of my own country, because I believe her to be not only the best country in the world, but, when one knows her, the most lovable. I ask those from overseas to try to know us and to go to see our country. Take us as you find us, and I think that the visit here will make you realize the depth of feeling that we have, perhaps under a somewhat calm exterior, for those who come so far to see us. I think that you will go away feeling not only that this country is struggling through one of the most difficult times that it has ever had, but that it is going to struggle through in triumph. You will go away not only feeling that it is a country inhabited by men and women with like minds and like hearts to yourselves, but that they are people with whom you can feel that the bonds of friendship have been established firmly and finally, and a

people with whom you feel, both with your heart and your head, that you desire to stand shoulder to shoulder for the rest of your lives."

Sir Robert Stevenson Horne, LL.D., K.C., is a Scottish lawyer and philosopher and a British statesman. I have seldom seen a man who bears so conspicuously the marks of mentality and dignity. He was exactly what an American fancies a British statesman should be. Yet he is intensely human and very full of fun. His father was a Scotch clergyman and he was educated in the University of Glasgow. One of his advantages is that his birthday is just one day earlier than my own, and it is a substantial advantage, because the 28th of February comes every year, while we who were born on the 29th have to wait four years for that anniversary that used to seem so attractive, but is now losing a bit of its charm.

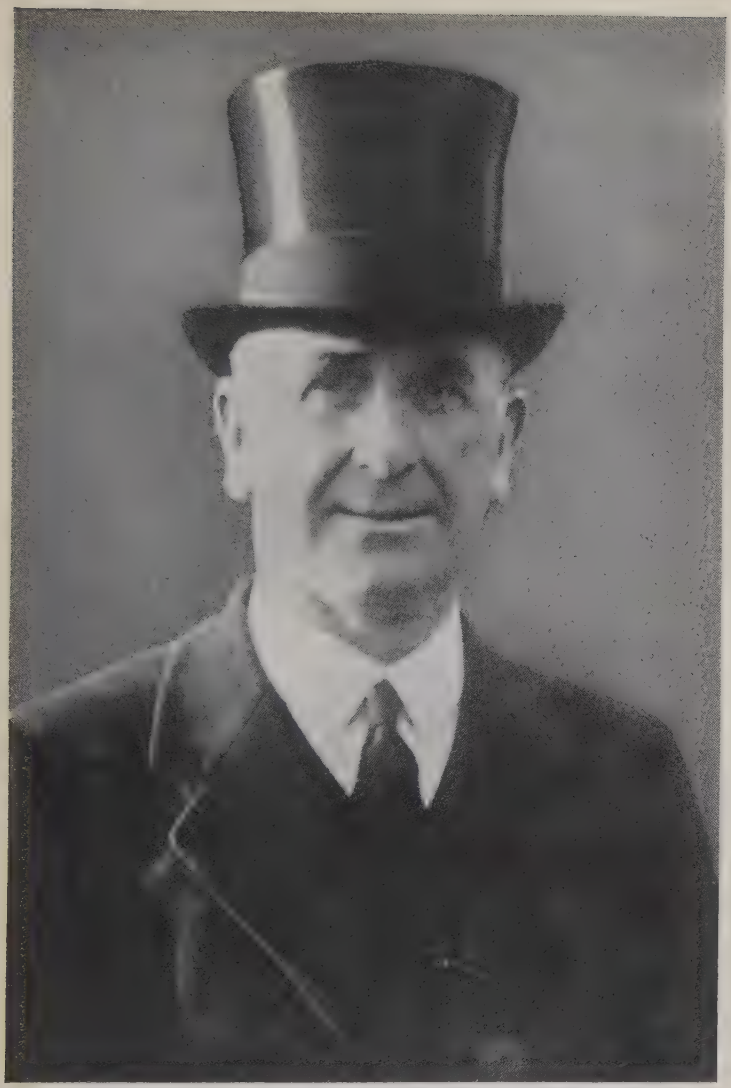
He is an example of that universality of interest and culture that too often distinguishes the British public man from our own political celebrities. Since the days of Roosevelt we have had no such versatility and varied distinction as characterizes many noted Englishmen. Sir Robert, for instance, is a famous lawyer. He is also a widely known writer on philosophy. He has been the lord rector of the University of Aberdeen. In politics he has held the offices of member of parliament, minister of labor, chancellor of the exchequer, and president of the board of trade. His business connections include directorships in the Suez Canal and the Great Western Railway, and the vice-chairmanship of Baldwin's, Ltd. Aside from his academic distinctions, he is a grand officer of the Crown of Italy and the president of some of the most important political clubs of his own country.

The convention gave him a hearty welcome and he immediately paid his respects to Mr. Baldwin by assuring his hearers that the former premier had given a very inaccurate account of their respective careers.

"It is true," he said, "that Mr. Baldwin began his career in business life; and at a later stage, like many another man whose hands faltered when they should not have done so, he declined from the position of a great business man into that of a prime minister.

"Now, my own life took exactly the opposite course. I prepared myself assiduously for the position I now enjoy. I went to the bar and obtained a certain amount of practice; then climbed steadily through three great offices of state—all in order that I should fit myself to become an efficient business man. Now I have attained what to many is the summit of human ambition.

"Business men look upon this convention in a somewhat different way from the attitude of the newspapers. The newspapers are after your money, and so far as I can make out, you are after ours. Therefore, the appreciation which comes from your victims will, I am sure, be regarded by you as of a much higher character and quality than that which comes from your beneficiaries. I have been particularly interested in the slogan announced as the war-cry of this great meeting. I am informed that your motto is 'Truth in Advertising.' To a person of a reflective mind the question immediately occurs, 'Is this a great change that is taking place?' Have you decided, like the Scotsman, that honesty is the best policy, after having tried both? Or, on the other hand, is it merely the crystallization of habits which have been steadily growing up amongst you? I can find an answer in an essay on the question of advertising, which I read not long ago, written by the present president of the Board of Trade (Mr. Sidney Webb). One of the advantages which he said would accrue from the Socialist state was that no advertiser would any longer have any inducement to make pretenses in order to sell his wares, because in the condition which he hoped to bring about, it was quite obvious that the only people about whom any advertisements would be required to be written would be ministers. I was afraid if they applied to them their new slogan, none of them would last a week. They knew that a little indis-



Sir Robert Horne

*Sir Robert Horne will not disappoint anyone who has pictured the trained British statesman as both scholar and man of the world. In appearance, manner and thought he represented, I thought, the best traditions of Conservative statesmanship. Few public men are more popular dinner speakers.*

cretion in telling the truth sometimes became dangerous. I remember a man who was informed by a friend that a certain Mr. Jones was telling lies about him, and he replied: 'I don't mind about that, but if he tells the truth about me, I'll break his neck.' I am sure you will use the motto with a proper amount of discretion. I understand that your ideal is to tell forcibly and with moderation the qualities and the merits of things offered for sale, and to rely upon the judgment of the markets to come back to the seller who has treated them fairly.

"The condition of the world is one in which business is rendered difficult, not so much through lack of means of production, and in many respects not so much through lack of means of distribution, although these might be vastly improved, but really by the poverty-stricken condition of a large part of the world, particularly among the nations of Europe. Customers to whom we previously sold our goods are no longer in the position to buy. How does advertising address itself to that particular condition? I am afraid there is not a great deal that can be done along the ordinary lines of your profession, but there are some ways by which you can give a great aid as advertisers in these difficult conditions. You, by the arts you practice, succeed in inspiring in people's minds a desire for things which they had previously not thought of. By stimulating a demand, you enable trade to be carried on with great advantage to the manufacturer and benefit to the customer.

"We in England at the present time are particularly in need of an advance movement of that kind. We have always taken pride in the fact that we produce sound and reliable goods, and under the auspices of your new slogan we shall expect to get a little of our own back again. But then we are bound to confess that in the art of distribution and selling we have been greatly excelled by many other nations. We look to you at this convention, from other countries, to give us help and advice and instruction in these matters. It is no longer possible for nations to dwell in isolation, and this is true

especially in regard to trade. The world is one unit in regard to trade, and no part of the world is outside that unit. Accordingly, it is only by the prosperity of the individual nations that the success of any other can be completely built up in its fullness. No nation profits by the misfortunes and vicissitudes of another, and that has been one of the hardest things for the people in Europe to realize since the armistice. With pain, suffering, trouble and travail we have been steadily coming to that conclusion. For a time it seemed to us that the great American continent was not anxious in any way to intervene in European affairs, but we are all glad on this side of the water that that point of view has been somewhat modified, and that the greatest possible assistance is now being given to Europe by America for the purpose of its rehabilitation. It is an inspiring thing that there should have been chosen in America to be a candidate for the vice-presidency on one side of your politics, a man whose name will ever be associated with a document which we believe is going to bring real succor to Europe.

"We require an assurance of peace and co-operation between nations, and we all hope that is about to be framed. It is a coincidence that there should be sitting at the same time in London another conference of the Powers of Europe, I hope and believe in much better circumstances of producing a settlement than any conference before. One thing which appeals to you all is the great fact that from many diverse nations you have all come together with one ideal—to make the world better for the people who today inherit it. The delegates will be visiting different parts of the country after the serious business of the convention, and you will see in our great towns poignant and bitter signs of distress from which we are suffering today, owing to our lack of employment. Perhaps your visit may breathe into our situation some spirit of new life that will inspire our hearts with fresh hope that at last the turning for the better has come, and that we are now about to embark unitedly on a revival of the peace and prosperity of the world."

# VIII

## LORDS BURNHAM AND LEVERHULME

Lords Burnham and Leverhulme, as well as the Lord Mayor of London, were the official presidents of the convention. The Lord Mayor's connection with the events of the week was largely official and honorary, though he did a good deal of entertaining. But Lords Burnham and Leverhulme put their whole hearts into the event and gave it all their time. The prestige and actual assistance that these two eminent British business men gave to Mr. Harold Vernon and his associates in the enormous task of making the program and arrangements was very great and was freely acknowledged. Mr. Vernon, I recall, said in one of his talks that Lord Burnham knew everybody and was a tower of strength to the committee. Of him I will speak first.

I suppose that the one figure that will stand out most clearly in the memory of almost every American delegate is the short, thick frame of Mr. Harry Lawson Webster Lawson, the first Viscount Burnham, surmounted by a countenance so pleasantly human that its expression was never far from a smile. I do not remember ever to have met a man whose face broke into laughter more readily, nor who carried so appealing an atmosphere of friendly good feeling. Simply to see Lord Burnham on the stage made one feel that he was in a pleasant place and that everything was all right and as it should be.

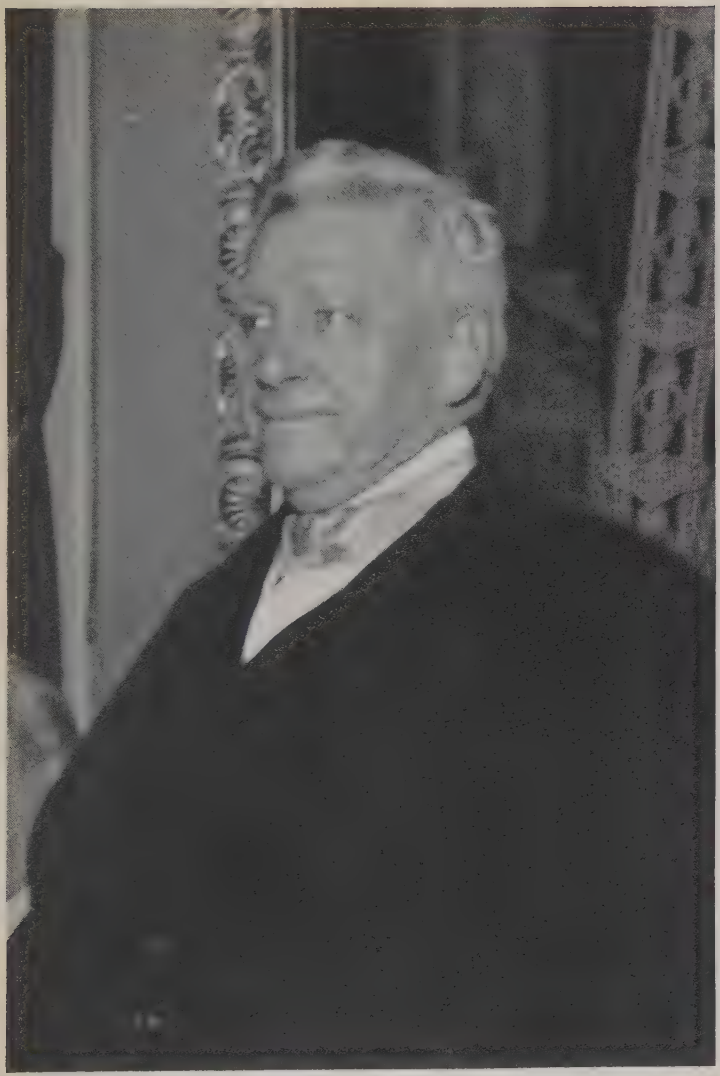
He was born in 1862 and his father was a baron and a wealthy man, so he started his career under favorable auspices. But his great fame is due to his own qualities. It is as the proprietor of *The Telegraph*, one of the world's very greatest

newspapers, that he is best known, and I must say that he may well be proud of this great and influential journal. It is strongly conservative, but a very complete and scholarly newspaper, and the way in which Lord Burnham threw its columns open to the convention filled the heart of every publicity man with grateful appreciation. I have never seen any event more completely and faithfully reported than was the Advertising Convention in *The Telegraph.*

Lord Burnham was educated in Eton and Balliol, I think, and no possible combination of school and college could be more aristocratic, and for that matter more really excellent. He holds many academic and state honors. Christ's College, Cambridge and McGill University, Montreal, have voted him the doctorate of laws and Great Britain, Belgium, Italy and Roumania have conferred upon him distinguished orders. On the occasion of the Lord Mayor's reception he wore them all and they made a brilliant showing. Now that Mr. Lou Holland has been made a Chevalier of France, he can offer modest decorative competition, should he again be called to represent American advertising at a foreign function.

In politics Lord Burnham was an M. P. for many years, finally, of course, going to the Lords. One curious incident of his career, reported in a sketch of his life I once read, was that he was mayor of Stepney in 1908 and 1909. Now Stepney is a rather poor borough of London, and how Lord Burnham came to be at the head of its local government I don't know. Since 1916 he has been the president of the Empire Press Union, the leading organization of publishers. He has an immense country estate, including some five thousand acres, and he is fond of almost every sort of outdoor life, including water sports and shooting.

His hospitality to the American delegates reached out and found them at sea; for a radio message came to the *Republic* and other ships, inviting some of the men holding official club positions to be his dinner guests on their first night in town.



Viscount Leverhulme of the Western Isles

*Lord Leverhulme is one of the world's great business men and possibly the world's greatest advertiser. His soaps have universal sale. The old-fashioned stock is Lord Leverhulme's only eccentricity of dress. Assisted by his sister, Lord Leverhulme entertained the delegates at his town house, The Hill, Hampstead, on Sunday afternoon.*

The principal address Lord Burnham made to the convention was his speech of welcome at the opening session. It was like the "keynote" speech at one of our political conventions, and it set the stage well for all the good things that were later said.

Referring to those who had already spoken, he said:

> "After the high personalities of the world, comes the humble trader and journalist, and that is where I come in.
>
> "It is a great pride and pleasure for me," proceeded his lordship, "to preside over the first session of the biggest rodeo of business and the greatest round-up of business men that has ever yet been held. His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, has honored us by declaring the convention open, and his inauguration of our proceedings has been the best send-off that we could have. The prince, if I may say so with all respect, is the very incarnation of the spirit of youth, and it is just the imagination of youth that looks at the world with the hope and confidence of those who have not been disillusioned nor disappointed of which we stand most in need today. We want to throw off the nightmare of war and desolation and go forward with our courage breast-high to meet our fate and make good our promise. The old world, like Dr. Faustus, would almost sell its soul for the renewal of its youth. That is the real meaning of Bolshevism and all the other madnesses which are vexing the mind and conscience of mankind today. Our spirit is depressed but not humbled, our blood pressure is unhealthily high, our powers of resistance and recuperation are unhealthily low. That makes it so important that we should be restored and reinvigorated not by transfusion of blood but transfusion of hope; not by conversion into one economic system, which is impossible, but by making the least of our differences and the best of our agreements.
>
> "This is much more than an advertising convention; it is the Rialto of the world's markets. You bring here with you from all the four quarters of the

globe the powers and the purposes of all the industries and all the trades. Yours is a trade wind that blows everybody good or at least brings everybody's ship to port. It was said in ancient days that eloquence, which means, after all, speaking out, was the mistress of all the arts. Modern advertising is the old eloquence writ large, magnified and multiplied by all the devices of business through all the applications of science. You, the advertisers of the world, speak out with the voice of Stentor, who spoke with a hundred voices, to a world that does not know what it wants and won't be happy till it gets it. The advertising agent is the real interpreter of the felt wants and the unfelt wants of humanity; he is the magician who turns the unfelt wants into the wants that have their outcome in new industries for the employment of capital and labor, and in fuller opportunities for the happiness of life and the homeliness of the people.

"You say, and say most truly, that you wish to ring out the false and ring in the true; in fact, to conduct the business of the nations by the golden rules of honesty and honor. That is the opposite of the old conception of deluding the purchasers to buy the goods that were not worth the money. In the Latin play the slave says, 'it is necessary to entice the buyer to unsaleable wares; good merchandise easily finds a buyer even though it be hidden away.' Today we say that it is only good merchandise that we desire to sell, but the idea still survives among ignorant people and in backward countries that advertising only pays when you want to sell an indifferent article at an exorbitant price.

"London is the birthplace of modern advertising. Lord Byron in one of his letters wrote that a new slander against him was that he had been paid fifty pounds for writing an advertisement of Day and Martin's blacking. Lord Byron was a great iconoclast, and never more so than when he said in answer that he wished the charge were true. I was reading in a book written in the fifties of the last century about what was called 'walking advertisements' in London, in which it was noted as a

startling and objectionable innovation that boardmen, 'out at elbow, move in solemn procession along the line of the road' announcing business removals, and that Mr. Bennett, well remembered as Sir John Bennett in the city of London, who sold clocks and watches in Cheapside, paid nine hundred pounds 'for the insertion of his advertisement on the back of the wrapper of the catalogue of the Great Exhibition of 1851.' The writer ends up in mournful numbers that 'it is either advertising or being ruined.' We say the same thing today in stentorian tones.

"Still, you hear the echoes of a past age that advertising is an extra charge on the output of industry and the profits of production. Nothing was ever sillier or more fallacious. Advertising may not be the driving wheel of the industrial machine, but it is undoubtedly its lubricating box, what Edmund Burke called 'the lubricator of the fibers' of international trade. It is advertising, call it publicity or propaganda or anything else you like, that is the principal factor in reducing the cost of production by extending it over not so much the widest known area, but the widest area that the possibilities of the case allow.

" 'Mass is lord', said George Meredith, and nowhere is this so true as in construction and commerce. Mass production depends on the attenuation of overhead charges and, above all, upon the prevalence of low and even prices of raw material and mechanical power; that is to say, on the cheapness of original values. Long contracts and reasonable prices depend upon both the extensiveness of demand and the intensiveness of demand. The more the markets, and the more carefully those markets are tended, the greater the call for the goods and the steadier the average of the returns.

"All this is the A, B, C, the alpha and omega of big business, but even in the parliament houses you hear speeches that betray the most grotesque ignorance of the economic conditions of output and realization in the world's markets. The ideal is that they should be, in the words of an old English char-

ter, 'without metes and bounds,' and advertising is the best means of attaining that end, so far as private enterprise can prosper, and it prospers best with the minimum of state interference or assistance.

"If one listened to the chatter of the platform, one would be tempted to imagine that production was everything and distribution nothing, and that it mattered not at all how or where a line of goods was marketed, so long as it was piled upon a railway siding. There never was a more complete illusion. The merchanding of an article of commerce requires as much special skill and ability as its manufacture. I saw a few days ago that a delegation of members of parliament went to view the vast and romantic expanse of Gretna Green, famous for its hedge parsons and runaway marriages in days of yore, and they are about to propose that the derelict machine shops which I saw humming with activity during the Great War should again be used to make high explosives for the mines of peace, as they did for the mines of war. It sounds so simple and so idyllic. Then comes the stern note of warning from a market-master who does not want the goods, only saleable perchance at the excessive rates of pampered and sheltered trades, and will have none of them. Unless they can be sold at something over the cost of production, these goods are literally drugs in the market. In any case, they can only be disposed of by the fine art of salesmanship, and salesmanship demands fair prices and sterling values. It is only by creating new markets and restoring old ones that you can establish a higher standard of life and labor.

"Imagination responds to imagination, and there is no truth which is not imaginative. 'The artlessness of unadorned truth' is not likely to propagate or to fructify. The promise and potency of advertising depend upon the presentation of the truth, not in the meretricious traffic of sordid dollar-hunting, but as the good warranty of service to human needs. One of the greatest of English writers of our day, as well as the greatest of English journalists, the late John, Lord Morley, used to say, 'You cannot aim

too high.' I would only add to that 'you cannot range too far.' Nature advertises herself by the cock crow before the dawn, and the honey guides which the plants issue to their insect food. The art of propaganda makes the world yield its increase of health and happiness.

"This convention, which is a true college of propaganda and avows itself as such, is mainly Anglo-American in its constitution, which is not extraordinary when one considers the undoubted fact that the export trade of the world's commodities is mainly Anglo-American too. But it is not wholly Anglo-American. The British dominions overseas, and especially the great Dominion of Canada, are well represented in our gathering. The allied countries of France, Italy and Belgium, and the friendly countries of Scandinavia, Holland and Switzerland, swell our ranks. We do not in these days 'hold the gorgeous East in fee,' but we depend largely on eastern trade, and we are glad to know that India, China and Japan will increase the opportunities of commercial intercourse by their presence and co-operation. Surely the power of advertising was never so powerfully illustrated as in this wonderful parliament of commerce which demonstrates to the world at large that advertising has become the greatest of all the lines of business. Over five thousand delegates proclaim the fact that advertising is the open secret of sale and distribution, without which no trading or industrial community can prosper or continue.

"We are met together in the British Empire Exhibition, which was obviously intended to be the greatest advertisement of the British Dominions that we have ever had. Here we parade and even flaunt our strength and our resources before the eyes of the trading world. Surely the holding of this convention here and now is itself the most effective advertisement that advertising can have. It is indeed a moving proof of fellowship and sympathy that America has sent us, with such good-will and spontaneity, so large a contingent of her leading citizens and business men, and we accept the compliment in

> the gracious spirit in which it is paid. In this vast and various convention we are showing the way to improve and economize the art of living by the use of vision and prevision in helping the community to choose always what is best, what is soundest, and what is fairest, well knowing that in the qualities of fine artistry and good workmanship consist the true values and the highest good in all the scattered market-places of mankind, from pole to pole and from the rising to the setting sun. As president of to-day's session, I bid you all a hearty welcome and I implore the blessing of Providence upon your proceedings and your deliberations."

Unquestionably the most picturesque figure of the convention was the famous Lord Leverhulme, probably the greatest advertiser in the world, certainly one of the greatest business men and philanthropists. He is seventy-three years old and I have never seen a man whose appearance suggested more strikingly wisdom, experience and power. His face had the weathered, storm-beaten ruggedness of his own Western Isles, from which he derives his title; for having been previously made a baronet and then a baron, he was in 1922 made the first viscount of the Western Isles. The Western Isles are in fact the Hebrides, off the Scotch coast, and Lord Leverhulme lives a good part of the time in Stornoway, on the Island of Lewis and Harris, whence come those well-known tweeds that are always to be identified by the smell of the peat smoke that got into them when they were being made in the houses of the crofters on this inhospitable coast. I think Lord Leverhulme actually owns the most of this island, if not all of it, and he has done a great deal for the people, who have a hard life at best. I seem to recall having read a proposal he made a year or so ago to give the lands of the islands outright to the tenants living on them.

William Hesketh Lever is Lord Leverhulme's name, and he is the head of the famous soap manufacturing concern at Port Sunlight, near Liverpool. From the very first days when men began to realize that labor was a human thing and

not a commercial commodity, Lord Leverhulme has set the pace for progressive employers everywhere. Though he has many imitators, I fancy he still does more for his work-people than any other employer in the world. During the week I spent at Wembley, he brought five thousand of them down at one time to see the Empire Exhibition, and a few days later there came three thousand more.

His interests are world-wide and he knows America as well as most of our own business men. He began coming to New York more than fifty years ago and he has averaged, I have heard, a trip a year ever since. Only last year he was with us looking after his great American properties of Palmolive and Lux. Then, instead of going home, he went through South America.

Now it is not true that Lord Leverhulme is himself an example of "that school-girl complexion," but he has successfully inoculated the feminine part of the world with such an aspiration. A woman living in Europe told me that she had bought cinema tickets in Zurich and street railway tickets in Milan bearing advertisements of Palmolive on their backs.

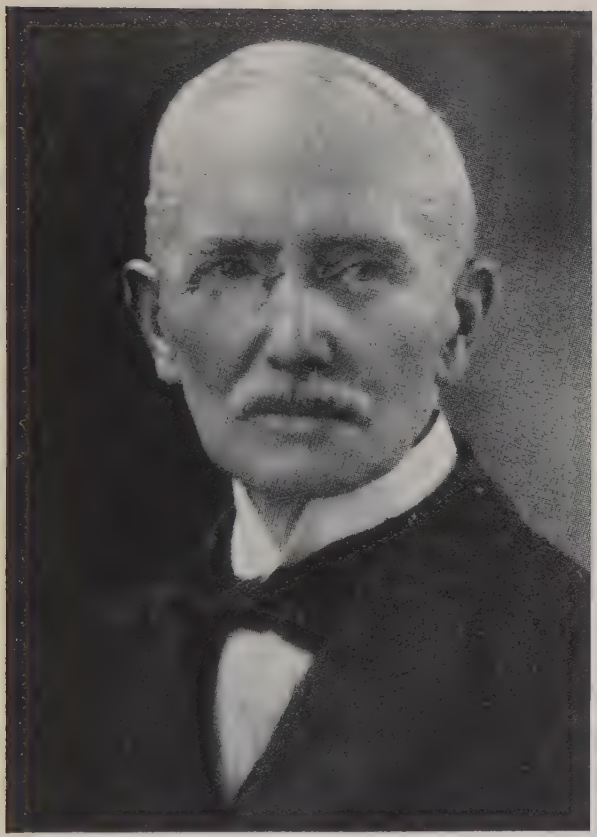
In the course of a long and active life, many honors have come his way, in addition to great wealth. The University of Edinburgh made him a doctor of laws and he is a grand officer of the Belgian Order of Leopold II. He has represented a Cheshire constituency in Parliament, was mayor of Bolton, and has been junior warden of the Masonic Grand Lodge of England. Beside his Lewis Castle place in the Hebrides, he has a town house in London, The Hill, Hampstead Heath, where he entertained a large party of delegates on Sunday afternoon.

> "I suppose," said Lord Leverhulme, "that I have been chosen to preside at this meeting because I have been connected with advertising for fifty years, and you want to show the growth and development of the baby of fifty years ago, after having been fed upon the nourishing food of advertising. I think if you were to read the old rules of

the Sphinx Club of New York, you would find that the objects for which that club was formed by advertising men were almost identical with the aims of this conference. They aimed at getting rid of the old idea that advertising was more or less charlatanism, and inculcating the idea that it was a sound and necessary arm of business. That is what it is. I am not sure that men who have good articles to sell ought not to feel on their conscience that they should advertise them as a boon to their fellowmen, quite apart from any selfish motive.

"The first aim of the advertiser should be to announce the merits of the article; as to the rest, the merits in question and the truthfulness of the advertisement have the strongest appeal. According to my experience, it is the quiet advertisement which does not claim too much, that is the most effective. I always had an admiration for my father, who, eighty years ago, put out his advertisement as a grocer—a plain business announcement—which, if I might judge from its effects, was about as effective an advertisement as could be. The man who begins to advertise in a very high-handed manner is going to have difficulties like those which were shown in the rodeo when the man on the 'bucking broncho' found that he had difficulty in holding his seat. Quietness and a perfect knowledge of how to handle advertising make it possible to get over that trying period; a man can keep his seat, and if he does that, his future success is assured. That can only be done by showing self-restraint, persistency, and character.

"We on this side of the 'herring pond' look up with admiration and respect to the advertising lessons which can be taught us from the other side. In advertising the United States, in my opinion, leads the world. But I am not so sure that that would be true as regards the art of salesmanship, as distinct from the art of advertising. I am not sure that in the art of salesmanship by the human voice we can not teach a few lessons to our visitors. I do not see, however, why the two should not be combined. I have heard men lay more emphasis



Mr. John Cheshire

*Mr. John Cheshire, managing director of the great soap firm of Lever Brothers, is well known in America. To him is largely due the tremendous advertising policy that has made the Lever firm one of the world's greatest advertisers.*

on advertising than on salesmanship, but they invariably suffered. Similarly, I have heard others lay more emphasis on salesmanship, and the results have been the same. It is said that salesmanship is out of date, but I am of the opinion that used in conjunction with advertising, it is a most necessary and important branch of the art of selling goods. The salesman has equally to be moderate in his statements; he must not make overdrawn claims for his firm or his goods. While ideas from across the Atlantic reach the United Kingdom first, so I have seen in the last twenty or thirty years a tendency on the part of manufacturers on the Continent of Europe to introduce methods of advertising. That movement is all for the good of the commerce of the world, and it is good for employment all over the world.

"It is the salesman to whom the world is looking today for increased markets and for increased demand, so that the factory wheels shall be kept turning freely with ever-increasing output. In this regard I am certain that this convention is going to be a most important element. We are very glad to have had the opportunity of hearing the very wise speech of the Prince of Wales at the opening of the convention. I am sure that His Royal Highness, if he had not been the Prince of Wales, would have been a 'prince of commerce.' We want to raise the tone of business to the high standard to which it was raised by the presence of the Prince of Wales, whose aim has been to help and encourage us in our work."

# IX

## MR. CHURCHILL

The appearance of no Englishman aroused in my mind anticipation more eager than that which preceded the speech of Mr. Winston Spencer Leonard Churchill, who was presented at the sitting of Thursday morning. In the first place, Mr. Churchill is in blood half American, though he made no allusion to the fact and nothing in his appearance or manner suggested it. He is, I think, the most vivid personality in British politics today, and certainly no other public man of fifty in the whole world has had a more varied and exciting career.

My memory of Mr. Churchill goes back a long time, and is very hazy. It was in the year 1901, I think, when I was a young newspaper writer, and had followed keenly the adventures of this picturesque young Briton as a half soldier and half correspondent in the Boer War. As many will recall, he was captured by the Boers in November, 1899, and escaping a month later, he made his way to the British forces and saw much of the remainder of the campaign. All of this naturally provided him with material for an exciting lecture, and his adventures lost none of their spirit in the telling, as all who heard him will testify. Strangely enough, the remark that sticks in my mind after more than twenty years, was his ejaculation: "My, but the kopjes were hard on those poor old London cab horses."

The fact is, that everything was hard down there, from the British point of view, for quite a long time; and there was a good deal of objection to the war at home, as one unjustly waged. That Boer public opinion should have been so appeased in later years, and that many of Britain's former

enemies rose to supreme heights in the affairs of the Union of South Africa, is one of the striking testimonials to British administrative genius. Of course, at the moment, Smuts is out and things are not going too well; but separation seems to be out of the question, and nobody appears worried by the Nationalist triumph at the polls. In the London newspapers arriving as this is written, I observe with interest that an important delegation of the British and Canadian Parliaments has just sailed for Cape Town as the guests of the South African branch of the Empire Parliamentary Association. In the group are the well-remembered figures of Mr. Thomas and Lord Burnham.

Mr. Churchill was born on the 30th of November, 1874, the eldest son of the famous Lord Randolph Henry Spencer Churchill, who was himself the third son of the seventh Duke of Marlborough. His mother, the daughter of Leonard Jerome, a New York banker, and a famous beauty, was left a widow in 1895 and later married Mr. Cornwallis-West. She died not very long ago, I think.

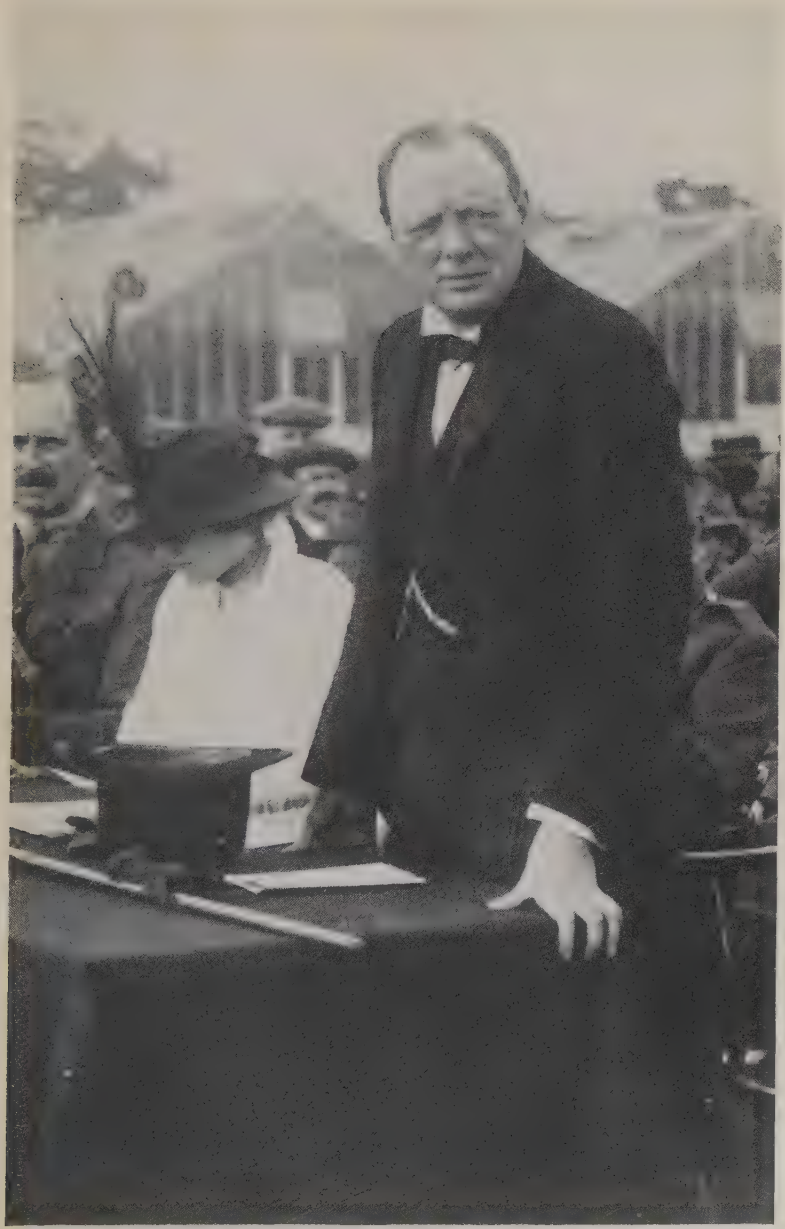
It would require quite a bit of space merely to recount the incidents of Mr. Churchill's eventful life. He was educated at Harrow and the Military College of Sandhurst, and very early in life so far forgot his American sympathies as to enlist with the Spanish forces in Cuba in 1895. This, of course, was during the native insurrections and long before our own Spanish War; so it must not be assumed that Mr. Churchill was hostile to America. Doubtless it was merely his love of adventure that led him into this affair. In any case, he carried himself so well that the King of Spain gave him the first-class order of military merit. At the time of our Spanish War he was out in India as an orderly to Sir W. Lockhart. Then he joined the 21st Lancers and went into the Soudan with the British Nile expedition of 1898-99. At the battle of Khartum he won another medal, this time from his own country.

The Boer War came next, and though he carried a com-

mission as a lieutenant in the South African Light Horse, he was also the correspondent of the *Morning Post.*

The political career of Mr. Churchill began soon after his return from Africa, when he was elected to Parliament as a Conservative member from Oldham, a constituency that he represented until 1906. At different times subsequently he represented Manchester and Dundee districts, but in the great Labor landslide of last year he lost his seat. This spring he was a candidate in Westminster, London, the very district in which the seat of government stands. It was a lively and picturesque three-cornered fight. Mr. Churchill had long before turned to the Liberals and held many offices under them. There was a Labor candidate, too, and the thing finished with a Conservative victory. Thus at the time of his appearance before the advertising convention he was for the first time in years out of office altogether. I have just read that he has now joined the Conservative party.

The succession of great places he has held makes an imposing list that sounds almost like a roster of the British cabinet offices. He has been president of the Board of Trade, First Lord of the Admirality, Minister of Munitions, Secretary of State for War, Secretary of State of Air and Secretary of State for the Colonies. As everybody knows, he was the head of the admiralty at the outbreak of the Great War, and while nobody drew more fire and suffered more criticism, it is generally believed, I think, that he had the British fleet on a war basis the day war was declared. Of his adventures at Gallipoli and at Antwerp I know no more than others. For a time they seemed about to eclipse his great prestige and to bring his career to an unhappy end. But he is too virile to be kept in the background, and like the man with the home-brew in his cellar in the American prohibition joke, he is "often down but never out." Mr. Harold Vernon, in presenting him, referred to him as "one of the great, potential hopes of British statesmanship." To a man who has been



Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill

*This photograph, showing Mr. Churchill at an outdoor meeting, is the most characteristic picture of one of England's most famous and picturesque public men that I have seen. It shows Mr. Churchill exactly as he is today, after a most varied and adventurous young manhood.*

a reality so long, I suppose the role of being a mere potentiality is not pleasing; but it indicates hope for the future. Some day, in the whirligig of British politics, Mr. Churchill will, I doubt not, be premier.

As a literary figure few Englishmen are better known. Mr. Churchill's pen has been as busy as his sword and probably more productive. Starting with "The River War," he produced many books of military adventure, concluding with his "The World Crisis" in 1923. An excellent biography of his noted father was one of his creditable literary efforts. Just now, in a well-known American magazine, I am enjoying from month to month, narratives of his adventures in the air—and he had plenty of them—and accounts of the secret service and other inside facts of the war.

On the morning of his appearance at the convention Mr. Churchill was a sartorial novelty, if not a triumph. His wide-winged collar and his large bow tie are well-known personal affectations. As a rule he is otherwise conventionally and even fashionably dressed. But on this occasion he elected to wear a costume that was neither fish nor flesh. It was a very dark gray suit, with a tail coat reaching to the knees and cut very like the frock coats now seldom seen in America except on certain preachers and undertakers. Yet it was not a true frock coat, for it was single-breasted, very slightly rounded in the skirts, and lacked the glistening silk lapel facing. It was, I think, an original creation and might, perhaps, be called a statesman's coat. In any case, it looked surprisingly well.

During all the time he was on the platform I do not think Mr. Churchill smiled. He is thick-set and bald, with stooping shoulders and a very ruddy complexion. His mouth is large and strong, and while he was waiting to speak, he pursed his lips into a kind of scowl, yawned once or twice and looked generally discontented with his surroundings. He was the only important Englishman who addressed the convention in an entirely serious vein, and he made an interest-

ing, informing and statesmanlike speech. Perhaps it was in compliment to the occasion that he took things so seriously and made such a severe speech.

Little as his appearance may have suggested it, Mr. Winston Churchill apparently enjoyed the speeches made before him by Mr. E. W. Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and Sir Herbert Morgan; for in his first words, he praised them highly and referred to them as "deeply informative and pregnant with suggestive thought." He thought the long series of well-considered and moderately-stated opinions to which the convention had listened could not fail to send every delegate away wiser and better equipped to renew the struggle of daily life.

> "I have tried," he said, "to find in my own mind an argument, of necessity brief, which will embody the main themes of the discussions of this memorable convention. I asked myself first of all what is the main cause of our present trade weakness or trade depression? Why have we not recovered quicker, with all the resources of modern civilization, from the havoc and confusion and dislocation of the Great War? Why does the tide not flow freely? Why, in so many countries, do our affairs loll and flop to and fro in slack water? Why are there, over widespread areas of the globe, stagnation, embarrassment and discontent in commercial matters?
>
> "The Great War affected both the producing and consuming power of the world, but it affected the consuming power in a far more serious degree than the producing power. I believe it, broadly speaking, to be true that the producing power is intact, and is actually undiminished. Indeed, I believe it might be contended that it has even increased since the beginning of the war. The losses in men, terrible as they were, the direction of capital into destructive channels, the actual devastation of regions, and the destruction of property—these great evils have been more than counterbalanced by the broad general tendency of the modern world to expansion by new processes, by new plans, by new efforts,

by new inventions, by new ideas. These sufficed to overcome all the wasteful and destructive tendencies and factors which I have enumerated. If, on the one hand, we added together all the cannon destroyed, precious and inestimable though it were, and on the other we added all the advance of science, the increase of knowledge, the accumulation of apparatus, brought daily and hourly to us by the ever-flowing streams of youth and discovery—if we took these two immense sides of the ledger and balanced them, we would find that in a material sense, at any rate, the gain of the last ten years in the practical, productive capacity of the human race has, in spite of all its folly, in spite of all its sores, in spite of all its losses, exceeded its diminution.

"I said in a material sense, but I think we may also say that the gain is operative in a moral sense. For, after all, the great struggle terminated in such a fashion as to leave men and nations more surely masters of their own destinies and liberties than ever before, and for all its reproaches, for all its disillusionment, for all its exhaustion, and the evil symptoms of exhaustion, which have followed in the aftermath of the war, the world as a creator and a producer has emerged stronger and not weaker. The great upward movement of productivity was checked by the war, but not arrested; it continued in spite of the war. Of course, if there had been no war, the productive power of mankind would be vastly greater than it is. But in spite of the war, it is, I believe, greater than it ever has been. The organized world of human beings is today more capable of executing any order of goods of any kind, for works on any scale, be they pyramids or reservoirs, of feeding vast communities or supplying the most intricate or humble articles for the household convenience than ever before. If this be true, what are we suffering from? We are suffering from serious and widespread decline in the consuming power.

"It is upon the whole that you must judge these things; the whole consuming power in any considerable period of time is the central test fact in

the economic mass life of any nation. It is not foreign competition that causes our distress. That is known to be less at the present time than in days before the war, measured by every standard of quality or quantity. It is not that which is the difficulty. In our case, and I dare say in the case of many other countries, the root cause in which all other important subsidiary causes are swallowed is the marked contraction both of external and internal custom—a great fall in the purchasing power, a great decline in the demand for goods and services of every kind from man to man and nation to nation. The consuming power is in arrear. The producing power is ready to come forward at any moment.

"How, then, are we to restore the consuming power where it is perishing? How to stimulate it where it is languishing, and how to expand it where it has shrunken? That is the task; there is the remedy which we should seek. There is the key to our present difficulties. Taxation no doubt following on the war and improvident methods of finance in many countries formed the causes of the diminution of the higher form of the consuming power. New barriers have sprung up between the nations; barriers of prejudice, barriers of anger, barriers of bitter memories. The old channels of communication between them have become obstructed and choked. Unnecessary obstacles are raised to the flow of goods and trade from one land to another. The medium of exchange, which played such an important part in balancing the minor adjustments of traffic between one country and another, has been strained until over large areas there is complete rupture. All these are causes of the diminution in the consuming power.

"There is sitting in London today an International Conference of the leading Powers of the late Alliance and of other states, whose activities may well produce sensible relief to the bad conditions which exist in the world at the present time—may well be followed by an expansion of the consuming power of the great masses; and it deserves from every one of us, whatever nation we represent, whatever part

of that nation or of the British Empire we come from, our most fervent and cordial good wishes. And the International Advertising Convention is marching on the same road as the London conference. It is from the point of view of repairing the consuming power of the world that your convention has assumed its real and true importance. Advertising nourishes the consuming power. It creates wants, it reveals possibilities, it spurs exertion, it brings together in fertile union what would otherwise have never met. Advertising, as you are the first to assert, is not all. There must be the spirit of enterprise, there must be confidence, there must be stability, there must be good-will.

"But all these conditions might exist unrelated, unconnected, unless publicity, propaganda and advertisement were brought in to unite them and to fuse them into one effective whole, to make them vital and to make them active. From this point of view you are to be congratulated on the success of your convention. Whoever first thought of it in previous years deserves a tribute of gratitude. An eminent Russian now taken from us proclaimed in a striking phrase a message which became in his hands the agency of enormous misfortune. He said, 'Workers of the world, unite.' How much happier have been the consequences which attended the proclamation of the message of the founder and initiators of this convention when with courage and with audacity and confidence, they uttered the slogan, 'Advertisers of the world, unite.'

"It is no use ignoring modern conditions. Modern evolution is founded on millions of people at every stage, and on scores and hundreds of millions of people in its larger expansion. Napoleon said on one occasion, 'I have always marched with the opinion of 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 of men.' We in our modern world, if we are to supply the provender for the enormous population of the present day, must march always with the opinion and the needs of millions and millions of people. If we are to supply the needs of the modern world, it can only be on the basis of mass co-operation, and mass

co-operation can only be obtained by publicity, propaganda and advertisement. I congratulate those who have been concerned in this movement on the fact that they have successfully vindicated the reputation of the advertising profession. Many of those in the outside world have formed their opinions on this subject from the conditions which existed fifty years ago, when advertising was in its infancy and scarcely one hundred thousand pounds were spent in a year in the whole of Britain. Now one hundred million pounds are spent in these islands in a year on the great business of advertising, and at the same time it has been necessary to establish effectually the dignity and the beneficial character of the advertising profession.

"Advertising has now become universal. If a man or a woman were to say, 'I am not going to buy advertised goods; I prefer to receive the whole of the products in the form of goods themselves and not to patronize firms who spend a portion of their wealth on mere advertisement,' such man or woman would starve and go naked, because there is no article, however small, which we require or use in our daily life which is not the subject and will not become increasingly the subject of advertisement. The advertisement is a protection against profiteering. The appeal is made direct from the manufacturer to the public. The prices are known. The standard of the goods is made uniform, and that must exercise a corrective effect upon unnecessary trafficking by middlemen. Advertising is a great security to the public against fraud. Some people fear that our modern tendency will lead us increasingly into becoming dependent upon great combinations, in some cases of a monopolistic character, and that these alone will be able to use to the full the gigantic advantage which advertisement on the larger scale provides.

"I believe that new dangers will be met as they arise, and I should like to place on record the importance at this juncture of discriminating between combinations, however great, which produce new services for the public, which give the public a

better service than was previously possible, and those which merely use monopoly to exploit security. The second set are wholly vicious, and should be corrected, as they are in many countries, by legislation. The first is by far the most numerous of the great series of combinations which characterize our modern life, and ought to be definitely incorporated into the system of thought of every statesman and every political thinker, and recognized as a valuable and essential factor in the improvement and advance of a technical and scientific civilization.

"There is one other aspect of advertising I must refer to, but not in a controversial spirit. You have been addressed by various ministers of the crown, who have delivered speeches in every way admirable and unexceptionable. Still, we are bound to point out and to remember that advertising implies individualistic competition. Under a system of universal state production and distribution and exchange, it would be entirely unnecessary, and it has been claimed by the advocates of the doctrines of Karl Marx that advertising and publicity of that kind would be economized and swept away, and that there would be no need at all for people to be informed upon these matters, as, after all, they would have no choice but to accept the goods and rations supplied by the state.

"When I read the speeches of some of our Socialist friends who have graced your discussions, and in so very agreeable a manner, I cannot help noticing with satisfaction, that in their strong approval of advertising and competition, they are themselves supplying arguments which are subversive and fatal to the doctrines of the late lamented Karl Marx. I must safeguard myself—we must all safeguard ourselves at a series of discussions such as this convention has listened to—from being accused of thinking only of the material aspect. There are many other sides to human life than the material. The individual can rise above every material condition by moral and spiritual aids. He can enfranchise himself from the most terrifying environment, but we are not dealing here with the problem of the human

heart or the human soul, nor are we dealing with the individual problem.

"Your convention—and it is a great one—is not concerned with the individual, but with large masses, and in regard to these large masses we must remember we do not live in a primitive condition of society; we do not live in an Arcadian state of existence; we are not dealing with nomadic tribes roaming about the desert, depending upon the simplicity of their mode of existence for being able to carry on their existence. We are dealing with the world as it is—this modern world of great masses of people, leading a highly artificial and complicated life, which is increasing in artificiality and complications. It is with that great situation and with those enormous masses that the rulers of the modern world have to deal, and I say that where millions of people are involved, and where the welfare and livelihood of millions are involved, then the collective material well-being is an ideal almost co-equal with, certainly second only to, the moral elevation of society itself. It is placed upon the same foundation. It stands upon the same tier of the monument, and it is in no way irreconcilable with the moral aspect of human life.

"I must avow myself an optimist in human affairs. I believe that our present economic civilization and order of society is not going to be cast down. It is threatened by many dangers; it is baffled by many problems and assailed by many foes. It will overcome the dangers; it will solve the problems; and it will triumph over its foes. That is my belief, and I derive an inspiring assurance from the main decisions of the International Advertising Convention. You have to play a great, definite and indispensable part in any organization for the material well-being of the millions. That is what lies before the advertisers. Will they recognize their responsibility? Will they be worthy of their task? Will they rise to the occasion? These are the questions which this convention has been asking itself throughout its sittings, and its sub-committees in every form, in every case, and on every occasion. That is the

question they have answered faithfully and fearlessly. Truth, merit, honesty, art—these have been the dominant conceptions on every subject, and in the main, on every audience. These have been qualities which this convention has proclaimed. Quackery, shams, exaggeration, fakes, falsehood—these have been vices which have been stigmatized and condemned.

"I am glad our country should have been selected for this inspiring and exhilarating convention, and I am proud that the British Empire Exhibition should have provided this splendid setting in which your deliberations have been conducted. Such hospitality and welcome as our island can afford, such comradeship as our race can reveal, have been extended to our guests from overseas, from all parts of the British Empire, from the United States of America, and from the nations of the Continent of Europe and from the East. We have done our best. Your councils have been inaugurated or joined by all our principal figures, the controllers of our greatest businesses, the leaders of our professions, the proprietors of our newspapers, the chiefs of political parties, the Prince of Wales himself—a prince so gratefully cared for in this country and beyond it. All have contributed to give you a welcome and Godspeed.

"And now we approach in a few hours the close of our work. Let us part upon a united declaration. Let me endeavor to sum up in a few sentences what I conceive to be the main theme of your discussions. Truth will conquer; beauty is a practical utility; art is serviceable in itself; merit will achieve its just reward; better times are coming to us all and to the whole world; all the men in all the lands are necessary to one another. There is enough for all; the earth is a generous mother. She will produce in plentiful abundance for the needs of all her children, if they will but gather her riches and cultivate her soil in justice and in peace."

# X

## SPEAKERS—BRITISH AND AMERICAN

One of the London papers said, "This is a four-million-word convention." It was all of that, as a glance at the official program appended to these letters will convince anybody with an aptitude for large figures. The International Advertising Convention was, in truth, a whole series of conventions, as many of the departmental meetings were of sufficient size and importance to stand on their own feet as business conferences.

There were many fine speeches at all of the meetings; but it is obvious that most of them will have to be passed by until the book of "Official Proceedings" satisfies the curiosity of those who want every word that was said. Now books of proceedings are very elastic and capacious volumes; but I am thinking that if the story of the London convention is told in full, this one will establish new records in book manufacture. I have always backed my Century Dictionary, with its 7,046 pages of words and a supplement so long that they were ashamed to number the pages, as the largest book in the world. Since I heard they were to print the London proceedings, I don't know.

There was naturally more interest among the Americans in what the British speakers had to say than in the speeches of our own men, because we approached the British speeches with the expectation of an unsatisfied curiosity. I imagine the Englishmen felt the same way toward our speakers. It has been said before that the Englishmen generally spoke in a lighter vein, leaving the bulk of the more serious and technical talk to the Americans. This impression, I think, almost every visitor must have carried away. The standard of

Notable Figures of the Convention

*This group includes six men prominent on the program of the convention. The left row, top to bottom, shows Sir Charles Higham, of London; Mr. E. W. Beatty, of Montreal, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company; Sir Woodman Burbidge, Chairman of Harrod's and other great London stores.*

*The group at the right, top to bottom, includes Mr. O. C. Harn, Advertising Manager, National Lead Company, New York; Mr. J. D. Mooney, President General Motors Export Company, New York, and Mr. W. S. Crawford, of London, Chairman of the British Program Committee.*

Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame

*Mr. Lloyd-Greame is one of the coming men in Conservative politics. He is an economist of note and has served on some of the great economic committees of the post-war period.*

speaking, throughout, was very high, and I heard no word during the whole week that was either foolish or in bad form.

Mr. Lou E. Holland, who presided at the second session, carried himself well on the platform, as in all his multitude of official duties. His speech was an accounting of his stewardship as the President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, and he gave an informing summary of their work and development. In twenty years the efforts of a small group of advertising men who were determined to cleanse their profession, have resulted in an international organization of 313 clubs, having in all nearly 31,000 members. They are all founded on the one watchword of "truth," and this slogan has been vindicated by their record. Thirty-six states of the American Union now have statutes making it a misdemeanor to wilfully publish a false advertisement. The work of the vigilance committees in exposing and prosecuting fraud was explained, as was the functioning of the "better business bureaus" of America. The organization is now spending over $600,000 per year in combating fraudulent and misleading advertising. The fact that District No. 14, in Great Britain, though the youngest of all, has now become the largest, was a point of significance and of interest to the British delegates, who constituted the largest group of the nearly 6,000 who were registered.

Mr. Frank Kellogg, the United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James, made a happy speech at the opening session, following immediately the Prince of Wales. Mr. Kellogg is a widely known lawyer, of Saint Paul, and for some time represented Minnesota in the United States Senate. He is not a large man and there is a suggestion of a stoop in his shoulders. But he has a certain distinction of appearance and manner and is, I was told, highly popular in England. He referred to the Prince of Wales as not only a great friend of America, but as one who knew America, and then went on to enlarge upon the benefits that come from more intimate

international acquaintance. He referred pleasantly to all the international conventions and conferences held in London this summer and emphasized the contribution they would make to better understanding. Paying tribute to the influence of advertising and the press, the ambassador concluded with these words:

> "It is unnecessary for me to describe the great part you have to play in the world. The advertising clubs, intimately associated with the press of the world, play a wonderful part in the economic, social and political development of all countries. No one is more interested in the advancement and the prosperity of the world than the advertising clubs, and their prosperity depends on the extent of the prosperity of the different countries. No organ today has a greater influence than the press. What we need today is for the people of all the world to become better acquainted, to become more familiar with each other's institutions, languages, laws, and the aspirations of each other. Then, and only then, may we hope that war, that terrible instrument of devastation, may cease, and prosperity, peace and happiness reign over the world."

Mr. Harry Tipper, of New York, who was the chairman of the general program committee, and who spent a good deal of time in his native England completing various arrangements, made a pleasing and appropriate talk, explaining that the committee had endeavored to make up a program of international service and application, and one making for international comity. Now, anybody who had to do with that epochal program excited my interest and curiosity at once, for he had contributed to a superhuman task. There was quite a large program committee and most of the work was done in England. Every member of that committee is entitled to feel proud—and they do, if I am any judge. A little incident that marked my first visit to Bush House confirms this suggestion. There I met a gentleman of considerable importance, whose name I am not going to be so indiscreet as to give. When he learned that I might write something about

the convention, he laughingly remarked: "Tell them that this is a British program and that it was built by two Scotchmen, W. S. Crawford and Alex Shand." I have no doubt they did their full share toward accomplishing a remarkable result.

I became acquainted with Mr. Frederick M. Feiker on the boat, but I did not really identify him until I saw him appear on the platform as the personal representative of Mr. Herbert Hoover, our Secretary of Commerce. He presented greetings and good wishes from Mr. Hoover and said that he believed this assemblage was emblematic of the thought that the underlying problems of trade and industry have outgrown the power of the individual to solve them, and that they must be solved through the collective thinking of all business men. The three thousand trade associations set up voluntarily by American business men, are co-operating with the Department of Commerce and are rendering a great constructive service to the nation, especially in combating waste, in statistical work and in reducing the periodic swings of business.

> "The Bishop of Durham," he continued, "in his masterful sermon at Westminster on Sunday, stressed our common language as the fundamental base of such collective thinking. Last week there were brought together at this great exposition the engineers of the world to discuss in the common tongue the power resources of the world and to plan their economical development. Next week another profession, the law, will interchange thought and experiences in jurisprudence. Is it too much to anticipate that with a common tongue, with a human understanding of each other as men, with common goals for service and truth, for which we strive, through the collective action of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, we may, as advertising men, find what William James called the moral equivalent of war? As James pointed out, business provides the ideals to fight for, which may so strengthen our character, so enlarge our vision, so endow us with the fighting will to do, as to re-

move from the philosophy of a civilized race the last vestiges of a reason for war."

Mr. C. Harold Vernon, President of the Thirty Club and Chairman of District 14, devoted some part of his welcoming remarks to compliments to the Prince of Wales. "I have referred," he said, "to advertising as the Cinderella of business. Today Cinderella has been wooed by Prince Charming."

Sir Lawrence Weaver, who is the director of the United Kingdom exhibit at Wembley, is an Englishman of middle age and aristocratic appearance. If he does not adorn the more conspicuous circles of British society, his looks and bearing are misleading. His language was chaste and eloquent, and if I am any judge of English, this opening tribute to great expositions ("exhibitions" in England) was a good example of felicity of expression. He said:

> "This great exhibition is the platform on which can be most fruitfully discussed that greater interflow of commodities which will do more than anything else to dissipate animosities, to correct the tragedy of shattered exchanges, to remove the social menace of unemployment, and to offer to the shrewd and adventurous spirits of the world the occasion for harnessing the forces of nature and developing the dormant heritage of mankind."

One of the advantages of exhibitions, he said, was the opportunity they afforded to manufacturers, by becoming their own retail salesmen for a time, to gauge the changing taste and psychology of the man in the street and thus reduce his own area of mistake and loss. He paid a tribute to the artists who are now giving their best to industrial advertising, though some people had thought it a prostitution of great talent. "I am persuaded," he added, "that this is in the interest of both business and artist, and I can see no greater hope for the correction of some evil aspects of the industrial revolution than the whole-hearted devotion of art to the service alike of manufacture and salesmanship. Business is destined to be in the future the great patron of art."

Mr. Frank H. Sisson, Vice-President of The Guaranty Trust Company of New York, is widely known as a public speaker in this country. He spoke on "Advertising as a Creator of Public Standards in Business," emphasizing the thought that the more people advertise, the greater becomes the necessity of their living up to their printed promises in the integrity of their product.

> "The standards fixed by the merchant or manufacturer in public statement and printed word," said Mr. Sisson, "must become the standards of distribution and production, or the inevitable loss of public confidence and good-will will spell bankruptcy, moral as well as financial. Good-will is the product of good goods, good service and good advertising. Protected, it is an invaluable asset, but violated in its essential elements, a fatal liability. It is business insurance. It assures demand and lower costs. It protects the public and provides the buyer of an advertised trade-marked article with a triple guarantee of quality—from the merchant, the manufacturer and the publisher. It fixes the standard which maker and distributor must meet, and provides a definite goal for business achievement. It also defines the character of service which it offers and compels the servant of the public to keep his pledges or be discredited. The mere appearance of a well-planned advertising campaign in important mediums today is the assurance of honest goods, honest service, and fair prices. It is the promise of continuity and stability and integrity."

If any more attractive figure than that of Mr. Gerald France, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, appeared at the convention, I am mistaken. He so impressed me that I asked an English newspaper man who he was. "Oh, I don't know much about him, except that he is a big man up north," said the pressman. I should think Mr. Gerald Ashburner France might be called a big man almost anywhere, for he is very hansdome, of a most appealing personality, and an absolutely charming

speaker. One of the papers referred to him as "Alderman" France, so I suppose he is an alderman in Newcastle. He has been in Parliament twelve years or so from Yorkshire Divisions, but I think he is not now a member. He also carries the title of J.P., which means quite another thing in England from that of its rather meager significance in the U. S. A. He is a partner in the great grocery firm of J. A. France & Son, of Newcastle and London. Mr. France kept me in almost continuous laughter. He occupied the difficult position of last speaker on a long program, but there was no lapse of interest. His comments on America, which he has twice visited, were airy and amusing. "The last time I was over," he said, "I had a rather hard time of it, and my American friends were more than kind to me. I was laid up a long time in my hotel. I thought I was ill, but they told me I was sick."

He spoke at length on Anglo-American friendship, urging that each nation advertise its human product better to the other. "Even we English people don't always know one another," he said. "One time I was carrying dispatches from the admiralty to the grand fleet, when a boy of the Black Watch took me for the admiral himself. That made me feel pretty good; but when I went to a hotel ashore a little later, an old lady came up to me and said: 'Waiter, when do you serve lunch?' One time the Turkish Ambassador called on Lord Lansdowne and politely said: 'I hope I do not cock-roach on your time.' Now if there had been the right kind of understanding between Turkey and Great Britain, he might have said 'encroach.'"

Mr. France developed the serious thought that it was of no use to advertise unless one were making or distributing something really useful and just as good as it was claimed to be. He concluded by saying that he thought it would be a good thing if, opposite every picture of George the Third in England they hung a picture of his mistakes. It was getting a little late and Mr. France concluded by saying: "It is tea-

time and I had better close, for I remember that it was about tea that we Englishmen and you Americans once fell out."

It seemed like old times when Sir Charles Higham took the stage, for he had attended many conventions in America. Sir Charles, looking just a trifle stouter than when last here, was, so to say, "full of pep." The spirit of the occasion had aroused him to a greater degree of enthusiasm than I had ever before seen him exhibit. He had been heading all his Dunlop tire (or was it tyre?) advertisements that week with the slogan of the advertising clubs, and from the moment he got on his feet it was evident that he meant business. His subject was "The Future of Advertising," and Sir Charles thinks that future is pretty large. The development of the world rests largely in the hands of the advertising men, in his belief, and he made a strong case and did it eloquently. "Tell the World," he thought a good slogan, and it was up to advertising to tell all nations, not only about merchandise, but how to improve the morals, habits and culture of the people.

> "Advertising has so lowered the cost of production," he said, "that the luxuries of yesterday are the necessities of today, with the result that a thousand refining influences have been let loose upon society. Advertising has helped to standardize goods, to socialize manners and to individualize taste. It has beautified dress and democratized luxury. It has fostered more good habits than any other force."

Speaking of the film and the radio, he said that he didn't think they could ever displace the newspaper and the periodical as the one best means of reaching all the people quickly. Without them business would quickly stagnate.

Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame is an important public man, the youngest of the group that addressed the convention. He was born in 1884 and was educated at Winchester and Oxford, going to the bar in 1908. He is an M.P. from Hendon and was lately president of the Board of Trade. During the

war he was chairman of the permanent labor committee, and afterward a member of the select committee on "national expenditure" and "high prices and profits." In addition to all this, he is a sportsman and knows a good deal about golf and shooting. He served nearly four years in the army. His subject was "The Need for New Markets," and he expressed the belief that advertising would be a foremost factor in finding new places to sell goods. As did Mr. Churchill later, he deplored the decline in the purchasing power of the world.

> "I have been much impressed," said the speaker, "by the way the science of advertising has developed in the United States. There you have popularized the use of electricity and so increased the demand that it has brought the cost within the reach of almost everyone. You have also proven that the better the light, the cheaper the production in workshops and the greater the sales in your stores. The co-operative plan of advertising, by which new demands are created, has proven beneficial to everyone in a single trade, and it will reach its final development when the whole world is brought into co-operation and we all understand that what is good for one nation is good for all mankind."

Mr. James D. Mooney, of New York, President of the General Motors Export Company, seemed to me to be the youngest man I had ever known in a position so prominent. He had recently returned from a business trip around the world and he made a strong and sane speech, appealing to business and government for stronger leadership. He said that what had been accomplished toward European rehabilitation was a tribute to the resilience and courage of the people, but more would have been done under better leadership.

The duty of making the average family throughout the world more comfortable and happy, he regarded as a challenge to the type of men represented in the convention.

> "The situation has one great element of promise," Mr. Mooney said. "Industrial and commercial

structures can be rebuilt throughout the world very much more rapidly today than in any previous time in history. We have available at the present time better instruments for rebuilding our economic structure than ever existed before in the history of the world—the railroad, the motor-car, aeroplane, radio, fast ocean steamers, highly specialized machine tools and hand tools for multiple production, research methods and facilities, well-developed techniques for handling large manufacturing and distribution organizations and systems, magazines and newspapers for spreading information quickly. Advertising can play a great part in reconstruction and rehabilitation, because it can be made so important a factor in distribution. The world today is standing in great need of having its distribution systems recreated and revivified. The production facilities, although somewhat impaired by the great stresses imposed upon them during the war, stand generally ready; men are eager to work. However, markets are needed for the products; means of facilitating their exchange are needed. Advertising can very effectively increase the rate of growth of these national and international distribution systems.

"As I gaze into the future of advertising," he said, "I see the advertisement columns of newspapers used, not only to tell the people of good goods, and where to get them, but to inform them as to what the laws of the country mean; how to improve their health; how to increase their wealth. I see electrical manufacturers of the future using these columns to tell the world the advantages of using electricity, rather than to sell a particular lamp. I see the music trades of the world combined to teach people the value of good music; to make them realize that the piano is not merely an ornament to the home, but an instrument to use. I can see that instead of people trying to sell a different kind of piano, or a different make of musical instrument, they will be selling the value of music in general, which is all to the good of the world.

"This is called collective advertising. In the

next ten years we will be called upon to electrify the world for peace service, just as advertising was called upon to electrify the people of the Empire for war service.

"Cut out the canker of jealousy and envy. Believe in your calling and have faith in yourselves. I do not know of a reason why we cannot have the same high standard of ethics in our profession as there is in law and medicine. It is as vital to be clean in our business as it is in any other calling. Be watchful that we are all the time cleaning up ourselves. We have been given a 'flair' that we alone possess. We are the creators of public opinion. We have a tremendous responsibility. I believe we are, day by day, showing that we are worthy of it.

"We have made remarkable strides in the last twenty years. We know 'Truth in Advertising' is the only thing that pays either the man who uses it or the man or woman who writes about it. Failure is practically impossible today. We know the cost of mediums. We know how much it costs to reach an individual customer. We know how to bring down the overhead expenses and how to increase production. In fact, a quarter of a century ago we were wondering about it, but today we are certain. We must teach the towns of the world the necessity of advertising the virtues of their towns. We must teach the government that the only proper way to govern is to teach the people how and why they are governing them. Advertising can do more to bring about peace of the world than any other method that I can think of. Get on with your work. Believe in it. Play the game. Be straightforward and honest in your dealings with others. The higher the character of the individual who creates the advertisement, the greater the character of our calling will become. We have been handed a God-given gift. Let us justify the confidence of of the Creator by using it for the good of the world."

Mr. E. Leslie Bergin, a London lawyer, spoke on "Welding the Nations by Advertising." He was a man of great dis-

tinction and culture, but I regret to say that the details of his excellent speech have escaped from my mind.

Mr. O. C. Harn, advertising manager of The National Lead Company, made, I thought, an excellent impression and a sound speech.

> "We have improved not so much in craftsmanship as in the power to see," said the speaker. "We have a new vision of advertising today. Advertising is not just the writing of an advertisement; it is not even the printing of an advertisement. A lot of printed matter is not an advertisement as long as it remains in the warehouse or on the dealers' shelves; it must reach the eye and the mind of the reader. But the real underlying thing about advertising is the influencing of the human mind. We must create the demand for our products and interest the reader. The newspaper is the most powerful means of getting at the people, and it is inevitably so. In feudal times we had three estates; the press is now the fourth, and this is more powerful than all the others. It is not strange, therefore, that advertising seized upon the press as a medium for impressing itself on the minds of the people. And the press is not coy in being thus seized upon. The press is important to the advertiser, and the advertiser is important to the press, not only because advertising furnished the sinews of war by virtue of which other messages which the press had to give to the people could be broadcast, but because advertising itself is a necessary literature of our life—it is the literature of commerce."

Mr. E. W. Beatty, the first Canadian-born president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, was an interesting figure. He is a young man and it was not difficult to see evidences of the power and virility that raised him to the leadership in what is probably the most world-wide system of transportation on the globe. His voice and manner were very much more American than British. "Building an Empire by Advertising" was his subject. Of course he talked a good deal of the part the advertising of his own company had played in the

development of Canada, and he gave great credit to Sir William Van Horne, his predecessor, as the father of the idea. But Mr. Beatty proceeded to show that all publicity is not advertising, by saying:

> "About twenty-five years ago Mr. Rudyard Kipling wrote a poem about Canada entitled 'Our Lady of the Snows.' The result of that free publicity was that a great many people, particularly those who read poetry, were under the impression that Canada was entirely surrounded by the Arctic regions. Yet when I talk to British travelers who visit the country, I frequently find that what impressed them most was not the snow, but rather the extraordinary amount of ice-cream which Canadians consume; and ice-cream, of course, suggested the presence of external heat.
>
> "At the same time, I am perfectly willing to admit that we have snow and good, hard winters, and I will go further and say that snow and good, hard winters are among our greatest assets. For without that winter we would not be able to grow the hard wheat on which so much of the prosperity of the Canadian West depends and which every miller in the United States desires for his choicest flour. Without that winter we would not have the fur-bearing animals and the fur trade, which has been for three hundred years one of Canada's basic industries. Without that winter we could not haul so economically as we do the products of the forests to the lumber and pulp mills. And last, but not least, without that winter we could not have the virile, sturdy manhood which the whole world, particularly since the achievements of the Canadian Army in the Great War, has come to identify with the Canadian race."

Mr. Beatty showed that since 1881 his company has spent $67,000,000 to induce immigrants to come to Canada as against $35,000,000 expended by the Canadian Government in the same period. Apologizing for the fact that he talked about Canada more than about advertising, Mr. Beatty said that it was because he knew that it was essential to have

something worth while to advertise. Tourists, he said, were now spending $136,000,000 per year in Canada, as against a pre-war estimate of $150,000,000 in Switzerland and $100,000,000 on the Rhine.

> "While agriculture is, and will probably always remain, the basic industry of Canada, there are many other natural resources, the development of which is adding greatly to Canada's wealth. Canada, rated second among the lumber-producing countries of the world, is second only to Norway in the per capita water-power development, has ninety per cent. of the world's cobalt, eighty-eight per cent. of the world's asbestos and eighty-five per cent of the world's nickel, and has greater coal deposits than any country in the world except the United States. It has been stated by experts that ninety per cent. of the land area in Canada is mineral-bearing. That being so, the possibilities of industrial expansion are enormous."

Sir Herbert Morgan, of Lever Brothers, said that he was afraid that this convention had given advertising so much prestige that all the great men of the world would be getting into it; and he didn't want to come into competition with Mr. Winston Churchill as a "slogan king." Speaking more seriously, he said:

> "So far as the technical side of advertising is concerned, it might be said that all sound business men recognize that no article can be advertised unless it is branded or named. A named or branded article can not be offered for sale with any certainty of success unless it is of uniform quality and good value for the money. A branded article can be traced to its producer, and if his claim is not borne out, his value as an advertiser suffers. The larger the expenditure on advertising a bad article, the faster the reputation of the advertiser will be destroyed. The fact that it is quite impossible to market an article about which it is impossible to make a truthful statement, ensures that the manufacturer before he puts his article on the market will see to it that the public is having something of unquestioned

merit. Advertising, therefore, is a great stimulus to the creation of full money's worth on the part of the producer. By virtue of the fact that it causes great businesses to spring up, resulting in mass production, advertising must eventually result in the protection of the public through their getting an article that is the best possible value obtainable for the money.

"I think that statistics will soon prove that the advertised article is becoming the bulwark of the export trade of the country. I am sorry to say that while our exports in raw material, in unbranded and unnamed articles, are on the decrease over vast fields of which I have some knowledge, our advertised goods are increasing their export sales. The standard of truth is high, but it is going to be higher. Advertising, originally the resource of the charlatan of commerce, is now the mainstay, the 'buckler and the sword' of the world's greatest business enterprises."

Mr. Howard Heinz, vice-president of the famous Pittsburgh firm, known throughout the world for the number of its "varieties," made a thoughtful plea for higher standards of honesty and morality in business, which he summarized by paraphrasing the motto of the Associated Advertising Clubs as "truth in products."

"Better business," he said, "implies a higher standard of men and methods, a higher standard of quality of product, a higher standard of workmanship, and a higher sense of obligation to the employee and to the public. In a word, better business means that the fundamental principles of honesty, truth and fair dealing—once the marks of business but in too many cases forgotten or disregarded—shall be brought back, accepted as essentials, and appraised at their true value."

Mr. Heinz paid a fine tribute to the British working-man and said, that of all his company's factories, none was so efficient as the British factory manned entirely by British workmen.

Mr. Fred B. Smith was called to the platform and made a humorous talk, asking the Londoners, on behalf of many Americans who had inquired of him, why they didn't straighten their streets and learn to pronounce the English language. He urged the delegates to see the provinces of Britain before leaving the country.

Mr. John Cheshire, who is very much beloved of all American advertising men, made a most gracious little talk, full of good feeling, emphasizing the friendships and the good-will that had come from the London meeting.

Mr. E. T. Meredith, former Secretary of Agriculture, was on the program, but the prolonging of the Democratic Convention kept him in New York.

It may be well to conclude these observations on advertising with a message from the President of the United States to the convention, as read by Mr. Holland. Mr. Coolidge sent this greeting:

> "I shall be very glad if you will take occasion to express to the delegates attending the convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, my heartiest good wishes and cordial greetings. I notice that the emblem of your organization bears the single word 'Truth.' Just as this word symbolizes the only real basis of friendly relationship between buyer and seller, so in a larger sense it is equally essential in the wider relationships of nation to nation. I am sure that this gathering of business men will lead to that clearer knowledge which will do away with misunderstandings arising from failure to know the truth."

# XI

## BRITAIN'S HOSPITALITY

LIKE every other aspect of the London convention, its social life was on a scale unprecedented in the history of such meetings. Entertaining began on the very day of the arrival of the delegates and continued a week after the convention in the form of elaborate and costly excursions to almost all the leading centers of the British Isles. In this sumptuous entertainment private houses and public institutions vied with one another in hospitality.

Some of the business meetings of various groups took the form of luncheons and dinners, but many of the affairs were purely social in their character and were designed for no purpose but to give pleasure to the delegates and to permit them to see phases of British life not ordinarily available to travelers. I have mentioned the fact that Lord Burnham entertained a large party of prominent delegates at the Hyde Park Hotel on Saturday evening, before the Lord Mayor's reception, taking the trouble to invite many of his guests by radio when they were still some distance from the shores of England. The details of the Lord Mayor's reception are told elsewhere.

The Houston, Texas, delegation, which secured the 1925 convention, paved the way for its success by giving a dinner to the London Thirty Club and leading British advertising men on Sunday night. There seemed to be a very cordial relationship between the Texans and our London hosts, due in part to the fact that Houston stepped aside for London at Atlantic City last summer. Most of the British committeemen were present and the Texans entertained with two of their home musical prodigies, brought along for the

occasion. American flags and the Lone Star flag of the former Republic of Texas were presented to the Thirty Club and a number of speeches were made, Mr. Vernon and Mr. John Cheshire speaking for the Thirty Club. On the same evening Mr. Gordon Selfridge, proprietor of the famous London store, and formerly a Chicagoan, gave a reception to more than 2,000 guests at Lansdowne House, offering an elaborate entertainment. One of the features was a group of Burmese dancers from the British Empire Exhibition.

On Monday evening one of the most amusing of all the convention affairs took place. It was a dinner given at the Savoy Hotel by the Chairman and Board of Management of the British Empire Exhibition, and about 350 delegates and guests were present. Lord Stevenson presided and was supported at the head table by Lord Burnham, the Right Hon. J. H. Thomas, Lord Riddell, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Holland.

The feature that set everyone talking and impressed and amused the Americans as much as anything that happened in London, was the good-humored political duel between Mr. Thomas and Mr. Churchill. Now the Labor Colonial Secretary is not above wearing formal clothes, as I have just read a political speech he made since my return, in which he defends himself against criticism by his more radical followers, for appearing in court dress at palace functions. But on this occasion he came in late, wearing a lounge suit. He explained that he had been detained late at the London conference and had no time to dress.

He began his speech with many pleasantries, in the course of which he remarked that it was fitting that the first speech should be entrusted to the most important person present—a statement, he said, that was evidently accepted everywhere except at the top table. This he attributed to "the old Adam of jealousy." Then he began to poke fun at the Americans on the subject of prohibition, which apparently the guests were not practicing at all.

"I ask you," he said, "to observe how our American cousins have drunk to the health of the King. I think they sang 'God Save the King' with more enthusiasm than we Britishers. They have not only learnt the tune, but they have adapted themselves to our language. I recall one occasion when I heard an adaptation of the national anthem to words that went something like this:

Four and twenty Yankees
  Feeling very dry,
Took a trip to Canada
  And bought a case of rye.
When the rye was empty
  The Yanks began to sing,
'Who the hell is Coolidge?
  God Save the King.'

"Is it any wonder that they have drunk the present toast with enthusiasm? But we honor our visitors, not only because we respect them, but because they deserve to be honored, not by any class, but by the whole community. That is why we have so many shades of political opinion represented here this evening.

"Take my friend, Winston Churchill, for example. Well, this appreciation of his name indicates that he pleases all parties. And why not, for he has sampled them all. At first he was a Tory, but he found that too tame. He then became a Liberal, but he couldn't find where they stood. Then he joined the Coalition, but found the mixture bad. Finally one night he said to me: 'By God, Jim, if your party were not so virtuous, I would have joined it.' Winston is a good judge, because honesty and simplicity are the embodiment of my party's policy. That is why I appear here tonight without dressing for the occasion. Had I dressed and gone back to the House of Commons tonight about 11 o'clock, democracy would have said: 'It is hopeless. We had better turn the government out.' However, I am glad you Americans have come over here to see how a real democracy operates. We are proud to welcome you, not only because of the importance of the Ad-

vertising Convention, but because of the great international possibilities it opens up."

Mr. Louis Wiley, business manager of *The New York Times*, made a pleasant speech in which he said that London's hospitality had amazed every guest and was without parallel in any American city.

Mr. Churchill, proposing the toast "The British Empire Exhibition," immediately took up Mr. Thomas's challenge.

> "My friend, the Colonial Secretary," he said, "is put by this convention into a state of enforced virtue, and he has even gone so far as to make a speech that one would not associate with a social revolutionary. He is now in a very fortunate position, for he is leading the people to the achievement of one of the most sublime dreams that even his party, in its most expansive moments, ever conceived. At the same time he has a solid Constitutional party and a very active Liberal party on his right and left, to see that he doesn't stray too far from the beaten path.
>
> "But I know where his heart lies. He worked hard in the Great War, just as did many thousands of British trades unionists and socialists, to secure the victory. No doubt he had a difficult time. He must have had some anxious moments from the railway men in the past twenty years. There must have been times when, however agile he was, however flexible his attitude and however genial his aspect, he had a severe attack of cramps.
>
> "I have been invited to address your convention next Thursday and I look forward to that time with some reassurance, because all my life I have been accused of being a self-advertiser, and have been told that advertising was the grossest of crimes and the greatest breach of decorum. Now I am glad to find that it is raised to the first of virtues."

The speech concluded with a tribute to the Empire Exhibition and to the work of Lord Stevenson, whom Mr. Churchill regarded as one of the best business minds of the Empire.

Tuesday afternoon and evening were filled with social

affairs. The big retailers of London were lavish entertainers, and Sir Woodman Burbidge, Chairman of Harrod's, gave a large luncheon in the Georgian restaurant of his store. The retail interests of which he is the head represent a capital of over thirty million dollars, and include Harrod's, in London and Buenos Ayres, as well as Swan & Edgar and Dickins & Jones, of London. Sir Woodman said that the store in which the luncheon took place had sold a million and a half dollars worth of goods the previous week, and he wondered what might have been done if he could have had the convention on his advertising staff that week.

> "The first and foremost necessity for an advertising man," he said, "is a deep and sympathetic understanding of our fellow men and women, and to acquire that one must go out and mix with the people. This convention affords an unparalleled opportunity to 'mix', to sharpen our wits, to extend our knowledge, to correct our mistakes and to cure some of our cock-sureness. It will strengthen our originality and understanding of human nature, so necessary for success in the profession to which you have dedicated your lives—a profession destined to become one of the most magnificently useful in all the world."

Mr. Theodore E. Morgan, President of the Associated Retail Advertisers of the United States and Canada, and Lord Riddell paid high tribute to Harrod's, the largest store in the British Empire.

The banquet and ball, given at Connaught Rooms by the Incorporated Society of British Advertisers to the American Association of National Advertisers, was featured by a speech by Lady Astor. Lord Leverhulme, in silk breeches, presided and others at the head table were Lord and Lady Astor, Lord Ashfield, Lord and Lady Burnham, Mr. W. H. Hartley, President of the British Advertisers, and Mrs. Hartley, Mr. P. L. Thomson, President of the National Advertisers of America, and Sir Woodman and Lady Burbidge.

Lady Astor, American born, yet the first British woman member of parliament, showed her well-known gift of satirical wit in her speech.

"Why do we women buy so recklessly?" she asked. "It is because you men advertise so recklessly. There have been more homes wrecked by advertisements of bargain sales and clearances than by any other one thing in the world."

Lord Leverhulme made a strong plea for branded goods, saying that a judge in the United States gave the best definition of business good-will that he had ever heard, when he said: "Good-will is the natural tendency of the customer to return to where he has been well served."

Lord Burnham said that the friendship between Great Britain and America was not a policy so much as a natural instinct. "I think it is wonderful that ninety per cent of our visitors are making their first trip to England. One of them was walking down the Strand the other day. Looking about, he remarked: 'Well, this is some city. I think it has a future.'"

Mr. J. G. Chapline, of Chicago, President of the Lasalle Extension University, spoke sympathetically of Anglo-American friendship and deplored the fact that the governments of our two countries did not seem able to understand one another so well as do the business communities. Mr. P. L. Thomson, of New York, responded happily to the toast "The Ladies."

The Guildhall banquet, in honor of the American Advertising Agency men, was naturally one of the most picturesque entertainments of the week and *Punch* devoted two pages, filled with cartoons and rather heavy humor, to a description of the function. All the state ceremony characteristic of Guildhall affairs was carried out. Sir Louis A. Newton, the Lord Mayor, and the two sheriffs, Messrs. R. C. Sennett and T. Middleton Dron, were present with their ladies. Mr. L. O. Johnson, President of the British Advertising Agents,

presided and by his side sat Mr. Stanley Resor, of the J. Walter Thompson Company, President of the American Association of Advertising Agencies. Both spoke, as did the Lord Mayor. The rule against smoking in the old Guildhall was forgotten, and the widow's self-filling cruse had nothing on the wine glasses that so plentifully adorned the stately banquet board.

The "Dress Parade" given at the Piccadilly Hotel by the ladies, under the management of the Hon. Mrs. C. W. Forester, was what we call a "style show," and it gave the American women an insight into Europe's latest fashions. The ballroom was gorgeous with illuminated flowers, and a lavish tea was served. The smartest shops sent their finest gowns and their prettiest models, and Jack Hylton, the Paul Whiteman of London, personally conducted his band. Mr. Edgcumbe Brighten acted as the master of ceremonies, and the thirty models certainly would have interested even Mr. Ziegfeld.

The public utilities group started pleasantly with a meeting at which Mr. F. W. Goodenough, chairman of the British division, presided. It was one of the few affairs held in the Lucullus, and the public utility men of England will probably face an inquiry into their rates, since they could afford to extend their hospitality in a place so notoriously expensive. Lord Ebury, head of the Army and Navy stores, was another entertainer in this eating place de luxe.

The film advertisers had the advantage of having the famous T. P. O'Connor as the presiding officer of their luncheon at Prince's. After he had spoken with pride of his own country and lauded the United States as the "place of incredible opportunity," "Tay-pay" concluded by saying that the association and co-operation of the British Empire and the United States was the only hope he could see for "a tortured and insane world." Mr. Maurice J. Caplan spoke for the American screen people, calling attention to the fact that we now have eighteen thousand picture theaters in America

and many of them are among the finest theaters in the world. Mr. Beaumont Alexander said that British manufacturers last year spent about one and one-fourth millions of dollars for screen advertising and were increasing the sum. The chief trouble on that side had been to get the theater owners to show such pictures, but this was being overcome.

The women were entertained with several tours of Old London and they had a session of their own in Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, at which Miss M. Lyon presided, and Miss Wilson, Vice-President of the Women's Advertising Club, of London, spoke. Miss Wilson said very frankly that the Englishman was too much the slave of tradition and did not take to new ideas with facility. The country was too small for domestic mail-order business and she thought that the so-called "provincials" were in fact less provincial than many of the suburban Londoners. Miss Julia Coburn, of Toledo, spoke for the American women, explaining the comparatively easy entrance American women had made into the advertising field.

> "Women are born advertisers," she said. "From time immemorial we have talked about the immediate needs of daily existence, while the men have discussed abstract things. How natural, then, that women should take up talking about everyday things as a profession. I think advertising needs the women more than the women need advertising, for women know best how to make a store's services appeal to other women."

Several of the great London stores entertained, giving special attention to their fellow merchants from overseas. Among them were, in addition to those already mentioned, Whiteley's, Liberty's, Marshall & Snelgrove, and Lord Waring, of Waring and Gillow. The *Daily Chronicle* gave a large theater party at a gala performance at His Majesty's Theater.

The Government went to a lot of trouble for the guests. Mrs. Philipson, M.P., entertained two large delegations of

American women at teas on the terrace of the House of Commons and the Government itself gave a luncheon to about one hundred guests, at which the Premier, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, was expected, but he was detained by the ever-pressing conference on reparations. Mr. William Lunn, M.P., was in the chair and Mr. Clynes also spoke for the Government. Mr. Stanley Resor and Mr. Frank Smith of New York, were the American speakers.

The close of the business sessions was marked on Thursday evening by a great costume ball at the London Olympia. It was the gayest affair of the week and was enlivened by the presence of several of the leading London theatrical companies. In all there must have been three thousand persons present.

Friday was the great day for play, because the work was all done and the delegates had not yet begun to scatter on the remarkable series of tours arranged by our British hosts.

Lord Riddell's golf party at Walton Heath, on the Surrey Heights, was a huge success and attracted one hundred and fifty guests, of whom at least one-half were Americans. The course is both interesting and difficult, for the fairway is lined with giant gorse, bracken and broom. The British critics saw much to amuse them. One American lost seven new balls in his first twelve holes and then borrowed some from a friend. When he lost all these he had to quit. Mr. A. R. Gardner, a fifty-five-year-old player from the Siwanoy Club, New York, won the first prize with a net score of 75, though he took eight to the last hole. Mr. G. C. Tompkins, of Forest Park, Brooklyn, tied for second with Mr. R. Depelche, of Bramshot, with 77. All of these players, however, enjoyed handicaps, Mr. Gardner having 14 and Mr. Tompkins 7. The best scratch round was a 79 by Mr. J. B. Anderson, of Edinburgh and Oxhey. He got no prize, but was doubtless the best golfer at the convention. Lord Riddell dispensed very extensive hospitality during the day, and this may not have improved all the scores.

Lord Ashfield and the directors of the London Underground Railways took more than five hundred delegates to Hampton Court Palace, up the Thames, by motor charabanc. It was a fine excursion, for all the apartments and galleries were thrown open and Mr. Ernest Law, an underground director and a noted authority on all things historical connected with this famous palace of Wolsey and Henry the Eighth, himself acted as a guide and lecturer. Refreshments were served from a marquee in the home park. Jim O'Shaughnessy, Secretary of the American Association of Advertising Agencies, made a speech of appreciation for the Americans, in which he returned a graceful collective vote of thanks for all the underground and omnibus passes and other courtesies which Lord Ashfield and his associates had showered upon the visitors. Lord Ashfield responded and said that he didn't think the association was living up to its motto of "Truth," because he had been promised that he wouldn't have to make any speech. "I have asked you here because I wished, in a very small way, to indicate how much I value the friendships I formed when I lived in the United States. Whenever I happen to do anything that pleases the London public, the people always say: 'That is something he learned in the United States.'" Quite a number of notable persons were present at this affair, including Field Marshal Sir William Robertson.

Nearly one thousand delegates enjoyed the hospitality of Major John Jacob Astor, M.P., and Lady Violet Astor, at Hever Castle, Kent, the party going down by special train from Victoria to Hever Station and thence in motors to the castle. It is a wonderful old place with great historical interest, and the hospitality of the Astors was profuse. Lady Astor talked a great deal with Mr. Louis Wiley, of the *New York Times*. Major Astor, as many know, is now, with Mr. John Walter, the owner of *The Times* newspaper (London), and at the luncheon he made a pleasing speech on advertising and international good-will. He said among other things:

> "It may be that in Victorian times the leaders of art and science affected to despise advertising; but these ideas went out with their chimney-pot hats and crinolines. Now every great business house knows that advertising is the cheapest and most effective way of selling its goods, and no house is so dignified that its dignity cannot be enhanced by wise publicity."

Mr. Jesse Neal, Mr. Harold Vernon and Lady Violet Astor responded to toasts.

The luncheon given at Stationers' Hall, Ludgate Hill, by the directors of the National Magazine Company, brought together a notable party. Mr. J. Y. McPeake, managing director of the company, presided and Lord Birkenhead, Lady Rhondda, Lord Ebury, Sir Philip Gibbs, Lord Riddell and Mr. W. Lints Smith, general manager of *The Times*, were the British speakers. Lord Birkenhead, one of England's greatest lawyers, chaffed his own profession on its inability to advertise; but added that this ethical standard did not prevent their having their pictures taken, nor did it prevent enterprising photographers from sending those pictures to the press. He said that one of the things that bound the United States and Great Britain together was the fact that in no circumstances could they ever go into an aggressive war with one another or anyone else. Sir Philip Gibbs, who has been so much in America, made a strong speech for the unity of the two peoples.

Twelve tours of the British Isles and Ireland, and an excursion to Paris and the battlefields as the guests of the French, were the culminating features of the hospitality enjoyed by the American guests. In these elaborate journeys, some of which lasted six days, there was no expense whatever to the guests, except their lodging in hotels. The London, Midland and Scottish Railway Company alone ran twelve free special trains, each carrying more than one hundred delegates. The Glasgow tour was the longest of all and involved more than one thousand miles of delightful

The Opening of the Exhibition

*The royal carriage in the great Stadium on the day of the formal opening. It was raining when the photograph was taken.*

travel. Mr. R. C. Ayres, of San Francisco, who made this excursion, told me later in America that when he had left London he thought that the ultimate in hospitality had been reached; but before he got home from Scotland he had revised his opinion. A magnificent train was provided, running so fast that it made the 460 miles to Glasgow in an easy daylight run with none too early a start. The meals were elaborate and there was a constant service of the choicest wines and liquors.

All of this was provided by the railway company, which made no charge whatever for its transportation or service. At Carlisle a deputation from the Glasgow Publicity Club came aboard, and on the arrival of the party of some two hundred, there was a special dinner at the Central Station Hotel, at which Sir Robert Horne made a most humorous speech, and there was a long list of brilliant talks.

Next day the whole party went by special train to Callander, whence they motored through the Trossachs, returning to Callander for a late luncheon. The afternoon was spent on the famous golf course of Gleneagles and there was a dinner afterward at the Gleneagles Hotel. On Wednesday there was a river excursion on the Clyde to Loch Long, Kyles of Bute, Arran and Wemyss Bay and that night a civic banquet by the city of Glasgow. On the last day the party went to Ayr by special train and spent most of the day in the haunts of Bobby Burns, and even the most ardent prohibitionists were sorely tempted to take a drink in the old tavern room that Burns frequented. It was Friday night when the party got back to London.

The other excursions were on a similar scale of unstinted hospitality, and those who went to Ireland were the most exposed of all to the dangers of too-generous hosts. One of the London papers said that an American delegate of well-known prohibition views, had accepted an invitation to the Belfast tour, but canceled it when he found that one of the features was a visit to a famous distillery. He then booked

for the Dublin trip, and when he got to Dublin he was straightway escorted through the largest brewery in the world. He acquiesced, saying that his principles wouldn't hold out any longer.

It was on the Paris trip, where the delegates were entertained by the Government at the Elysée Palace, that the detestable story of the theft of forty-seven gold spoons was circulated. I was on the sea when the alleged incident took place, but it was printed in all the American newspapers and ill-natured comments from one or two of the anti-American newspapers in Paris were included in the dispatches. It was therefore with great relief that I read a few days later an Associated Press dispatch containing an official denial by the French Government that any such incident had occurred. From the first I disbelieved the story, because I knew that, while there might have been one fool or one thief among the more than two thousand American delegates, there could by no possibility have been forty-seven of them.

A few days later a friend handed me some verses that Mr. Harry Varley, of New York, had written, and as they may serve to lighten this rather prolonged narrative, as well as illustrate the American attitude of viewing even unpleasant things from the humorous side, I include them in this account of an hospitality so generous that I fear none who enjoyed it will ever be able to make full acknowledgment to our most gracious hosts.

WHO WAS IT?

Not for the common news we yearn,
  Of how our Ad-men crossed the sea,
That poor dumb Britishers might learn
  To advertise as well as we.
Is this the scoop as news-scoops go?
  Ah! not in many, many moons.
This is the thing we want to know—
  Who *was* it swiped the Frenchmen's spoons?

Whose tongue had words of golden wings;
  Who told the naughtiest Yankee tales;
Who was it walked and talked with Kings;
  Who hob-nobbed with the Prince of Wales?
Such trifles do not stir our mind,
  One question only cries and croons,
And will not down until we find,
  Who *was* it swiped the Frenchmen's spoons?

Tell others on whose worthy breast,
  The Legion's Cross hung proudly down,
Who told the duke his evening vest
  With turtle soup was spotted brown?
Tell all of praise or secret hope,
  Through Paris mornings, nights and noons,
But give *me*, pray, this priceless dope—
  Who *was* it swiped the Frenchmen's spoons?

# XII

## THE FINAL SESSION

I HAD never before attended a closing session of an Associated Advertising Clubs convention. At home it is just a "business session," with possibly a contest for the presidency and the privilege of entertaining the next convention. In London I went, expecting something altogether different, and I was rewarded by one of the most colorful and impressive afternoons of the whole week.

If I have failed to impress upon those who have followed this narrative the entirely distinctive character of the London convention, I shall try to make it clear now; for it was in this closing sitting that the spirit of the convention as a great international force for world peace and business solidarity was most impressively brought out.

The scene, when the doors were thrown open on Thursday afternoon, was quite different from that presented by the previous sessions. The delegations were segregated, each assembling under its own banner, so the hall looked like a miniature political convention at home. Ohio had a place on the platform.

Mr. Lou E. Holland was unanimously re-elected to the presidency and was in the chair. He is, I think, the only man who has been twice re-elected, and there can be no doubt that he has the confidence and good-will of the membership on both sides of the Atlantic. He didn't want to serve again, so a friend who is active in club politics told me; but great pressure was brought upon him, and after communicating with his brother and business partner in Kansas City, he finally agreed to accept.

Mr. C. Harold Vernon

*Mr. C. Harold Vernon, President of the Thirty Club, London, and Chairman of District 14. Mr. Vernon is a British agency man and as Chairman of the British Executive Council, was the chief official host of the convention.*

No man ever held the chair of an important international gathering with a greater appreciation of his responsibilities and of his opportunity, and Mr. Holland was desperately in earnest in his desire to make this really unique gathering a force for world understanding and peace. The spirit of the meeting was summarized in this message, immediately despatched to the King and President Coolidge over the signatures of Mr. Holland and Mr. C. Harold Vernon:

> "Delegates from all parts of the world assembled in farewell sessions of International Advertising Convention unite in sending greetings of great good-will. It has been a wonderful week, and amid all the pleasure and fellowship and happy hours of friendship, and running through all the deliberations, the deep undertone of the convention has been the earnest desire to co-operate towards the economic restoration of the world. We believe that this convention has made its real contribution to that high purpose."

The following reply was received:

> "The King heartily thanks the delegates at the farewell session of the International Advertising Convention for their kind message of good wishes. His Majesty is glad to think that their visit to England has been a happy one and that their meeting has been the occasion for cementing the bonds of international friendship on which the economic restoration of the world so largely depends."

President Coolidge also sent an appreciative and sympathetic answer, but of course it did not arrive in time to be read at the convention.

The most dramatic scene of the whole convention came during the reading of the resolutions. As a rule the report of the resolutions committee is a tiresome incident of a convention, but in this instance it was not so. Their reading by Mr. Jesse H. Neal was unusually well done, and there were a lot of them. I was afraid that in the expressions of gratitude to our hosts somebody would be overlooked; for

we were under obligations, it seemed to me, to almost all London. But the long series was comprehensive and appeared to cover the situation. It was when this final declaration was proposed that the most impressive and intense moment of the convention developed:

> Whereas we, the delegates to the twentieth annual convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World assembled in London, England, in July, 1924, realizing that we represent the business men and the avenues of publicity of the progressive nations of the world, appreciate the unspeakable tragedy of the Great War which staggered and overwhelmed the world ten years ago:
>
> Therefore be it resolved:
>
> First, That we declare it our firm conviction that war as a method of adjusting international misunderstandings is the supreme peril of humanity, and that we affirm the leaders of the nations of the world ought now to be called upon promptly to take such steps as will guarantee the security of the people against the return of the use of aggressive force. We condemn war as the enemy of human progress, and futile as a means of adjusting disputes among the nations.
>
> Second, That we pledge our utmost endeavor to awaken a more intense public sentiment against all those insidious movements which have a tendency to arouse war passions, and to favor all proper efforts which are working to accomplish universal enduring world brotherhood and peace. We call upon the Advertising Clubs of the World to make this message of international good-will part of their permanent program, until war shall have a place only in history, and world service, comradeship, and international cooperation shall become universal.

No sooner had the reading been concluded than the delegates, representing many nations, arose as one man and cheered tumultuously, the Americans doing their full share. Mr. Holland, looking very solemn, said:

"This is an International Convention and I ask that the

leader of the delegation of every nation here represented, come forward and affix his name and that of his country to this resolution."

There was another great outburst of applause while the delegation leaders formed in a group, and coming forward, each in turn signed the document, which represents the attitude of the advertising and business communities of the world toward the curse of war. First Mr. Holland signed for the United States. Then Mr. Vernon put down his name for Great Britain. In order came delegates from Holland, the Irish Free State, Ulster, France, Germany, India, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, Hawaii, Belgium, Sweden, Switzerland, Denmark and Scotland. I gazed on the scene with profound interest and pleasure, and I thought it deeply significant when I saw the Ulsterman follow the Free Stater and the German put down his name immediately below the Frenchman. It visualized the great truth that no matter what the politicians of the world may do, the security of the human race lies in international business; for good-will is the essence of business. The Scotchman, who signed last, was most loudly acclaimed of all. He was a very large man, with that air of honesty and solidity that characterizes his race.

"This is the greatest thing that ever happened in the Advertising Clubs," said Mr. Holland. "This is a resolution in the interest of humanity and I am mighty proud of your action."

Each of the signers made a short speech and then they were all photographed together.

Having thus set down the attitude of the convention toward war, the delegates proceeded to adopt another resolution setting out an ethical creed for business and advertising, and it, too, was adopted with loud acclamation:

> Believing that the peace and happiness of mankind lie in some form of international concert, and that a great force in promoting human brother-

hood is to be found in advertising, the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World proclaim and publish the following code of ethics for all those engaged in the business of advertising. We pledge ourselves:

First, To dedicate our efforts to the cause of better business and social service;

Second, To seek the truth and to live it;

Third, To tell the advertising story simply and without exaggeration, and to avoid even a tendency to mislead;

Fourth, To refrain from unfair competitive criticism;

Fifth, To promote a better international understanding based upon a recognition of our mutual responsibilities and our inter-dependence; and

Sixth, To conserve for ourselves and for posterity ideals of conduct and standards of advertising practice born of the belief that truthful advertising builds both character and good business.

Mr. Jesse H. Neal rendered his report as secretary-treasurer, showing the strong position of the organization. The cash balance had increased from $41,742 to $83,261 during the year, and at the same time the membership grew from 28,038 to 30,144. The number of clubs rose from 267 to 313, and the affiliated departments from 22 to 24.

From this time onward to the adjournment, the convention took on the form of an old-fashioned love feast, with exchanges of gifts and felicitous expressions. Mr. Vernon started things off by presenting Mr. and Mrs. Lou Holland with a signed portrait of the Prince of Wales in a silver frame. He made a very nice speech in which he said:

"It is quite unnecessary for me to say that this convention has been a great thing for us and for Great Britain. We have had many opportunities of meeting Americans in their travels. We liked the samples and we are still more pleased with the bulk. We have done our best to make your stay enjoyable. We hope you have had a good convention. If you

have enjoyed it and have been benefited by it to anything like the extent the British advertising men have done, we are satisfied.

"We have been charmed and delighted by the personality of the man who stands at the head of this great association. In this country we appreciate more than anything else manly men. We recognize a man when we see one, and wherever he may come from, personality counts from the very first moment.

"District 14 congratulates Mr. Holland on the high office which he holds and on the delightful way he has presided over this convention. We extend our congratulations to his good and charming wife. We have been wondering what little gift we could find for their acceptance—something for them to take back home, so that in the course of time they will have the opportunity of thinking of the few days they spent in London and the good friends they met here.

"It is my proud pleasure, Mr. Holland, to ask your acceptance of this signed portrait of the patron of this convention, His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales. It comes direct from the Prince of Wales and is signed—'International Advertising Convention, 1924, Edward, P.' We ask you to take back to the shores of America and to your fellows on that side of the Atlantic this little gift, which marks our esteem and regard, as a reminder of the many friends you now have in Great Britain."

The tears rolled down Mr. Holland's cheeks as he rose to respond, and his voice was for awhile lost, strayed or stolen. He finally managed to say that he and Mrs. Holland would esteem the gift as their proudest possession, and that it would give them pleasure to take it home and to exhibit it to their friends as a memento of their wonderful experience in Great Britain; nor would they forget the generous and hospitable friends they had made on the other side.

About this time two distinguished-appearing Britishers turned up in the wings and were escorted to the stage. A

large, elderly man, with a gray moustache and wearing a straw hat, proved to be the Duke of Devonshire; and the rather portly gentleman by his side, with the atmosphere of an important man of affairs and of the world, was Lord Stevenson, the chief owner of an old friend—"Johnny Walker." They were the presidents of the British Empire Exhibition, and their visit was a final act of courtesy from the management of this mighty undertaking.

The Duke of Devonshire spoke briefly, saying that he was delighted that the sessions had been held at the exhibition, because he realized that Britain had much to learn from America. Criticism had been made that the exhibition was not so well advertised as it should have been, but he hoped that after the experience of the last few days, this could be avoided in future. He said he hoped that the delegates could look back upon their visit with the same pleasure their coming had brought to their hosts. The duke, I later learned, had guaranteed the exhibition to the extent of two hundred thousand pounds, one-half of which he may be called upon to pay.

Lord Stevenson made a more extensive speech and a very good one.

> "The unexpected is always happening to me," he said. "When I came out to this wonderful convention I did not bargain to make a speech. Looking at all these banners of the American states, and considering that you are meeting in the great Empire Exhibition, I can't help feeling that we are all out for the same object—the betterment of social conditions and trade throughout the world.
>
> "Although I have not had the opportunity of saying anything to you about advertising, it is a subject with which I am a little bit acquainted. If my duties gave me the time, I should take considerable satisfaction in pulling the legs of the American delegates about their methods—though they believe them to be sound.
>
> "There is a great deal to be said about both styles

of advertising. Somehow I feel that a stroll through the Palace of Engineering or the Palace of Industry would be sufficient to make an American advertising agent's mouth water. You would see how many exhibitors have not yet grasped the possibilities of advertising their products. The man who has goods of universal demand and who does not label and brand them and make them more widely known to the country, does not appreciate that he has a gold mine in his back garden.

"No doubt tradition and old-fashioned methods have a great deal to do with this state of affairs. It is an astonishing thing about the British Empire, that if a man makes up his mind to advertise in London, and at the same time to confine his selling to London, he will soon find himself up against a proposition impossible to achieve. Before he has got his product established in the London market, he will be getting inquiries from all the places represented in this exhibition, and from America as well. This, of course, is one of the reasons we have organized this exhibition, and to my mind it is fitting that an advertising convention should be held here. I am sure you carry away a feeling of appreciation and affection for Old England and for the Empire and that you will feel that you have a lot to learn from the Empire, as the Empire has also a lot to learn from America."

It was now the turn of America to make some gifts to our hosts, as permanent tokens of the appreciation of the American delegates. This duty was committed to Mr. John Clyde Oswald, of New York, who spoke with the utmost grace and felicity. He took as a text—"We came, we saw, we were conquered"—and that was a very accurate way to put what was in the minds of all Americans.

"Most of us," he said, "are familiar with what we need at home and abroad, but this time we had not been in London thirty-six hours before we realized that there was one thing we needed, and that was a fresh supply of adjectives. Without more words than we have at our command, we

cannot at all express the wonder and delight we feel at your overwhelming hospitality. Unhappily for ourselves, we are going home in a few days, though it must be a relief to our hosts, who have given a whole year of their time to arranging for our entertainment. It is natural that you will in time forget some of the kind things that have been said, and we who have come from across the seas are anxious to leave behind us something that will occasionally remind you of the happy time we have spent together."

The gifts included these items: To the Thirty Club and District 14, a gavel, a bust of Benjamin Franklin, and entwined flags of the United States and Great Britain. To the British Committee, a symbolic statue of Columbia and Britannia, the work of Grace Pruden Neal, wife of Jesse H. Neal.

Mr. Vernon, in his acceptance, gave an interesting account of the genesis of the London convention:

"The first inception of the London gathering," he said, "came from the heart of my good friend, Mr. Crawford, when he was president of the Thirty Club. He settled the genesis of this great event. The next step was in the following year, when we sent Sir Charles Higham to the Milwaukee convention to present the first invitation. Sir Charles, with his customary directness, said, 'We shall get the convention if we go after it and ask for it.' The third step occurred a year ago, when, under the lead of Mr. John Cheshire, we went to Atlantic City; and it was through the 'boys' of Houston, at Atlantic City, that we are meeting in London today. There are many names I would like to mention, but the list is a long one, and I will content myself by referring, first of all, to those gentlemen who so generously helped us by being presidents of this convention in London. Lord Burnham, it has been said, knew everybody. Lord Leverhulme assisted us also in a remarkable way. We are also grateful to the Lord Mayor of London, who has added the pageantry of this old city to our entertainment. I feel

bound also to refer to our wonderful Executive Council. This council, five in number, has met daily for many weeks, in connection with the preparation of the program, and I mention with thanks the services of Mr. John Cheshire, Mr. William Crawford, Mr. Harry Tipper, Mr. J. C. Akerman, Mr. Ivor Fraser and Mr. T. B. Lawrence. In all there were 174 other names which I would like to mention, but I will content myself by thanking them for their services, and also by thanking the general body of delegates for their attendance at the convention."

Mr. W. S. Crawford, who was also called upon to speak, said something had happened in the world. He did not think it was only advertising. It was the desire of men to meet and know each other better. And perhaps the great body of advertising men could make a great contribution.

The Glasgow and Ulster Advertising Clubs presented banners to the Houston Club. The Dutch, French, and German delegates returned thanks for the hospitality accorded them.

After other formal business had been transacted, the convention was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King."

# XIII

## LAW AND THE LAWYERS

EVERYBODY, except possibly some of the lawyers who were there, remembers that the American and Canadian Bar Associations held their convention this year in London, in the week following the advertising convention. I saw much about it in the papers, and I am bound to say that the event got a good deal of prestige from the fact that the Hon. Charles E. Hughes was the president of the visiting society. The London newspapers made a great deal of Mr. Hughes' visit, referring to him as "the famous American Secretary of State," and calling attention to the fact that he was, with the possible exception of Mr. Lansing, the first American Secretary of State who had ever visited England while in office. Of course the London conference was on and there can be no doubt that Mr. Hughes exerted a great influence on its successful course in the private and unofficial conversations he held with almost everyone concerned.

My own first glimpse of the visitors came shortly after midnight one fine night. As I approached my hotel, I saw a man in a dinner jacket and Panama hat engaging the bobby at our corner in earnest conversation. Of course he was an American lawyer—from Hartford—as I speedily heard him explain. He was expatiating to the patient constable on the defects of prohibition and was relating lurid tales of the wholesale killings by bad whisky. By and by a pompous chap whom he addressed as "judge" came along from out of the night and the constable availed himself of the diversion to make his escape. The next night a venerable barrister from somewhere in America came up to me in Shaftesbury Avenue and asked me to direct him to the Metropole Hotel.

Beyond that I saw nothing of the lawyers, but I heard and read a lot about them.

One poor man furnished the only tragedy of the American invasion of London. Mr. John Jefferson Campbell, a lawyer of Pittsburg, Kansas, fell into the Thames at the foot of King James' Stairs, Wapping, and his body was found in the river some hours later. His death was not fully explained, but the coroner returned a verdict of accidental death. A brother who was traveling with him, said that the dead man cared little for the social life of the convention and was much more interested in studying the life of the poorer parts of London and in hunting out the places associated with the life of Dickens. He had, however, been in rather poor health.

The main features of the convention included an official welcome at Westminster Hall on Monday, a reception at Cam House by Lord and Lady Phillimore, and dinners in the evening at Inner and Middle Temple, and at all the inns of court. Next day our ambassador, Mr. Kellogg, entertained at Crewe House and there were dinners for those who were not included on Monday evening. On Wednesday the statue of Blackstone, which was the gift of the overseas lawyers to their British brethren, was unveiled in the central hall of the Law Courts, and there was a Guildhall banquet by the Lord Mayor, as well as various receptions. Then came the Royal Garden Party, more receptions, and finally visits to Sulgrave Manor, the Universities and the Courts of Justice. Among the gifts the Americans brought to Sulgrave Manor was the liquor chest used by George Washington during the Revolutionary War. It seemed inappropriate to keep it in America any longer, so it went back to its ancestral home.

The opening reception, in Westminster Hall, was marred by a rain-storm, but it was a very brilliant and picturesque affair. The setting was of peculiar interest, for Westminster Hall has been associated with the law of Britain from early days, and has been the scene of some of the most famous

and tragic events of history. It is all that remains of the old Royal Palace of Westminster destroyed by fire in 1834, and it is now practically a part of the Houses of Parliament, adjoining the old Court of the Star Chamber, which alone separates it from the House of Commons. This venerable and beautiful hall was built by William Rufus in 1097, but received its wonderful oaken roof and its present form from Richard the Second about the year 1400. From the thirteenth century until 1882, when the present Law Courts in the Strand were constructed, this hall has been the sitting place of the chief English courts of law. It is a great room, nearly 300 feet long, 70 feet wide and almost 100 feet high.

Most tragic of all its associations is the trial and condemnation of King Charles the First in this room in 1649, and on the steps at the south end is a brass tablet marking the spot where the doomed king sat during the trial that cost him his head. But Charles the First is not the only king or captain who suffered here. Edward the Second was brought here to abdicate in 1327, and the builder of the hall, Richard the Second, was by the irony of fate deposed in the room he had created. Cromwell became Lord Protector in this room in 1653, and here William Wallace, Sir Thomas More, Essex, Strafford and the notorious Guy Fawkes were condemned to death. Westminster Hall was the scene of the trial of Warren Hastings and resounded to the eloquence of Burke, Fox and Sheridan during the more than seven years in which this colossal farce continued. The last great state trial these historic walls have witnessed was that of Lord Mellville, in 1806.

In such surroundings the lawyers of the new world were welcomed to London by Haldane of Cloan, the Lord High Chancellor of Britain, who said: "The tie that binds our great countries together is the tie of blood; it is the tie no enemies, jealous of our friendship, can ever unwind."

Mr. Hughes, in a speech that compared favorably with any made during the week, referred to Westminster Hall as

"this ancestral roof-tree of the law," and on the subject of Anglo-American friendship he made these observations:

> "Of all international contacts, none could be happier than this. We have no political ends to serve, no differences to compose, no policies to advance, except the highest of all—the policy of understanding and good-will. The fact that we are here is more eloquent than anything we can say. We come, rejoicing in an amity which has become, I am glad to say, a fixed habit of two peoples intent on co-operation in the interest of peace. We come to tighten the bonds of friendship. We are gratified to receive the greetings of our Canadian brothers, with whom we have an invincible accord. Many, probably most, of us are bound to you by ties of blood, but even stronger is the spiritual kinship that we are privileged to have with those who in this island developed the institutions of liberty which were brought to the New World and were there so fondly cherished that they were safeguarded in an unprecedented manner. We come in the spirit of fraternity, which has triumphed over the diversities of the forty-eight commonwealths of our union, because it is in truth the spirit of the larger fellowship represented here today, in which differences of particular interest and environment cannot avail to obscure the community of tradition of those who have been trained according to the standards and the methods of the common law. We come with even a larger aim than the enjoyment of fraternal association, in order that by these agreeable interchanges and a more intimate knowledge of each other we may promote a clearer appreciation of our privilege, opportunity and responsibility as ministers of justice in a world which needs justice and the reasonableness which makes justice possible."

Whether women are admitted to the British bar I am not sure, but the public interest shown in the American women lawyers who attended the convention indicated that our women lawyers, at least, were a novelty to Londoners. They were interviewed freely by the popular papers and some of

them conveyed wild ideas of legal life in America, I am sure. One Boston woman, described as having "corn-flower eyes," explained to the press that the way the women lawyers worked in America would stagger London, and added that she took lunch only when there was time and often was to be found at work in her office until 10 p. m. Now such industry may be characteristic of the American bar, but it will be hard to confirm this view by any American business man who ever tried to get a lawyer to do something promptly.

There was a wonderful opportunity for the American lawyers and judges to learn something of legal efficiency, for it cannot be denied that the British law is far more certain and infinitely quicker in its action than our own. I suppose that many of the lawyers took an interest in the big criminal cases that were attracting the attention of all England at the time of our visit. A murder case is far more important as news in England than here, because there are mighty few of them. In the year 1923, I think, there were but eighteen murders in the whole of the British Isles, as compared with more than one hundred in the city of Chicago alone. Of the eighteen British murderers there were eighteen arrests and fourteen hangings. Three committed suicide and one, I believe, was adjudged insane and incarcerated. Not one guilty man escaped. The exact reverse happened in our own country. So murder goes on here and is checked in a country where the law is both inexorable and speedy in its operation.

We have altogether too much legal technique in America and real issues are permitted under the rules of evidence and legal procedure to be quite lost from view. Men obviously guilty are set free because of some flaw in the proceeding. This does not happen in England, and the spirit and tendency of British law was revealed by Lord Reading in an important speech a few years ago, in which he said:

> "The idea that it is the duty of the law courts to dispense law is becoming obsolete. It is recognized that the true duty of the courts is to dispense justice."

And justice the British courts do dispense with speedy and inflexible hand. The case of Patrick Henry Mahon, a good-looking young sales-manager, filled the papers in July. Mahon was married, but was a man of many love affairs. He took a young business woman named Emily Kaye to a bungalow at a place near the sea-side called The Crumbles. There he killed her and cut up her body, later taking another girl to the same house in which was still concealed the body of his murdered paramour. He was caught in a few days and told a rather improbable story of a fight in which he accidentally killed the girl in trying to protect himself. The case came to trial on Monday morning about one month after Mahon's arrest. A jury was secured and almost all the evidence completed by Wednesday noon, when one of the jurors became seriously ill. A new jury was secured, the case heard all over again and Mahon was convicted on Saturday and sentenced to die sixteen days later. When old Justice Avery donned the terrible "black cap" to sentence him, Mahon was asked if he had anything to say. He replied, "I am too sensible of the bitterness and unfairness, my lord, of your summing up to say more than that I am not guilty of the murder."

It developed later that Mahon had committed a bank robbery and an assault on a young woman some years before, and had served a five-year sentence; but this fact was kept entirely from the knowledge of the jury.

The case of Jean Pierre Vacquier, charged with having poisoned with strychnine George Alfred Poynter Jones, proprietor of the Blue Anchor Hotel at Byfleet, was also filling the newspapers. Vacquier couldn't speak a word of English and was tried through an interpreter. It appeared that he had met Jones' wife at Biarritz and developed an affair with her. He then came to London and remained at her husband's hotel. The theory of the crown was that he had killed the husband because he was in love with the wife. The man was given the benefit of a French lawyer and the French consul

sent representatives to safeguard his interests. He sold the story of his life to the sensational papers and it was running as a daily serial in several of them. Vacquier made vehement denials, shouting from time to time in French, "Je demande la justice." He was speedily convicted and was hanged a few days later at Wandsworth prison. There was an interesting incident in the appeal of this case. Vacquier was represented by a famous lawyer, Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, K.C. In presenting the appeal Sir Henry said that Vacquier assured him that he had new evidence to give, which he had withheld at his trial. Lord Chief Justice Shearman made this comment: "If this sort of thing is to be allowed, the oath to be taken by prisoners will have to be altered to, 'I swear to tell the truth, five-eighths of the truth and nothing but the truth. I will keep the remaining three-eighths for the court of criminal appeal." Needless to say, the appeal immediately failed.

An insanity plea was made for Jack Goldenberg, a young army sergeant, who was convicted of killing William Edward Hall, manager of a branch bank of Lloyd's, situated near Aldershot. Goldenberg was speedily hanged, though a petition with more than one hundred thousand names was sent to the home secretary asking that the sentence be commuted.

But if the British courts are relentless in the pursuit of the truth and the execution of penalties, they are also very fair to the defendant. A young man was arrested by the police charged with speeding a motor-truck. He claimed that the truck was operated under a regulator that rendered it impossible to exceed the speed limit. The court then ordered the police control, or speed trap, measured and it was found to be short. The court thereupon ordered the police to pay two pounds damages to the accused, who was set free. Fancy the police of an American city paying damages to a motorist whom they had falsely accused.

British ideas of personal rights were revealed in the case of a woman arrested by a London constable charged with having

solicited men in the street. No man appeared to support the officer, but he insisted that he had seen the acts and also proved that the woman was living as the mistress of a man at a definite address. The court said that this did not enter into the matter at all. He dismissed the woman and referred the action of the constable to the director of public prosecutions for investigation. Few American police court judges would take the trouble to come to the defense of an oppressed prostitute.

Some British lawyers are quite adept in drawing bitter wills. One was filed in Manchester while I was in town, in which the deceased husband thus recorded his feeling for his wife:

> "I desire that my wife shall not receive one penny from my estate, for she and her son have led me a hell-upon-earth life; and when it pleases the Almighty to take me, it will also please me to be taken from such a woman."

Serious though the case may be, and dignified as the court may appear, with all its wigs and gowns, the attitude of many of the judges is singularly informal. They take part in examinations freely, often taking a witness out of the hands of the lawyers for a long series of questions. The court wishes to satisfy itself as to the facts, and if the lawyers fail to develop the facts, the court conducts the examination itself. Nor are the judges above lightening the proceedings with a little humor. I suppose Lord Darling is one of the best-known British judges, and he was sitting in a trial in King's Bench, while I was in London. A witness, who described himself as an itinerant peanut vendor, was called to the stand and this colloquy took place:

> Sir Henry Maddock, cross-examining, repeatedly asked the witness to speak up.
> Witness: I'm getting dry! (Laughter.)
> Lord Darling: Whatever does he say?
> Witness (addressing Lord Darling): I'm getting dry! (Laughter.)

Lord Darling: What would do you good? (Loud laughter.)

Witness: A "Mann and Crossman's." (Renewed laughter.)

Lord Darling: A what?—"Mann and Crossman's"?

Lord Darling: Whatever does he mean?

The Usher: Mann and Crossman's beer, my lord. (Laughter.)

Lord Darling (to witness): Would you give your evidence better if you had some?

The witness's appreciative smile of anticipation died away when he realized the hopelessness of the situation.

Similar incidents have been taking place in the English courts for a hundred years. *The Times* prints a daily column containing extracts from its file of the same day a century earlier. I noticed in this column an extract from a report of the trial of a libel action against *The Times* by a man named Bodken on July 9, 1824. The jury had been out all night and it came into court at 10:18 next morning. The report continues:

Mr. Justice Littledale then asked if they were agreed on their verdict.

The Foreman: We are not agreed; and we are quite as far from agreeing as we were at first. Several of the jury are very ill, and will sink under further exertion.

Mr. Justice Littledale: I have received a letter from Mr. Godsall; has he any observation to make?

Mr. Godsall: My lord, I am extremely ill. I have been confined here from 9 o'clock yesterday morning without refreshment, and I really think my life is in danger.

Mr. Robinson said he was near eighty years of age and extremely ill. He had tasted nothing but a little wine and water since the morning of yesterday. He had been so ill that he did not think he could have held out during the night.

Mr. Justice Littledale: I think it was for you I ordered a sandwich and wine and water?

Mr. Robinson: I had a very little. I am sure I do not know what is to become of us.

Mr. Horton: I am in the same state. I was eighty years of age last April and I cannot stand this much longer.

Mr. Horn: I am very ill too; my body and mind are both exhausted.

Mr. Pain: My lord, we have been consulting all night on the subject of damages.

After further discussion the jury found themselves able to agree on nominal damages of thirty shillings. They had served exactly 25 hours, and been shut up 19½ hours.

I suppose that many of the American lawyers took occasion to go over to France, where they may, or may not, have looked into the differences between the legal practice of the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon peoples. Whether there are distinctly different ethical standards I do not know, but I feel pretty sure that in neither England nor America could any lawyer put out an advertisement like the one I saw from the car window at the Cherbourg station. It was a poster, with a large portrait of the lawyer, who very much resembled the late John L. Sullivan. It announced that he was an ex-detective and that he now specialized in divorces, investigations and protection against blackmail.

# XIV

## ABOUT TOWN IN LONDON

It was two years since I had been in London, and surely enough, the Brighter London Committee had got in its work. The war with its restrictions had faded into the background and London no longer turned out the lamps and went to bed at midnight. I went to bed earlier than that on my first night in town; but that doesn't mean that I went to sleep. The large French windows of my rooms looked out over Piccadilly Circus, and three or four times before two o'clock, I was aroused from a half sleep by singing and shouting in the streets. Each time I noted the crowds still hanging about and the shoals of street girls still plying their forlorn trade. But the particular distraction that had started me up was in each case a motor-car, with top down, crowded with young men and women in evening clothes. Some of them were standing and they were all singing and shouting as their car sped through the center of the night-life of the metropolis.

A few days later there was a conspicuous story in all the newspapers that may have thrown some light on this joy-riding. In any case, it shows how in the year of 1924 some of the smart young Londoners while away the tedium of the night. The Hon. Lois Sturt, of Portman Square, a sister of Lord Alington, was brought up in Marylebone police court, charged with having driven her motor-car at fifty-one miles an hour in the outer circle of Regent's Park at 2:30 a. m. that day. Police Constable Fisher ordered her to halt, but she kept on and was taken a few minutes later at the London Zoo, where she had come to a stop.

The evidence indicated that Miss Sturt was one of a coterie of young people of wealth who called themselves the "So-

London, West and East

TOP—*Piccadilly Circus, photographed from the balcony of my room, looking north-west.*

MIDDLE—*Mr. and Mrs. William M. Goodwin, of Hamilton, and the writer in Whitechapel.*

BOTTOM—*A glimpse of the Sunday-morning market in Middlesex Street—the old "Petticoat Lane."*

ciety of Bright Young People." Having exhausted most of their resources of entertainment, they evolved a new game called a "motor treasure hunt." The party for this particular hunt assembled in Portman Square at 2 o'clock in the morning and then dispatched servants to various parts of London. At each of the vantage points a "clue" was placed in an envelope, directing the hunters where to proceed to pick up the next one. These clues were rather cryptic, as for example, the one at the starting-point in this chase designated the first stop as "a sharp point by the Thames." This the bright young people readily interpreted as referring to Cleopatra's Needle. The pursuit was made in motor-cars and the first one home won the prize.

It was for this excellent reason that the Hon. Lois Sturt was in too much of a hurry to reduce her fifty-one mile pace for a mere constable. The officer testified that when he told Miss Sturt she would be summoned, she answered: "This is ridiculous. I didn't know there were any speed limits."

Magistrate Halkett fined the young woman three pounds for exceeding the speed limit, three pounds for refusing to stop for the officer, and suspended her driving license for three months, remarking: "I hope this will soon cease. Otherwise, inoffensive users of the streets will face a new terror."

The London newspapers must have made very unpleasant reading for this young society girl for the next few days, as the leading journals gave her long and serious editorials. This extract from *The Telegraph's* editorial indicates the British attitude toward the "Society of Bright Young People:"

> "The magistrate described the affair as 'a most outrageous performance,' and in addition to various fines, punished her by the suspension of her license for three months. It will be generally agreed that he was lenient. We do not know whether to call it an explanation or an aggravation of the offense that the lady was engaged in what was described as 'the

society game of "Chasing Clues".' 'If people played games of that sort in the streets of London,' said the magistrate mildly, 'we must not be surprised if we were not safe.'

"Public opinion will add that it is part of his worship's duty to protect us. It is rather too obvious that a person who, having driven in Regent's Park at fifty miles an hour, declares that it was ridiculous to object and that she did not know there were any speed limits, is dangerous at the wheel of a motor-car. Unfortunately, as we all know, she is not singular. People who do not know there are any speed limits, or behave as if they did not, are only too numerous. When challenged by saner folk, they are apt to defend themselves by talking nonsense as to the futility of any limit at all. We all know—we are all motorists nowadays—that there are many places in which the lady's fifty-one miles an hour would do no one any harm. But there are also many other places in which twenty miles an hour means driving to the public danger, and, unfortunately, it is just such places that the people who object to speed limits are apt to choose to show their superiority to ridiculous restrictions."

In any case, London is certainly keeping later hours all around than she has done at any time since the outbreak of the war. The drink restrictions have eased up considerably. Public houses are open on week days from 11 a. m. to 2:30 p. m. and from 5 p. m. to 11 p. m., and on Sundays a slightly shorter time. But all restaurants may serve until midnight and many of the big supper places and cabarets have an extension until 2 a. m. I am sure this includes such well-known places as Prince's, the Piccadilly grill-room, the Ambassador's, Oddenino's, and even the Ritz and the Berkeley. Those whose thirst is not quenched thus early may, if they are in evening dress and will pay the price, readily find access to a "night club," where one can be enrolled for a guinea, as a rule, and dance and drink until sun-up, if his money holds out. The police declared a moderate war on the night clubs in the early summer, and Murray's and Rector's were struck

Piccadilly Circus

*Here we have the heart and center of the night-life of London. Piccadilly traverses the picture, leading at the right to Leicester Square. The curve of Regent Street is seen at the left. The Haymarket runs to the bottom of the picture at the right of the center. Shaftesbury Avenue is shown at the top center and Glasshouse Street carries to the upper left corner. This is "Theaterland."*

from the club roster and their proprietors heavily fined. But a large number of them still exist with the tacit consent of British law.

Some of these restaurant revues are on as large a scale as New York ever knew in Broadway's palmiest days. The company at the Prince's must have numbered thirty, and the French show called "Chez Fysher," at Oddenino's, was quite as large. The usual charge for supper and the entertainment is from fourteen shillings to a guinea; but I dare say that a young man who takes a girl to a London theater and then drops into one of these large restaurants for supper, will do well to have thirty dollars or more in his pocket. Our bill for a party of four Ohioans—all men—in Prince's one evening for a couple of hours ran well above forty dollars and included no wine.

Forty-three theaters were open this summer and at least thirty of them were in the Shaftesbury Avenue district around my hotel. There was so much social entertainment during the convention period that it left none too much time for the usual entertainments of the town, but I managed to see a number of performances. On my first evening of leisure I looked over the long list of announcements and selected "White Cargo" at the Playhouse, and was rewarded by much the pleasantest evening I have had at the theater since the days of "Anna Christie." The Playhouse, in Northumberland Avenue, is not a large theater, but it is the most comfortable one I have ever visited. Individual arm chairs in the pit were a welcome change from the customary banks of seats. "White Cargo" has been running in New York for about a year and I understand that the critics there gave it scant praise. If this be true, it is but another instance of the inability of the professional writers to recognize those qualities in a play that give it fundamental human appeal. In any case, there is no possible comparison between the merit of this play and such a success as for example, "Rain." The comparatively small audience was held spell-bound by

the development of the sordid story of the progressive degeneration of fine young Englishmen in the enervating conditions of life on the African gold coast. The company was uniformly good, and were I to select from the players I should perhaps say that I liked best Horace Hodges as the lovable, whisky-sodden old doctor, and Franklin Dyall, as Weston, the embittered victim of the fever holes of the deadly west coast. *The Times*' critic said of it:

> " 'White Cargo' is offered as 'a vivid play of the primitive, unvarnished life in the tropics.' More briefly, it is coarse; but coarseness is not without a certain attraction for jaded play-goers, and the applause last night was overwhelming. It is only fair to say, however, that the loudest applause was for Mr. Horace Hodges, whose performance was a streak of beauty athwart the general ugliness, and for Mr. Franklin Dyall, who gave a touch of dignity to the vile temper he was mainly called upon to portray."

My next adventure into theaterland took me to see Sir Gerald Du Maurier in "To Have the Honor," a comedy by A. A. Milne, at Wyndham's Theater. This society play was a poor thing from any standpoint, and if Gerald Du Maurier is a great actor, nothing he did that evening indicated the fact to me. "The Mask and the Face," at the Criterion, is an adaptation from an Italian play, and it failed to interest me. "Our Betters," by Somerset Maugham, was having a long run and a big business at the Globe, with Margaret Bannerman in the leading part. It was much the best of the society dramas that I saw. Miss Bannerman played the part of a titled English woman of American birth, and she did it well. Constance Collier was very droll as a fat and silly Italian countess. The part of a young American boy, bethrothed to an English girl, was played by Alfred Drayton, I think, and the playwright had the good sense to make him respond to an inquiry as to why he didn't try to acquire the British mannerisms and speech: "Because I don't want to."

The electric sign in front of the old Empire Music Hall, in Leicester Square, proclaimed the place "The Premier Variety Theater and Cosmopolitan Club of the World," at the same time announcing two American attractions—Nora Bayes and Ben Ali Haggin's Living Pictures. Prices ranged from $2.75 for stall seats to as low as a shilling for the worst "rover" tickets, and the huge place was packed to the roof. The whole show was excellent and Willie Picardy, a foot juggler, was the possessor of the most highly trained feet that ever I saw. Jimmy Coughlin and Ernest Sefton, assisted by "Tiny," appeared to me to be British, but the program said this was their first appearance in England. "What cheery fellows," remarked a distinguished-appearing English woman beside me to her companion. One bit of their "cheeriness" consisted of Ernest saying to Jimmy: "I passed your house last night, Jimmy, and I saw you sitting there as comfortable as could be, with your wife on your knee." Responded Jimmy: "That's one on you. I wasn't at home last night." The Follies "living pictures" didn't go very well. They were too tame for the Londoners; but never anywhere did I see anyone get an ovation such as was given Nora Bayes. She was kept on the stage an hour, while the audience screamed and whistled and called tumultuously for song after song, contenting itself to let her go only after she had sung "The Broadway Blues." I couldn't understand it at all, and I wondered how the critics would explain popularity so unprecedented. The *Observer* said:

> "Nora Bayes is popular—no, she is adored. I never felt myself more unhappily a snob, an intellectual and a prig than when I listened to the reception given her last night by the Empire's audience. I find ordinarily I have the mob taste in these matters, and Miss Bayes and her success remain an enigma to me."

A couple of nights later, in Paris, I contrasted the entertainment and audience at the Empire with the swarming multitude that jammed the Folies-Bergere to see "Hearts in

Folly"—"a super-revue in two acts and forty tableaux." The "living pictures" from our own raciest show seemed in memory as befitting a Christian Endeavor convention, when compared with the Paris offerings; but the London entertainment was far more varied and honest. The Paris music halls play on but the one chord of sex, and pornographic acts are the rule, not the exception.

One evening I varied my amusement by going out to the "Ring," Blackfriar's Road, to see the fifteen-round heavyweight fight between Harry Reeve, of Plaistow, and Jack Stanley, of Deptford. The event was announced in all the newspapers as of some importance, for Reeve had been the light heavy-weight champion of England and had beaten Joe Beckett and Dick Smith, while young Stanley was just home from a successful tour of Germany. When I directed my faithful mentor, Captain Lee, the Jermyn Court hall porter, to get me tickets, he volunteered the opinion that "there are always a lot of smart boys out there and my suggestion would be that you do no betting." My companion on this excursion was a young American connected with the department of commerce, who was investigating the vegetable oil situation in Europe for our government. I gathered from his conversation that he had acquired the art of combining pleasure with business; for he was having a very good time in London. It was 7 o'clock when a taxi dropped us at the circular "ring," and as I watched the first three preliminaries, the sun shone brightly in my eyes. All the fighters were London boys, and in the sixty-three rounds offered during the evening, there was not a single knockdown, though all the boys fought hard. Apparently the hard-hitting characteristic of our American lads was missing, and later *The Times*, in commenting on Tom Gibbons' easy victory over Jack Bloomfield, at Wembley, remarked sadly: "We are at last getting it into our easy-going heads that fighting in America and fighting in England are two altogether different things." So Captain Lee seemed to think.

"The City" from the Air

*The "Bank," as the great traffic and financial center of the ancient "City of London" is everywhere known, is of course the Bank of England, shown in the center of this air picture. The Mansion House and Royal Exchange are the other conspicuous buildings. To use one of Dr. Johnson's ponderous words, this picture well shows the "anfractuosity" of the street plan of this famous world center.*

He asked next day how I liked the bouts. "Well," he said, "the trouble over here is that when one of our boys gets a reputation, he has to go swimming in beer. All our champions that I have seen looked like a big blanc-mange."

The amphitheater was filled, and an elderly gentleman beside me, after confiding to me that he had all his teeth pulled that morning, spent the rest of the evening lamenting the partisanship of the crowd. The British sporting sense of fairness is astonishing to me and London is the greatest place in the world for a foreigner to get a square deal in any kind of contest. The crowd was not partisan at all in the American sense, and there were no cries of "kill him," and "knock his block off." One young man in the row before me was a strong supporter of Jack Stanley, and when the action got hot he began to shadow-box in his seat, always calling to Jack to use his left. Finally this annoyed a man two rows further back and he protested. The excited young man acted very differently from an American youth of the same station and in the same situation. Instead of calling back—"How would you like to go to hell?"—he apologized with the explanation: "I'm from Deptford and a great friend of Jack's." Stanley was a very handsome fighter, resembling Jack Dempsey, but better looking. Reeve was much shorter and his face bore the marks of many battles. My toothless friend informed me that "the crowd is for Reeve, because he is one of their bull terriers in this ring."

The referee stood outside the ring and the fighters obeyed him implicitly. There was no in-fighting at all and the sport was not marred by the incessant clinches that characterize many of our bouts.

There was an intermission at about 9 o'clock, when a tough-looking lad, with his left arm in a sling, was presented as "Jack Handley, who was in a motor accident while going to Liverpool for a fight and broke his left arm." The referee said that he had a wife and kiddies to support and he would ask the crowd to contribute something. Silver and some notes

were showered into the ring to the total sum of twenty-five pounds. This the impecunious fighter accepted with sweeping bows.

To stroll for an hour after the theater in the milling throngs of Piccadilly Circus and Coventry Street was an unfailing diversion. The masses of people overflowed the broad footwalks and contested the road with the torrent of taxicabs. Thousands were in evening dress and there was always a bizarre touch of Africa or the Far East in the crowds. The street characters mingled with the girls of the night-life. An ancient, bearded Jew spent the whole night at the Shaftesbury Avenue corner peddling his meager store of matches. A drunken old sailor blundered along, shouting ship chanteys, quite oblivious of the passing multitude. In the midst of the gay throng marched a respectably dressed youth holding aloft an illuminated sign bearing the ominous words, "The wicked shall be cast into hell." On the curb stood an elderly Scotchman in the poorest of workman's clothes, his great toe projecting from the flapping sole of his worn-out shoe, while the air around him rang with the stirring skirl of his pipes. Across the way stood a small portable organ at which sat a good-looking man of thirty singing in a glorious baritone that rose above the tumult of the street and caused many to pause and listen—a soldier down on his luck, I have no doubt.

Then what better could the wayfarer of simple habits do than drop into the great Lyons' Corner House for a bite to eat? This is the largest restaurant in the world, with seats for four thousand persons. Yet it is but one of the two hundred London restaurants operated by the great firm of J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., an institution that is to the restaurant business in England what Mr. Ford's enterprises are to the motor business of America. It had its genesis in the same idea of catering to the needs of the multitude. Twenty-eight years ago Lyons operated one small tea-room in Piccadilly and that little room is today the general headquarters

The Lagoon from the Air

*The water effect at Wembley is quite as artistic as were the lagoons of the great American fairs. Canada and Australia face this lagoon and the artistic bridges are raised to permit boating.*

of one of the largest business enterprises of Great Britain, The owner had the capacity to think, and it came to him that in all London there were no really nice restaurants for the average man and woman. The step from the expensive places to the taverns and coffee wagons was a long leap, with nothing in between. He opened a popular-priced establishment and it was a success. Public appreciation came quickly and one new place followed another until today Lyons feed eleven millions of persons each week, and pay eighteen per cent of the tea duties of the British Isles. Their restaurants range from the rather smart Trocadero to the simplest little shops; but in every one of them the food is excellent, the service attentive and the surroundings pleasant. There are five big Corner Houses, or Maisons Lyons; the one in Coventry Street, at Piccadilly Circus, coming first and that in the Strand second. The beautiful new stone building is divided into five immense rooms, with pillars and wainscoting of the finest marble. Anything that one may wish to eat or drink can be obtained until midnight at moderate cost, and in several of the rooms are orchestras of the very first order. The candy shop and soda fountains are enormous and the basement restaurant is open all night—an innovation for London.

Nor is Lyons wholly a popular establishment. It caters to Buckingham Palace and it holds the entire restaurant concession for the Empire Exhibition, where it has seats for 25,000 diners. One of these places at Wembley is the Lucullus, purposely made the most expensive restaurant in the world. Here tea cost $1.75 and dinner never less than 25 shillings. One rainy evening at Wembley I asked a young man in charge of an exhibit to direct me to a restaurant. "I go to the Regent," he said. "It is very good. But if you want to spend three quid, go to the Lucullus." The number of people who demand such expensive food is, however, relatively small, for of the 25,000 table places at Wembley, the Lucullus offers only 120.

One Saturday afternoon I felt rather unwell and in no mood for holiday-making, so I took a restful stroll down the Haymarket and across Pall Mall to the National Gallery. All London had gone to the country and the streets were empty; but there were enough people in the great gallery to keep one from feeling lonely. It was a free day and a sign at the main entrance announced that the acceptance of any fee or tip by any attendant would be a cause for instant dismissal. I spent most of the afternoon walking through the various rooms, with frequent pauses for rest, and I entered in a note-book the name of every picture that seemed to me to stand out above its surroundings. My taste may be faulty, but it is at least stable; for I selected unerringly the same pictures I had most admired on visits long before. The list may interest those who have visited the great collection: "The Madonna Decli Ansidei," Raphael; "The Virgin and Two Angels, Weeping over the Dead Body of Christ," Francia; "Il Bacchiacca," Francesco Ubertini; "Portrait of an Old Man," Rembrandt; "Family Group," Michael Sweetz; "La Collation," Pieter de Hooch; "The Feast of the Gods," copy by Nicolas Poussin from the original by Giovanni Bellini; "The Virgin with the Holy Children Attended by an Angel," Leonardo da Vinci; "Venus, Mercury and Cupid," Corregio; "Portraits of the Wertheimer Family," Sargent; "The Beaumont Family," Romney; "Portraits of Mr. James Baillie and Family," Gainsborough; "John Julius Angerstein," Lawrence; "Aggripina Landing with the Ashes of Germanicus," "The Fighting Temeraire Towed to her Last Berth," and "Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus," all by Turner; "Nocturne," Whistler; "Portrait of Gladstone," "Ophelia," and "The Siesta," all by Millais; "Lord Ribbesdale" (1902), Sargent.

But all London is not a land of theaters and restaurants. The sordid East End, beginning at the very gates of the old "City" is quite another world. One Sunday morning, accompanied by my home friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Goodwin, I went out to Aldgate to see the markets in old "Petti-

Aspects of Wembley

TOP—*Looking down on a corner of the fair.*

MIDDLE—*The India pavilion.*

BOTTOM—*An avenue in the Engineering Palace.*

coat Lane," and the surrounding districts of Whitechapel and Bethnal Green. It was the true home of the London coster and it overshadows in many ways the sights of New York's lower East Side. Petticoat Lane is now called Middlesex Street, and on this Sunday morning it was filled from house to house with people and pushcarts. Everything conceivable was offered for sale and the prices were as low as the merchandise was poor. Handkerchiefs were offered at "thruppence a lump;" and a "lump" was a whole handful. Gorgeous jockey scales tempted one every few rods to gamble on his weight. Wherever there was space there were gambling games on the street, and now and again we encountered groups of acrobats and tumblers. One stall sold sheet music at about one-tenth the market price, and I acquired a gem from the music halls called "Stingo-Stungo." It turned out to be about bumble-bees.

We paused to make a photograph. A young coster with a bandanna for a collar, said he could not manipulate the camera, and an American strolling by offered to assist. He was Col. Davis, of Beacon Street, Boston. When I repaid his courtesy by asking him for a match, he said: "Good Lord, do you think my wife would let me take the risk of carrying a match in this place?"

We wandered on into Bethnal Green Road and inspected the markets of dogs, birds, snails and goats. Some smart automobiles went by bearing dogs bought in this market. Many of them appeared to be very fine. The crowd was so dense that progress became impossible, so we made our escape and proceeded to spacious Hampstead Heath, where in Jack Straw's somewhat overrated "Castle," we tried to forget our discomforts of the morning.

# XV

## THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION

The British Empire Exhibition at Wembley is the third great fair that I have seen. When a youngster I went to Chicago to see the Columbian Exposition, and many years later I spent a week at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in Saint Louis. Both of these were "world's fairs," comprehending every nation that could be induced to exhibit. As its name implies, the Wembley show is confined to the British Empire, or Commonwealth of Nations, as it is now more frequently and more accurately called.

Of course no other nation, or group of affiliated nations, could produce an exhibition on such a scale; for the British Empire is world-wide. It comprehends exhibits from the United Kingdom, India, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Newfoundland, Burma, Malta, West Africa, Nigeria, the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, East Africa, Southern Rhodesia, St. Helena and Ascension Islands, the West Indies group, Malaya, Sarawak, Cyprus, Palestine, Bermuda, British Guiana, Ceylon, Fiji, Hong Kong and the Union of South Africa. Now this group is sufficiently world encompassing to make an extremely varied display, but it has the advantage of including not only the most highly developed region of the earth, but many of its most remote and little-known areas. The exhibitors have had the wisdom to transplant sections of their native scenery and native life, so that a visit to Wembley is in a very real sense a tour around the world, always within the Empire itself.

The site of the exhibition is just under ten miles from "the bank," and of course it is very much closer to many parts of London. There are 120 underground stations from

The Empire Exhibition Entire

*This air view shows the entire 228 acres of the British Empire Exhibition. The amusements are in the background. At the right is the Stadium and at the left the Palaces of Industry and Engineering. Australia and Canada lie between.*

Life on the Gold Coast

*The West African walled city is the most bizarre feature of the Exhibition. Here the life of the natives is carried on exactly as at home. The picture gives a glimpse of domestic life on the Gold Coast, the two marabou storks in the foreground adding to the realism.*

which trains can be taken direct to the gates, and it is said that there are 126 stations from which the exhibition can be reached under 20 minutes. Personally I was never able to make quite such rapid time as the guides and time-tables indicated; but it cannot be denied that the transportation system to the great fair is very good.

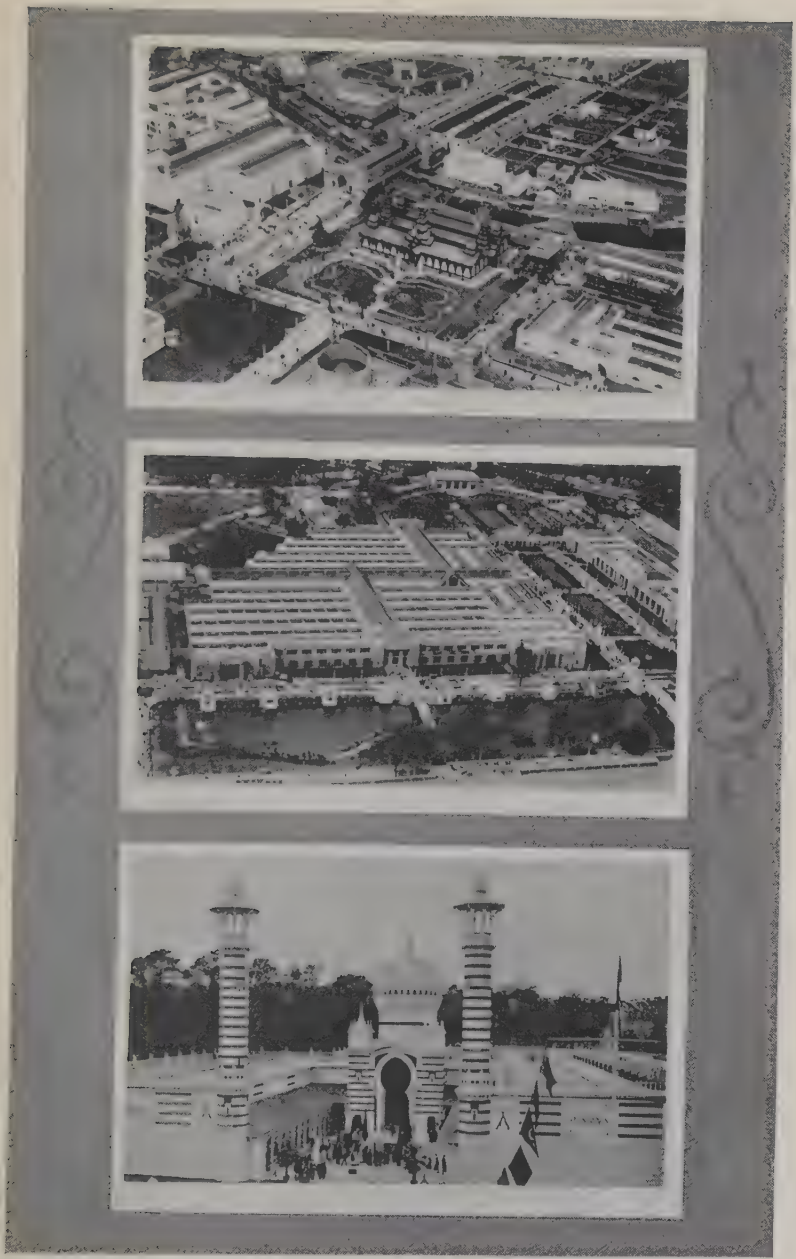
What is the British Commonwealth of Nations, that it could build and support a show so enormous? The latest statistics that I can find indicate that it contains the enormous total of 13,909,782 square miles of land and shelters a population of 461,000,000 people. This prodigious total is at least four times the population of the United States, but it must be considered that more than 300,000,000 of this mass of population dwell in India alone.

I never entered the exhibition by any except the main north gate, which was the most convenient to reach from Piccadilly, going out by the Bakerloo and Metropolitan underground trains. There is quite a view of the grounds from the train as one approaches, for the tracks here have emerged from the tunnels and taken to the air. My first impression was gained in this way and it was never much changed. In contrast with our own great fairs, Wembley is gray instead of white; for the buildings are practically all built of steel and concrete, instead of the stucco that made our own shows so fairy-like and so ephemeral. Wembley is permanent and it will doubtless be the scene of many a great display in years to come. The characteristic features are not different from previous fairs. There is the lagoon, surrounded by gardens and great buildings; and while the night effect is very beautiful, I hardly think it equals the almost heavenly beauty that transported every night visitor to St. Louis into a land of dreams. But my sober judgment is that Wembley exceeds all previous efforts in interest.

The main exhibits are in two mighty structures called the Palace of Industry and the Palace of Engineering, each having a floor area of between ten and twelve acres, though the

second is the larger. Then come the buildings of the dominions and colonies. Australia is probably the largest, with Canada and India following, the others trailing off according to their resources and importance. The huge stadium, with its seating capacity of 110,000, was built before the exhibition; but it fits perfectly into the general scheme of the grounds. At the east are the palace of horticulture, the government building, the band-stand and some of the colonial exhibits, and beyond them all the amusement section, very similar to the "midway" and "pike" of our own shows. The whole ground area is 216 acres and the total value of the buildings and exhibits I have heard estimated at about $200,000,000, of which sum the actual materials exhibited naturally make up the bulk.

When the exhibition was opened it was estimated by the managers, that it would attract 30,000,000 visitors in the six months it was to be open. By midsummer it appeared that this estimate was too high. The largest single day's attendance had been 360,000 and the average in July ran close to 150,000 per day. The actual attendance in May was only 1,421,000 and in June, 3,081,000; so it is apparent that the grand aggregate is likely to fall under 20,000,000, which will leave a large deficit to be met. There was an informing discussion of Wembley finance in the House of Commons while I was in town. Mr. Lunn started it off by saying that he had gone to the Lucullus Restaurant and had been charged twenty-five shillings for dinner, though no prices were marked on the card. He suggested that this restaurant be made to inform people as to its charges by putting prices on its items of food. Mr. Lunn is the secretary of the department of overseas trade and he branched off into a general discussion of exhibition finance. The whole show was planned and carried out by British business men, which is a pretty vigorous answer to those who unknowingly say that England lacks enterprise. The actual cost of the exhibition plant was 3,720,000 pounds sterling and this was to



Bits of the Great Exhibition

TOP—*An air view showing a bit of the fine gardening.*

MIDDLE—*The Palace of Engineering from the air.*

BOTTOM—*The Burma pavilion.*

have been covered in the budget by an income of 2,350,000 pounds from 30,000,000 paid admissions, and of 950,000 pounds from the sale of concessions. The bank overdraft on the opening day was 2,229,000 pounds and private persons had become guarantors to the sum of 1,200,000 pounds. Mr. Lunn moved to increase the government guaranty from 100,000 pounds to 600,000 pounds, explaining that the banks permitted the great overdraft on the sole condition that the government should increase its guaranty by a half million pounds. There was interesting and acrimonious debate. A radical, Mr. Darbishire, said that if the traders wanted to increase their trade, let them pay the whole bill. Sir Alfred Butt said that some of the contractors had profiteered seriously in constructing the buildings, and he expressed doubt if all of the 21,250 employees on the grounds were necessary. It seems quite probable that the fair will close with a substantial deficit, and it was suggested by the Prince of Wales that it be carried over another year. But whatever the outcome and the final cost to the government or personal guarantors, they have done a great work and added immensely to the prestige of the Empire.

The internal transportation is well developed and is superior to that of any previous fair. That it is needed was attested by the great sign along the railway at the gates. It offered a proprietary remedy for "Wembley feet," a disease that speedily attacked me when I set out to see the show afoot. There are fifteen miles of roads inside the grounds and three kinds of mechanical transportation are offered. These include a never-stop railroad, with a fleet of eighty-eight cars that attain speeds as high as 24 miles an hour; a road rail system reaching all gates and outlying points, and about two hundred electric cars that do not use rails. In addition there are innumerable chairmen, who have a fee of two shillings, six pence per hour. One rainy evening I patronized one of these men and speedily learned the vagaries of exhibition rules. It was about three hundred feet

from the industries to the engineering building, and as I had no umbrella and it was a favorable time to visit the latter building, I asked a chairman if he could take me across without getting me wet. He carefully encased me in newspapers and made a dash across. We had got but a few feet, when a gust of wind scattered my integuments, exposing me the rest of the way to the storm. The transit occupied about thirty seconds, but the fee was the same as for the hour. Anyhow I didn't get as wet as I should, had I walked.

The engineering palace contained all the heavy exhibits, and I must say that I left it with a renewed respect for British machinery. A considerable part of the display had to do with the shipping and mining industries which are so important in Britain, but there was as great a diversity of heavy equipment as the United States could have shown. The two most impressive exhibits, I imagine, were those of Vickers and Armstrong-Whitworth. A tremendous naval gun in the Vickers exhibit was possibly the most stupendous single machine on display. It was a 16-inch naval gun weighing 110 tons and throwing a 2240-pound projectile more than 22 miles. At brief intervals the breech mechanism was operated. Both these giant industries had fine displays of locomotives, one of which had a speed capacity in excess of 100 miles per hour. Nearby was the first locomotive Robert Stephenson ever built. It was called "locomotion," and was built by Robert Stephenson and operated by his brother George on the Stockton and Darlington railway at its opening, on September 27, 1825. The South African Railways had a novelty in the form of a restaurant in one of their modern dining-cars.

Nobels, the Du Ponts of Great Britain, had an enormous exhibit of explosives and all the well-known dye products and synthetic leathers that go with this type of manufacture.

The automobile show included every British manufacturer, and it naturally offered some of the finest cars in the world.

I thought that, on the whole, the British cars are not so beautiful in design as are ours, and of course there are no cars to compare in price with our cheaper makes. The most expensive car shown, as I recall it, was a Rolls-Royce, with a special body by Barker, offered at 2,850 pounds. The most expensive car of any other make that I noticed was a Napier, with Barker body, at 600 pounds less.

The exhibition is filled with models of all kinds, including all the leading harbors. These are on a large scale and give a very clear idea of the places they portray. A model of the asphalt lake in Trinidad is an interesting novelty.

Just by the door of the Conference Hall, where the convention sessions were held, was the Ulster exhibit, featuring the linen industry, whisky and Irish agriculture. The Scotch distillers were just across and they had a complete working model of a distillery. I remarked to one of the Scotch caretakers that this would be a very interesting exhibit in the United States and would furnish a fine model to our moonshiners. Very gravely he answered: "I am doubtful if we would be permitted to exhibit it."

Until I learned that Lord Stevenson, the exhibition president, was the proprietor of "Johnny Walker," I was rather astonished at the extent of the display of that fairly well-known product that I may say, having been born in 1820, seems to be going not only strong, but stronger. Some microscopic bottles were shown, less than one inch high, yet filled, corked and labeled. They bore the inscription, "As provided for the cellars of the "Queen's doll house."

A group of seventeen British paper mills had a joint exhibit consisting of a beautiful paper machine, of thirty-inch deckle, which was operated almost all the time, turning out a nice grade of kraft.

The Palace of Art, a building of about one acre in extent, unquestionably houses a far finer collection of pictures than was ever before assembled at an exhibition of this type. The

pictures are, of course, all British and Sir Lawrence Weaver and his staff were able to collect for the purpose specimens of all the British masters. Hogarth is represented by his portrait of Garrick, and Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Raeburn, Millais, Watts and Burne-Jones are some of the famous artists whose works are shown. The sculpture is very extensive and embraces the best work of the dominions as well as the mother country. The attraction that arouses greatest interest, however, is not a picture, but the famous Queen's Doll House, which occupies a special gallery and is later to be taken to Windsor Castle. This house is 5 feet wide and 8½ feet long and weighs 9,000 pounds. It is the conception of the Princess Marie Louise and was designed by Sir Edward Lutyens. Nearly two thousand craftsmen of all kinds had a part in the making of this extraordinary miniature. It is complete in every particular, though the scale is one inch to the foot. The entrance hall is of marble and lapis lazuli and the marble grand stairway is overlooked by a painting of "The Expulsion from Eden," by Nicholson. There are bath-rooms, a library, a wine-cellar stocked with more than one hundred kinds of wine, a garage, and all sorts of electrical appliances. Even miniature automobiles are provided. So perfect and complete are the appointments that golf clubs, shotguns, playing cards, fountain pens, toilet articles, and indeed everything that would be found in a complete, elaborate establishment, are here found. Every room is a model and there are forty or more oil paintings in the various rooms. Even a library of miniature books is maintained. Real water runs from the tiny taps and electricity operates the microscopic lifts. It took more than two years to complete this marvelous structure.

The display of the British Government is a noble and varied exhibit. At the entrance is a contour map of the world on the Mercator projection, with ships traversing all the seven seas. It gives an immediate impression of the extent of the Empire and of the scope of her sea-borne trade.

The storming of Zeebrugge is a thrilling spectacle shown in the government theater, surpassing in lighting and effect anything yet produced on the professional stage. The whole action, including the artillery firing, is shown by moving models that are the last word in realism. There are many models of the great actions of the World War, and a film shows the destruction of an undefended London by air forces.

Canada has a large and impressive pavilion, filled with things of interest, using six acres to display her great resources. Canadian agriculture and Canadian forestry naturally occupy a prominent place, and the paintings and panoramas carry one from the Atlantic to the Pacific, over the prairies and through the mountains. The two great railway systems of the dominion have enormous displays. The mineral resources and the appeal to the traveler and sportsman are not overlooked.

To my surprise, Australia greatly featured her fruits and wines, as well as her wool and wheat. It was possible to secure fresh fruit of many kinds that had grown ten thousand miles away on an Australian plantation. These displays made one realize how much like our own California large parts of Australia really are. The models of sheep stations in the back blocks were very fine and gave a splendid conception of how the industry is really conducted. But it was the pearl-fishing industry that was most curious. The number of specimens of natural pearls was large and the illustrations of pearl diving were carried out in tanks of real water. Hundreds of specimens of pearls attached to the parent shells were shown. The shells were much larger than I had imagined and the pearls often had the appearance of a bullet half buried in the mother of pearl, as though it had been fired into the shell from a gun. Many of these pearls were large and valuable, and a daring theft took place one day while I was in the pavilion. A well-dressed man walked up to the display of Mr. T. C. Wollaston, of Adelaide, in charge of his daughter, Miss Lynette Wollaston. While two men

engaged her attention at the end of the display case, the thief calmly opened the case and extracted a pearl worth about six thousand dollars. Many people saw him, but thought he was an official of the exhibit. He was lost in the crowd before the alarm was put out, and was never captured.

But for all the wonders of industry and art, the finest attraction to me was the section of West Africa transferred to the exhibition. The displays of Nigeria, the Gold Coast and Sierra Leone were in the form of a native kraal, or mud-walled village. Here the life of these little-known countries was carried on exactly as at home, and the native arts were practiced before one's eyes. The native weavers were busy at their work with their crude looms. Elephant tusks of unbelievable size were displayed and all around were the teeming fauna of the west coast, with the implements of war with which the natives did battle against their human and animal foes. A village on the Congo gave a glimpse of a life of which many have read, but only a handful of the human race have seen. The queer grains of the region, from which the natives makes their "mealies," are exhibited along with the products the white man has introduced into the country. All in all, this is the most primitive and curious section of an exhibit that abounds in strange things from the most remote parts of the inhabited world.

DETAILS OF THE GREAT SHOW

TOP—*A Main Road in the Exhibition.*

MIDDLE—*The West African Compound at Wembley.*

BOTTOM—*The British Government Building.*

# XVI

## OUR AROUND-THE-WORLD AIRMEN

On Wednesday there was no general session of the convention, and as the newspapers printed long stories of the arrival of the American around-the-world airmen at Paris the day before, and announced that they would arrive in Croydon early Wednesday afternoon, I decided to see their arrival at the most important station of their history-making flight.

It turned out be an all-day job, as it takes time to do things in a place so immense as London. Boarding a bus in Regent Street, I traveled south for more than an hour. We passed through the large suburban districts of Streatham and Brixton, with their local centers of trade and amusement, and proceeded some miles farther along the London Road. We had traveled more than ten miles when at length we came into the business center of Croydon, a district that amazed me by its extent. A gentleman residing there said the population of that area was in excess of two hundred thousand. Here I changed to one of those queer double-decked "trams" that are so largely used as feeders and subsidiaries to the great bus routes.

The morning was fine, and climbing on top I took the first vacant seat, where I was immediately joined by a smart-appearing young Britisher who was enjoying his pipe. We passed through a district given up largely to truck growing, and in ten or fifteen minutes saw to our left the buildings of the flying-field. A walk up the hedge-lined lane brought us to the main gate. It was then well after twelve o'clock, and I was rather astonished at the meagerness of the crowd. In the public enclosure were perhaps two hundred people, and in the field itself were another hundred or more, including

mainly field employees, officers of the British Air Ministry and others connected in one way or another with flying.

My chance acquaintance was Dr. Stephen Pritchard, of Croydon, who had just returned from a three-year residence in Iraq (Mesopotamia), where he was in the medical service of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. It became evident that our position would be greatly improved if we could get on the field itself. By this time many other people were arriving, including quite a sprinkling of Americans. Presenting myself at the window, I displayed my personal card and the press ticket I had been using at the Advertising Convention, explaining that I was a journalist and that I wished passes for myself and my friend, Dr. Pritchard.

The good-natured official wrote me out a pass for two and remarked, "I have put Dr. Pritchard in as your assistant." We passed through into the field, and for the next hour amused ourselves by watching the slowly-growing crowd and identifying the various notables who had gathered to welcome our airmen. My pass bore the stamp of the Department of Civil Aviation, and the first official we saw was Sir Sefton Brancker, Director of Civil Aviation. Other Englishmen present in an official capacity were: Air Commodore C. A. H. Longcroft, T. I. Webb-Bowen and H. C. T. Dowding, representing the service side of the Air Ministry; Air Vice-Marshal Sir Geoffrey Salmond, Lieutenant-Colonel M. O. Darby, and Mr. H. Perrin, representing the Royal Aero Club. A conspicuous and interesting figure was Mrs. Stuart A. MacLaren, wife of the British world flyer, who was then in Japan and who was later forced to abandon his effort in Siberia.

Mr. Frank Kellogg, the U. S. Ambassador, had hoped to be present, but was detained in town by the opening of the International Conference on Reparations. He was represented, however, by quite a number of his staff, including Colonel K. A. Joyce, the Military Attache; Captain C. L. Hussey, the Naval Attache; Commanders Towers and Leary;

Major H. C. Davidson, the Air Attache; Mr. F. A. Sterling, the Embassy Counselor; and Mr. Goold, the First Secretary. Admiral Brownson (retired) was also present. The Advertising Clubs of America sent their quota and there was a large attendance of British airmen.

Passenger and express planes in the various services came and departed, but there was no definite information as to the whereabouts of the American flyers until 1:30 p. m., when it was announced that a message had been received to the effect that the flyers had appeared on the English side of the channel and that they would arrive in a half hour.

As two o'clock approached every eye was turned to the south. "I see a plane," said Dr. Pritchard. A moment later he said, "There are two." I strained my eyes in the direction he indicated but could see nothing. Then as he counted three and four, I heard many about me who had the ships in view. I had almost lost faith in my eyes, when at length I made them out. They had then been in view of others two or three minutes. The ships were before a bank of clouds and I had been looking too low, but my experience convinced me that I would make a very poor observer.

As the aircraft came entirely into view, it could be seen that they were flying in a letter "V," their usual formation. On either flank was an escort plane, one of them a London-Paris Handley Page, piloted by Mr. R. H. McIntosh. We understood that a squadron of British war planes had attended the party for a short distance, but it was left to civil aviation to escort them to their landing-place.

The little fleet came in at about three thousand feet and circled around the field, slowly descending, the British planes holding off to permit the Americans to make their landing first. The crowd swarmed forward and I remarked to Dr. Pritchard that it seemed strange that there were not more policemen on hand to keep the people back, as the danger of

an accident seemed considerable. "Oh, that is not necessary," he answered. "This is a British crowd, you know, and it will not get out of control." His prediction held good, for there was not the slightest overstepping of the lines until the first plane was down.

It was, I must admit, a rather thrilling moment and I felt a wave of patriotic pride sweep over me as the Chicago, commanded by Lieut. Lowell Smith, leader of the party, and carrying Lieut. L. P. Arnold as assistant, made a perfect landing and taxied quickly up to the public enclosure. Camera-men, reporters and the official welcoming party scurried forward and gave them welcome. Lieut. Arnold was sitting on the fuselage lighting a cigarette, before he had been on the ground ten seconds. The time was then 2:05, and within another five minutes the New Orleans, with Lieuts. Eric Nelson and J. Harding, Jr., and the Boston, with Lieut. Leigh Wade and Staff Sergeant H. Ogden, were down and lined up by their commander's ship. The escort planes then descended in another part of the field.

The airmen were given an overwhelming welcome, official and unofficial, and one of the first to shake them by the hand was Mrs. MacLaren. A more modest or efficient band of young heroes I have never seen. Their demeanor and their prime condition excited the admiration of everyone. They were as brown as berries and as hard as nails, showing no effect whatever of the strain inevitably attendant upon their flight of more than eighteen thousand miles, which had up to that time kept them in the air about two hundred and forty-seven actual flying hours.

Making my way through the crowd, I talked for a few moments with the men, particularly Staff Sergeant Ogden. "What was the hardest part?" I asked. "Oh, Alaska by all means. We had everything there, including fog, rain, hail and snow all mixed together. After that the rest seemed easy." "You are going to make it," I said. "Hope so," was the cheery response, and it was with considerable dis-

The Chicago Landing at Croydon

*This picture was made at the moment Lieut. Smith's flagship, the Chicago, came to a stop at Croydon aerodrome, London. The spectators are rushing to the plane and the aviators have already emerged from the cockpit to light cigarettes.*

tress that I learned later of the wrecking of this ship by a falling boom on a warship in an Iceland harbor.

There were too many claims on the attention of the airmen to permit of an extended talk. Americans from Seattle to Jacksonville and from San Diego to Eastport swarmed around to make way a moment later for the official welcoming party. There was handshaking all around and a deluge of congratulations and well wishes. The Britishers were quite as cordial as our own countrymen.

Then came the camera-men and the cinema operators. The aviators were photographed several hundred times in the first ten minutes they were aground. They posed with Major Joyce, of the Embassy, with the British air authorities, with Mrs. MacLaren, wife of Major Stuart MacLaren, and they posed alone. Whatever the photographers wanted they got.

We had noticed when we came in that the official restaurant of the air field was set up for a large luncheon party, and the flyers were taken there by the reception committee for a bit of refreshment before they were taken into town.

The newspapers published extended, sympathetic and intelligent stories of the event, and interesting interviews with the men. One of the writers thought that Lieut. Smith looked tired and worn, and that his condition was in contrast to the obvious fitness of the others. So far as my brief visit with him enabled me to observe, I think his condition was quite as good as that of the others, which was very good, indeed.

"We have done about eighteen thousand miles, and have flown about two hundred and forty-seven hours," said Lieut. Ogden. "Our present engines were put in at Calcutta, and are to be replaced by new ones at Brough. The first change of engines was at Tokio. It is considered advisable to take down the engines after about one hundred hours' flying, although they are good for more than that.

They will be all right again after overhauling. No, we have had no real trouble with the engines; a little radiator trouble, of course; but we have not had to draw on the spares provided beyond the scheduled engine renewals.

"The worst weather we had was in Alaska—big snowstorms, so that we couldn't see ahead. Then India was very hot, and the aerodromes still bad from the rains in places. There was a difficult bit of flying through a pass in the Taurus, with no landing-place in view and storms about."

One of the pilots said, in reply to my question: "We fly close enough together to communicate by signals. We have a plan by which, if one should have to descend, we can find out by signalling if he needs help. If he does not, the others go on to the next stop and wait for him. But we've had no engine failures, although weather has forced us to land sometimes. The longest sea stage was between Chicagoff and Paramushir—eight hundred and fifty miles. For navigation we rely on dead reckoning, working out a compass course with regard to the wind. We've found it to answer well enough."

The machines appeared to be in good condition, although they carried marks of wear and weather. In many places the fabric wing-covering had been patched. The name of each machine is painted on the fuselage, together with "Air Service, U. S. A., World Flight." The machines are Chicago (Lieuts. Smith and Arnold), New Orleans (Lieuts. Nelson and Harding), Boston (Lieuts. Wade and H. Ogden). Features of this Douglas—four hundred horse-power Liberty type, which was originally designed for torpedo work or bombing—are the deep-section wings, which are foldable for storage, and the interchangeable wheel, and float landing carriage. As a seaplane the Douglas weighs (empty) 5,100 pounds, and as a land aeroplane 4,300 pounds. In each case its disposable lift is the same, namely, 2,615 pounds (that is for men, equipment, fuel, oil, etc.). Its weight, all on, as a seaplane is 7,715 pounds, as a landplane 6,915 pounds; this

means a slight reduction of speed when the floats are on. The span of the machine, port to starboard, is fifty feet. It flies at about eighty miles per hour normal speed.

That evening the British Air Ministry entertained the flyers at a private dinner, and next morning they were off at eleven o'clock for the Brough aerodrome, on the Humber, where they arrived at 1 p. m. Here workmen of the Blackburn Aeroplane Works overhauled their machines and installed new Liberty motors for the final stages of the flight.

Three of the men, Lieuts. Smith, Wade and Arnold, came down to London on Thursday evening to attend the dinner given by the Royal Aero Club at the Savoy. Nelson, Ogden and Harding were detained at Brough by their work. Lieut.-Col. F. K. McClean presided at the dinner for the Duke of Atholl, and Lord Thompson, Secretary of State for Air, Lieut. Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, M. P., Sir Hugh Trenchard, Chief of the Air Staff, Mr. Frank Kellogg, the American Ambassador, and Lieut. Lowell Smith were the speakers.

Lord Thompson, in supporting the toast, "The American Airmen," dwelt on the fine comradeship of the air. He said that everyone interested in aviation, especially British aviation, had followed the exploits and experiences of the gallant American airmen with admiration and without the slightest hint of jealousy. Indeed in enterprises of such magnitude, petty feelings such as jealousy were submerged. He liked to think of airmen as a great brotherhood whose aims were international and progressive. After paying a tribute to the assistance rendered by the American authorities when MacLaren and his comrades were delayed, Lord Thomson said their hearts and hopes went out to the gallant American airmen in the later stages of their flight. They wished them Godspeed and the best of luck in the last stage of their enterprise, and all present had every confidence that the visiting airmen would bring their flight to a glorious termination.

Mr. Kellogg very properly likened the guests to the other

great pioneers of exploration and linked their names with Peary, Scott and Shackleton. Lieut. Smith made a characteristically modest speech, saying that their hardest task was trying to express their real appreciation of all the British people had done for them. Enthusiasm ran high and I dare say that at no place in their long flight were our world flyers received with finer cordiality than in the metropolis.

My narrative of the London experiences of our airmen has carried me a day beyond my own contact of them; for I saw them no more after they had gone to the aerodrome restaurant for luncheon. The idea of luncheon, by this time, seemed very appealing, as it was after 2:30 p. m. Dr. Pritchard and I made our way to the little Trust House hotel, which was having a great rush of business. We were served after a time and during luncheon I drew out my companion on his experiences in Iraq, one of the hottest and most out-of-the-way places in the Near East. He had, as I have said, just returned from Iraq (or Irak), which is the former Mesopotamia, the seat of our most ancient recorded civilization, I suppose; in any case the site of the traditional Garden of Eden. This country was part of the old Turkish Empire, but the changes of the last decade, and especially those growing out of the Great War, have altered the geography of the region all around. Arabia and Mesopotamia are very strongly under British influence and they have been divided up into three kingdoms, Hedjaz, Transjordania and Iraq. Their nominal government is quite a family matter, as I understand that King Hussein and his eldest son, Ali, are in control of Hedjaz. The second son, the Emir Abdallah, is the King of Transjordania, while in Iraq, along the Tigris, a third son, King Feisal, holds the reins. They seem to be doing better than the Shah of Persia, who spent so much of his time in Paris that he was not long ago told by his people to stay there.

It is a parched and burning land, but it has that form of riches that has lately caused so much strife and contention throughout the world. It is an oil country and the great

The Official Welcome

*Major Joyce, Military Attache of the U. S. Embassy, formally welcoming Lieut. Lowell Smith at London. Between them appears General Brancker, the British Director of Civil Aviation.*

prize of Mosul has figured in many a political and diplomatic intrigue. Dr. Pritchard was in the medical service of the great Anglo-Persian Company and he was pretty much up and down the whole of the Tigris basin. The highest temperature he ever encountered, he told me, was the shade figure of one hundred and twenty-nine degrees, with the mercury standing well above one hundred all through the night. Yet it is dry and not unendurable. "And what does a doctor have to contend with out there?" I inquired. "Oh everything one has at home, with cholera and the plague thrown in, now and then."

He told me that one of these scourges usually came on in the spring and the other in the fall; but I am not certain of their order, though I think the plague was the spring visitor. "On the whole, I think cholera is the worse," he remarked. "I have seen a man who was to all appearances normal, seized with the cholera and die within four hours, though of course, this is an extreme case. The onset is usually attended by violent vomiting and cramps. Then come extreme prostration and death. Both the cholera and the plague are much more fatal to the Asiatics than to our own people. I should think that among the former the death rate would run above fifty per cent. With the whites it is not nearly so high. I personally treated but four white men for cholera and was fortunate in saving all of them."

We saw a Buick car leave the aerodrome and I casually called attention to it. "Yes," said the doctor, "I recently made the seven-hundred-mile trip from Bagdad to Beirut in a Buick and we came through without a moment's trouble, though it was all through the desert and the last stages were mountainous, with very bad going in places."

I was interested to note an item in one of the London papers a day or two later, giving a report of the operations of the Bagdad-Beirut motor service. It is a regular passenger line and during the month of May it handled four hundred passengers going out, and over one hundred going in.

Of the latter number the majority were Moslem pilgrims bound for the holy shrine at Mecca. When the pilgrimage to Mecca is made by motor, it is hard to deny that the world does change.

The chief London newspapers were very generous in their editorial comment on our airmen and their exploit. *The Telegraph* gave a column to them under the heading, "America's Gallant Airmen," concluding with this fine paragraph:

> "It would be a very churlish heart that would not beat faster at the recital of this splendid Odyssey. The doings of our modern airmen create in us precisely the feelings with which our Renaissance ancestors viewed the indomitable sailors like Columbus, and Cabot, and Vasco da Gama, who went out in their cockle-shells over uncharted oceans and found the New World and the sea passage to India. The airman, when he braves the upper air, is venturing into an element that is still very little known, and his machine is as far from being perfect as were the fifteenth-century caravels when compared with a modern Clyde or Tyne built steamer. The very rapid development of aviation for military purposes during the war must not lead us to assume that the problems of construction or of navigation have been fully or even in large part solved. Expert airmen and aeroplane designers know better. The whole science of flight is still in its infancy. It can only progress by steady research and constant experiment. There we have the true scientific justification for the magnificently adventurous flights which have rendered this summer memorable. Only by the courage and resolution of a few skilled pilots, in ever-lengthening voyages through the air, can the problems of aviation be fully solved. It is here that the indomitable spirit of man, with his unquenchable love of adventure, comes once again to the aid of the scientist and the mechanic. Whitman, could he have lived to see the triumph of his countrymen in the air, would have added another stanza to his salutation to the 'Pioneers who are the salt of the human race'."

Mrs. Mac Laren and the World Flyers

*Mrs. MacLaren, wife of the commander of the British around-the-world flyer, who crashed on an island off Siberia, was among the first to greet the American airmen at Croydon. Her husband was reported lost next day, but he survived and was himself in Boston to greet the Americans on their arrival in America two months later. Major Joyce, military attache of the U. S. Embassy, in London, stands next to Lieut. Smith.*

# XVII

## THE AIRWAY TO PARIS

THERE was a conspicuous canvas sign in a window in the Haymarket that read: "To Paris by air, $23.00." This passage was by a French machine, and as all my English friends had patriotically recommended a British plane, I thought I would look further. Their principal argument was the rather impressive one that the British machines were fully and competently inspected after every flight. While they didn't say so specifically, they left me under the impression that the French were more lax in what seemed to one about to embark on his first air voyage a mighty important function.

In any case, when I was ready to book, I passed by the alluring sign printed in terms of my own currency, and going a bit farther down the road to Number 6, I walked up to the air-service counter of The American Express Company and paid six pounds, six shillings for a seat to Paris in the Tuesday morning British plane. Translated into the exchange of that day, the cost was about $28.20. Whether I got anything in additional security for the additional $5.20 that I spent, I don't know. Neither line has had a fatal accident for three years or more, so far as I could learn, though forced landings are not uncommon.

As everyone inquires as to the relative cost of travel by air and by rail and water, I may say that against the six-pounds-six rate by air, a ticket from London to Paris by the fastest routes—Dover and Calais—costs about three pounds less. The air time is from two hours to two hours and one-half, according to the plane and the conditions. The rail and water time, Dover way, is a trifle over seven hours. But air schedules and air performance are not always the same thing,

as he who follows this letter through will learn; and my experience was by no means unusual. As a matter of fact, had I taken the morning express for Paris, I should have arrived there not a half hour later than the time when I was actually put down at the Hotel de Crillon in the Place Concorde. The interval I spent at the Croydon aerodrome, impatiently watching five mechanics overhaul the Napier Lion motor to which I was soon to entrust my earthly destinies. Now a flying novice reasons like this: "If it takes five mechanics three hours or more to put a motor in condition to make a flight of a little more than two hours, there is probably something wrong with that motor beyond a mere maladjustment." Of course this sort of reflection isn't soothing to the mind. But whatever may have been wrong with the motor, it was effectively repaired.

The American Express office was, as usual, thronged with Americans when I stopped in on Monday morning. Mainly they were getting money, but every counter had its long queue of Americans taking advantage of the multitude of services The American Express so effectively renders to its countrymen overseas. The air-service counter was the least congested of all, and although several Americans I met on shipboard had been so forehanded as to book their air passages months in advance, the courteous young man at the desk indicated no astonishment when I applied for a seat in the first Paris plane of the next morning. He went to the telephone and made inquiry. Two minutes later I was the possessor of ticket No. L. P. 601, and was directed to report at the Victoria Hotel, Northumberland Avenue, by 10:45 on Tuesday morning.

The ticket is in the form of a small booklet and on its first page it is conspicuously stated that it is issued only subject to the terms and conditions printed therein. Happily I did not read these terms and conditions until I was back home. They are not reassuring, nor do they seem to bear out the contention so stoutly maintained, that the air is the safest of

all modes of travel. The very first paragraph—and there are nine in all—reads thus: "The Company carries the passenger entirely at his own risk and on the express condition that the Company will not be liable to the passenger, or any person whomsoever, for any loss or injury happening to him or any goods carried by him, whether caused by the negligence or misconduct of the pilot or any other employee of the Company, or any defect in the aircraft of the Company, or otherwise howsoever."

That seemed a fairly broad release from liability, yet it was further amplified and explained in succeeding paragraphs. The pleasantest one of all was the announcement that thirty pounds of luggage would be carried free of charge. Excess rates were pretty high, four pence per pound for all amounts between forty-four and one hundred pounds, and three pence per pound for amounts in excess of the hundredweight. One of my fellow passengers, Mr. Davis, of Cincinnati, paid $32 for transportation of his trunk.

It was a bright morning when I said good-by to my hosts at the Jermyn Court, and five minutes later I was set down at the Victoria. My heavy luggage I had left with the United American Line agents to be put aboard the *Resolute* at Southampton and I carried but a single bag. "The air route, sir?" said the doorman. "I will take your bag and you will board the green saloon here in front at 10:45."

The Victoria is an attractive place, with considerable atmosphere about it. The entrance leads through an enclosed terrace, fitted as a lounge, and the half-hour wait was pleasantly filled with coffee, a morning paper and the animated pageant of the sunlit street.

Before 10:45 quite a pile of luggage was accumulated on the pavement and my fellow voyagers began to be in evidence. It was clear that we were a large party, and of the nineteen who patronized Imperial Airways, Limited, that morning, every one was an American. The "green saloon" turned out

to be two green saloons—large British cars with side benches and a capacity of twelve passengers each. We took a pleasant route to Croydon, twelve miles south, running for a considerable time on the embankment before crossing the river. The south side of London is not so depressing as many novelists picture it. There is a good deal of monotony in its far-flung reaches, to be sure; but one passes numerous local business centers and long rows of pleasant, flower-decked villas.

It was 11:30 when we passed up the hedged lane leading to the air field, and after being halted by two traffic policemen while a plane used for three-shilling joy-rides taxied across the road, we drew up at the offices and customs.

Traveling light, I was the first one through. My passport was examined and my luggage checked without examination. Then I stepped on a scale and was weighed. A handsome booklet, containing a map of the route, a description of the scenery along the way and numerous pictures from the air, was given to me. A coupon was torn from my billet and I was ready to depart.

"You will take the first plane," said the attendant, indicating a De Haviland-34, with a single Napier motor. I cast longing eyes at the big Handley Page W-8, standing nearby. It was a double tractor, with two four-hundred horsepower Rolls-Royce motors and two pilots, and cabin space for fourteen passengers. All the men about the aerodrome said that it was the last word in safety; but I was booked for the smaller De Haviland, which was to be the first out, so I longed in vain.

It was another case of the first shall be last; for when at length all the bookings were completed and all the luggage charges paid, the motors of the big Handley Page began to roar. I never knew that a Rolls-Royce could make so much noise. She taxied about a few minutes. A step was set up to her cabin door and fourteen of my fellow voyagers stepped

London-Paris Passenger Carriers

*This picture, made at Croydon aerodrome, shows the De Haviland single-motor type of passenger-plane in which the writer traveled to Paris. The larger twin-motor planes are also in general use. The type shown in the picture carries eight passengers. The larger planes accommodate fourteen passengers and two pilots.*

aboard, their luggage tucked away in the spacious tail of the ship. The big motors speeded up and we were enveloped in a cloud of dust and flying grass. In a moment the men who were hanging on to the wings cast off and the big ship sped away toward the south, across the broad field of more than one hundred acres. I was astonished at the ease with which she took off. So cumbersome a craft, laden with sixteen people and a large amount of luggage, might well have encountered difficulty in taking the air. Yet it seemed to me that she was off the ground in a half minute, or less.

Our little party of five who remained looked forlorn. There was an intelligent young woman and her brother from Boston and a young bride and groom from Pittsburgh in addition to myself. The bride and groom sequestered themselves on a sunny knoll, after the manner of brides and grooms everywhere. The two Bostonians and I foregathered and moodily watched the mechanics swarm over our motor. I rambled about for a time gossiping with the attaches of the field, and picking up such information as I could as to its traffic and the ways of the air.

The Imperial Airways, Ltd., is a consolidation, effected this year, of all the British commercial aviation companies. It is under the supervision of the British Air Ministry and the director of civil aviation and is subsidized by the government. Arrivals and departures of planes in regular passenger and freight service run from forty to fifty per day, and I was told that the field was undermanned. That was one reason why our plane was not ready on time. The equipment of hangars and shops is extensive, but the official buildings are relics of the war and are not very elaborate. A big French twin-motor plane, looking very spick and span, took off for Paris while we waited. A blue freighter departed for Cologne. There is a regular service to Berlin and Amsterdam, as well as to Cologne and Paris, though I believe the Berlin service involves a change to a German plane at Cologne.

A mature-looking field attache was friendly and communi-

cative. He told me that the Air Ministry was about to take over all the lands across the road to the north, doubling the size of the field. It is planned to have all incoming planes land in this new field and to use the present one only for departures. He was outspoken in his praise of the Handley Pages, which he pronounced the safest aircraft ever devised. Turning to my De Haviland, he said: "That is a faster ship. She does a hundred miles an hour regularly against eighty-five for the Handley Page. If you get away soon you will beat her to Paris. But I don't care much for her motor. It seems to me we have more trouble with the Napiers than with any of them, and I can't understand why MacLaren picked that motor for his attempt to fly around the world." The conversation was becoming too comforting, so I strolled away and rejoined my Boston friends, ruminating meantime on all the good things I had ever heard of the Napier Lion, which after all is a very famous engine.

The minutes lengthened into hours and by 1:30 o'clock the young woman from Boston was quite disturbed. To each of the young flying officers who passed she addressed remarks and inquiries such as these: "When will those mechanics finish their work?" "Why didn't you put me in the other plane? It looks far safer." "Is there anything seriously wrong with that motor?"

Now the Britishers are diplomatic as well as polite, and they are accustomed to such experiences about the flying field. So instead of becoming impatient, they answered soothingly each inquiry. At length one of them came up and said, "Your plane will be ready in a half hour. May I suggest that you go into the Trust House and get some lunch. We will call you when we are ready and you will feel much better. The plane you are taking is the one I always select myself when I go to Paris."

I asked the officer if in his experience he had ever known a passenger to get "cold feet" and decline to embark. He said that he had seen but one, and he was an American business

SNAP-SHOTS OF THE LANDING

*These pictures were made by Dr. Stephen Pritchard, of Croydon, and show, top to bottom:*

1. *The Chicago landing.*
2. *British Air Ministry officials awaiting the flyers.*
3. *The Chicago just down.*
4. *The three planes at Croydon.*

man of mature years. After looking things over, he said that he would forfeit his passage and proceed to Paris by train, which he did. The passengers, he added, consisted of two classes mainly—American tourists and British and French business men who were really in a hurry. Planes depart on schedule, even though empty, as the government subvention requires that a definite mileage be flown.

The little Trust House restaurant was airy and pleasant and the young Boston woman was just finishing her second sandwich and her third bottle of Bass when we were informed that our plane was ready. She said that she felt much better, and we went out and scrambled aboard.

The cabin of this ship was fitted with eight wicker bucket chairs, four on a side, with an aisle between and lavatory facilities in the rear. The windows were closed and through a small window high up in front I could see a small section of the plaid coat of the pilot as he sat in his lofty cockpit. There was a sign under the window that read: "In case of necessity you may communicate with the pilot by ringing the bell and passing a note through the window." There was another sign that I read so often that I repeat it from memory: "This airplane is inherently stable. The dipping of the wings is caused by air gusts and is in no sense whatever dangerous. This airplane will float on water. Ports are provided in the top of the cabin through which one may pass."

It was 2:15 p. m. when the steps were taken down, the door closed and barred and the roar of the motors told us that at last we were off. We taxied in a half mile circle for a few moments, the speed ever increasing and the slight jar of the wheels alone telling us that we still had contact with the ground. In thirty or forty seconds I missed these trifling signals, and turning to the Boston girl I said: "I believe we are off the ground." A glance out the window showed the earth skimming by eight or ten feet below at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

Meantime the weather had changed for the worse. Clouds

had been coming up during our long wait, and before we were out of sight of the flying-field we were in the midst of a thunder-storm. A light rain beat against the windows and for the next ten minutes we rushed through low-flying clouds, with thunderbolts crashing all around us. I was glad to recall that in all the literature of flying accidents I had heard of no plane being struck down in flight by lightning.

As I learned later, we were on the edge of one of the most severe storms in the history of London. Americans who were in town that afternoon told me that hailstones could have been swept up by the bushel around Charing Cross, and the rain that followed inundated certain districts. As a matter of fact, 1.44 inches of rain fell in twenty minutes, and in South Kensington two-fifths of an inch fell in three minutes. Hailstones were officially measured at seven-tenths of an inch in diameter. The meteorological office reported that the heaviest rainfall in the history of London was 1.82 inches in twenty minutes, on June 23, 1878; so the storm of which we happily saw but the edge was in fact one of London's greatest.

Through the clouds the altitude meter showed eight hundred to one thousand feet, and in five minutes or so we emerged into the sunshine and saw below us the smiling, garden-like landscape of Surrey and Kent, fairest of all the counties of Old England. We climbed higher, the land spreading out like a map. From time to time we passed over great country houses with their splendid estates given over to the pleasure of their masters. The little fields, separated by the greenest of hedges, stood out like a vast checker-board, with every block a different shade of green or gold. The forests we viewed in extenso, the treetops having a curious, rounded effect, much like the tops of cauliflower, except for their deep green. Their density was greater than I had expected. The highways and lanes ramified over the countryside like the veins in an old man's hand, and it was easy to see how puzzling they would be to a driver unfamiliar with the coun-

try. We rose slowly, but at three thousand feet the sheep in the field were still clear white dots, the cattle were ants and the motor-cars and railway trains were perfectly distinct and gave the illusion of greater speed than they really possessed.

In forty minutes the shores of the English Channel came into view. We left England, I should think, somewhere near New Romney, perhaps twenty miles southwest of Dover, and headed for the French shore near Etaples, a few miles south of Boulogne.

Our altitude was now four thousand, seven hundred feet, as it is deemed wise to climb to a height from which a volplane can be made to shore in case of engine failure. The channel is but twenty-one miles across between Dover and Calais, but that is out of the air-line to Paris. The angling course which we took must have carried us over about thirty-five miles of water.

The sea was calm and greasy from above. The channel steamers left long wakes, and even the fishing smacks left a spreading path in the water, like the tail of a comet, that lingered several hours after they had passed.

The shores of England and of France were both in view for many miles, and as we came nearer to France we were struck by the contrast between the countryside and that of England, which we had so lately left. The land was sandy and almost sterile. The seaport of Boulogne spread out beneath us a little to the north. We followed the shore, passing Hesdigneul, Etaples and Berck, the latter marked with a great circular land sign revealing its name, and at the broad inlet that marks the mouth of the River Somme we turned inland. The country improved and the narrow, ribbon-like fields of the French farmers, without fences or hedges, replaced the well-marked lands of fairer Britain. Two planes, bound for London, passed us in the air and afforded a momentary diversion from the monotony of the landscape.

Abbeville, with glimpses of Amiens and Beauvais, alone rose above the standard of rural villages.

The well-known Cathedral of Beauvais is impressive from the air as well as from the land.

Two hours had now elapsed since we left Croydon and we passed in quick succession the River Oise and the Forests of Montmorency and Saint Germain. Two great bends in the Seine, with their traffic of river boats, came into view, and then the suburbs of Pontoise and Argenteuil. We were very near to Paris and all of us strained our eyes for a first view of the aerodrome of Le Bourget, which is six or seven miles north of the Opera. Soon we saw the hangars and field markings, and in another minute we were circling over the field, dropping rapidly from two thousand feet. The earth rose to meet us, and a moment later two or three slightly jarring bumps told me that we were on the ground once more, over two hundred miles from the London flying-field that we had left some two hours before. Our landing was perfect and we lost headway rapidly and came to a stop before the gates of Le Bourget.

Some French porters in their smocks came up with a set of steps, and unbarring the door, released us from our captivity. Five rather groggy Americans staggered out, their ears roaring from the drum of the motor and from the sudden change in air pressure. An English-speaking field officer came up and asked us how we felt. He assured us that in a few minutes our ears would be all right and suggested Scotch and soda in the nearby cafe as a cure for our other ills.

A glance at our passports and luggage was all the French authorities required, and we were loaded into an immense charabanc and were off down the cobbled road to Paris. At the gates the usual stop by the ortroi collector halted us only a moment, and we wormed through the narrow streets of the ancient city to the boulevards, the Rue Royale and Place Concorde. It was five o'clock when I reached the reception desk at the Crillon and with difficulty secured a single room.

On Board the Resolute

*The writer, with Mr. Stokes, of New York, who quit playing golf to spend his annual vacation in Europe.*

My fellow passengers enjoyed the transit even as did I. My Boston friends took it well, and from time to time we leaned across the aisle and shouted into one another's ears. But alas for the Pittsburgh bride. The moment we rose she put her head down on her arms folded across the top of the seat before her, and she never looked up until we touched the ground at Le Bourget. Her husband was in a similar posture much of the time. They have long since reached home, I have no doubt, and have told their friends with enthusiasm of the glorious thrills of their air ride to Paris.

# XVIII

## A VAGABOND OF THE SEAS

One morning on the *Republic* boxing by men from the crew was arranged on the afterdeck. The first boy to appear excited general curiosity, as his appearance was unusual. His face was aquiline, his nose prominent and he was humpbacked. He was introduced as "Kid Palestine." His muscular development was, however, extraordinary, and had he chosen to do so, he could have made short work of his opponent, called for the occasion "Young Republic." Before the end of the bout he was a favorite with the passengers.

A couple of days later there was pillow-fighting for both passengers and crew, preceded by an Houdini act. The Houdini turned out to be "Kid Palestine," known among the sailors as "Humpy," and in fact Arthur Burton Creagh. Officers of the ship and members of the sports committee trussed him up in a straight-jacket. A line was then put around his ankles and he was hoisted twenty feet above deck, hanging by his feet. Within one minute he had freed himself from the straight-jacket under these seemingly impossible conditions. From that time he was one of the conspicuous characters of the ship.

Toward the end of the voyage Al. Neally, of Dayton, said to me: "You ought to talk with that sailor called 'Humpy.' Several of us went forward and met him today and I never heard of so extraordinary a career of adventure." That night he told me the story of a life that is truly an Odyssey of the twentieth century.

"My name," he said, as we sat over cigarettes and coffee in the third-class smoking-room, "is Arthur Burton Creagh, and I was born in Melbourne, in August, 1895. My father

is a civil engineer in Melbourne, and I am happy to say is still alive and prospering.

"Until my eleventh year I led the usual life of the Melbourne boy and was getting on well in school, when one day the teacher, whose name was Kerr, attempted to punish Vivian, my little sweetheart. About the time he struck her the second blow I picked up a bottle of ink and threw it at his head. Unfortunately for me, it struck him over the eye and cut quite a gash, in addition to spattering ink all over his clothes. When I saw what I had done, I rushed for the open window and had got half way out when the window fell on me, leaving my legs inside. What was left of the stick the teacher wore out on me. He then told me to remain after school, when I suppose I was to get my real licking. But I never found out. When school was dismissed I slipped out with the others and went home and told my father.

"After hearing my story, he said that he didn't see that there was anything for me to do except to go back to school next morning and take what I had coming. Instead of going to school I went down to the River Yarra, and climbing aboard a sailing-vessel called the Lady Lock, I shipped for Karachi, India, as a cabin boy. Everybody aboard took a crack at me, because I was a kid and very green, so when we got to Karachi I left the ship for good and got a job under a man named Tyler, who was overseer of a gang of Hindus engaged in loading rice. The wage was a penny a basket, and as the baskets were not very large, I held down the job for six months.

"At the end of that time I shipped as a deck boy on a Liverpool freighter, and on my arrival there found refuge in Seaman's House, Canning Place. My next ship was the *Haverford*, carrying passengers and freight between Liverpool and Philadelphia; and after making three trips, I deserted her in Philadelphia, having a notion that I wanted to see what the States were like. After a few days in Philadelphia

I went up to New York on a coastwise ship and got a job in the bake-shop of the White Star Ship *Canopic*, plying between New York and Genoa.

"By the time I had made three round trips to Genoa, my roving disposition began to develop and I left the ship in Genoa, and went on the beach. This was my first experience as a beach-comber, and for some time I hung around Genoa and Naples, sleeping in the streets, on the docks or in doorways, and going down to the docks every day to hunt a job. I had no pass to the docks and one day a gendarme, with stripes on his sleeves that I remember yet, picked me up, and after questioning me, took me around to the British Consulate. The consul was rather bored, and learning that I was a deserter, he lost interest and turning to the policeman said: 'You'd better take him to the college'. The 'college' was in fact the jail. After I was there four days, living mainly on bad bologna, two civilians came in one morning about four o'clock. I was sleeping on the floor, with my coat and shoes for a pillow. They got me up and told me to come along with them. In a short time I found myself aboard the British ship *Katumba*, bound for Alexandria, and I learned later that I had been shanghaied with the consent of the consul, who wanted to get rid of me permanently. The skipper called a steward who locked me up until we were out at sea, and then I was put to work waiting on the ship's officers. I got no pay.

"No attempt was made to sign me up regularly, and I determined to desert at the first port. At Alexandria the captain gave each of the crew five shillings and shore leave. One of the men gave me his five shillings and I hopped a freight train for Serapeum, on the Suez Canal. I traveled all night in an open car and next morning in Serapeum I saw a sign on a wholesale liquor place reading, 'English spoken.' I went in and asked the proprietor for something to eat, and he gave me a job, opening packing cases and storing beer,

Arthur Burton Creagh

*It is unfortunate that when this picture was made the seaman was not wearing one of the picturesque costumes that he affected. I doubt if there is a young man in the world who has crowded more adventure into his life than has Arthur Creagh.*

that I held for nine months. My wages were 25 piastres a week and my food.

"I finally got a notion in my head that I wanted to see Egypt, so I hit for Suez. There was nothing doing there, and after bumming up and down the canal, I went to Cairo, which I verily believe is the most immoral place in the world. Then I drifted back to Alexandria. By this time the little money I had was gone and I hung around with the beachcombers until I got well tired of the life. I was now fifteen years old and had learned a good deal of the ways of the world; so I went to the consul and he got me on a White Star passenger ship bound for Algiers and New York, where I put up at the Seaman's Institute, 25 South Street.

"It was in this place that I met two fellows who wanted to start off on a bumming trip. We went to Philadelphia and Newport News, where we hopped a Seaboard Airline freight for Jacksonville. At a little place called Yulee Junction the other fellows sent me to a preacher's house to beg. I knocked on the door and when he came I asked him for something to eat. He said, 'Wait a minute,' and went in. When he returned he had a big revolver in his hand and we all ran. That night we slept by the railroad and tossed a penny to see whether we would strike for Savannah or Jacksonville. The coin fell for Savannah and we hiked every foot of the one hundred and twenty miles. It took us seven days and we lived on what we could steal. It was then that I learned how to kill a chicken without his even talking. We put up at the Seamen's Bethel until we got a job on the Merchants' and Miners' ship *Savannah* for New York.

"Here we were paid off and two days later I shipped on one of the Old Commonwealth boats for Melbourne, stopping on the way at New Caledonia, Pago-Pago, Samoa, Suva in the Fijis and Brisbane and Sydney. After an absence of seven years I was back in my birthplace. I had never sent a word home and my parents, of course, supposed that I was dead. I asked the skipper to pay me off and he took

me before the American Consul and paid me $142. I bought myself my first suit of long trousers and thought that I was a real man. Then I started for home. In a park I saw a policeman who knew my family. When he asked me who I was, I gave him a phony name and he said: 'You look like a boy who ran away from my neighborhood.'

"When I got to my home I knocked at the door and my sister came, but she did not know me. I asked if Mrs. Creagh lived there, and when my mother came she recognized me and there was a crying match right there. Then my older brother came in. He was very angry and called me a low-down dunce. At 5:30 my father came home, and being very uncertain how he would act, I beat it out the back door. He called me back, and after questioning me a long time, he offered to send me to school or put me on a training-ship, if I would stay at home. But after having had it free and easy for so long, I couldn't savvy that stuff. He finally became disgusted and told me that I could do as I pleased if I didn't bring disgrace on the family and would write home regularly.

"So it was that after three months at home I went to Howard and Smith's shipping offices and booked as a deck hand on the *Skee Daddle*, bound for Marseilles. My father bought me an outfit and offered me twenty-five pounds, which I refused. He wished me luck and told me that my home was open to me at any time I wanted to come back. We discharged cargo at Marseilles and went to Liverpool, where we arrived just two days before England entered the Great War. I got some money on my pay and with a lot of other fellows was hanging around a bar and hotel called 'The Legs of Man,' at Lime Street and Scotland Road. Already there was great tension in the air and many rumors of war. The second night the excitement was intense and the liquor flew fast. Some said that war had already been declared. We were all singing patriotic songs and drinking and the proprietor was standing every second round. When

the place closed at midnight, Scotty Morrison and I were so drunk that we didn't know what we were doing.

"Next morning I woke up in an armory. I asked what I was doing there and they told me that I was a soldier. It turned out that Morrison and I had signed up at three o'clock in the morning and they had our signatures right enough, though neither of us remembered signing. There was a whole room full of chaps in the same boat and we were all lined up before a doctor and examined. Next they gave us some underwear and uniforms much too large and asked us if we knew how to shoot. They took us to the butts and rehearsed us on machine-guns, which none of us had ever seen before.

"That night Scotty and I and about twenty others were shipped to Aldershot and then to Farnborough, where they gave us blouses and caps and told us we were attached to the air service. Another doctor examined us and then we were sent up on twenty-minute flights and returned to the doctor with the pilot's report. Unfortunately for me I was found O. K.

"At South Farnborough we got a week's training in the aerial gunnery school and then a machine-gun was turned over to each of us and we were taken up to practice, shooting at a lot of small balloons which they let go around us. I got another O. K. and was returned to the barracks, where they asked me if I wanted to make a will, or get insured. I said, 'Is this the suicide squad?' and they said, 'Yes, it sure is.'

"I was given an oversea outfit and detailed to the Second Aero Squadron of the R. A. F. On the 29th of August we were sent to St. Omer, and when it got too hot there, to Tours. For three months we did nothing, as we were waiting for planes and parts. There was a hospital and we used to see many wounded brought in.

"About December 8, 1914, I saw my first action. I was detailed as an aerial gunner on the Marne. We were fired

on from the ground and it scared me stiff. Because of the shortage of planes we were detailed as stretcher bearers and ammunition carriers during the Mons retreat. On April 25, 1915, I was in the air over Ypres when the Germans launched their first gas attack that nearly wiped out the Princess Pats and the Northumberland Fusileers. We could smell the gas in our plane. I saw many of the dead men and they were almost black in the face.

"From that time on I saw plenty of action and became an observer and then a pilot. On July 1, 1916, in the battle of the Somme, between Courcelles and La Fere, I got into a hot engagement. At about three thousand feet a shot from the ground took off part of the tail of my plane and she began to nose dive. It was a Sopworth E-5. A second shot took off part of a wing. She was then entirely out of control and landed on her nose. The engine was partly on my lap when the Germans picked me up, unconscious, but not really hurt.

"I was taken to division headquarters and questioned. Then they shipped me off to Duesseldorf and later to a small village in Westphalia, where there was a prison camp. After a few weeks I was detailed to sweeping the streets, and one day while at work I picked up a stout piece of wood and slipped it into the leg of my breeches. That night, after eating my turnip soup and black bread, I turned in and pretended to sleep until 1:30 a. m., when I knew the guard would be light. I put my club under my jumper and walked out to the gate of the compound. It was a barbed wire enclosure with an open gate about six feet wide, in which a guard constantly stood. I had a cigarette and asked the guard for a match. He put down his rifle and reached into his back pocket for a match. Just then I cracked him on the head with my club and he went down, but started to yell. I pushed my fist into his mouth and you can see what he did to my hand with his teeth (exhibiting deep tooth scars). I kicked him in the face until he was senseless, and then

stealing his shoes, I ran back and got Lieut. Turner of the Princess Pats and Miss Morris, a nurse, who was captured when Edith Cavell was arrested in Brussels. We got out and began to travel. During the day we lay in a wheat field, with one of us on watch. Traveling by night and living mainly on turnips and carrots, we went through Westphalia, passing near Dortmund, Elberfeld and Cologne. At Mons a Belgian priest gave us food and hid us in a cellar, finally concealing us under a load of hay. Turner got a bad case of cramps from the raw vegetable diet. In the outskirts of Mons we were almost captured and were shot at while stealing vegetables. To make a long story short, we ultimately reached the French headquarters at Dickebusch. We were given wine and bread and sent on to the British. The general commanding was very severe and said that we had no right to appear before him in such a condition.

"Eventually we were sent on to Paris and turned over to the Department of Criminal Investigation, where our stories were checked up. We were cleaned up and Turner and I were sent to London. He went to a hospital and his mother later wrote me that he had died in Canada. Miss Morris also is dead, I have learned.

"I was returned to Aldershot and nine days later was back in France. I was put to work at once, and on the eighth day after my arrival and on my sixth trip up, I was hit by a machine-gun bullet and my left kneecap torn off (showing a great scar on the left knee). They put a silver kneecap in, and after a long treatment at the Cambridge Surgical Hospital, Aldershot, and at No. 2 District Hospital, Hendon, I was found to be stiff-legged and was discharged from the British army as an invalid on December 16, 1917.

"Having been so long in hospital, I had saved some money, and for the first time in my life I traveled as a passenger to New York. I hung around New York awhile, making talks for the Red Cross and lecturing. My knee improved fast, so I joined the U. S. Army as a member of the First Over-

seas Replacements. I went from Fort Slocum to Camp Meade and then to Hoboken and overseas once more. I was transferred to the Fifth Field Artillery and then to the Field Artillery, Battery E, Headquarters Troop, and went with them through the fighting at Chateau-Thierry, Belleau Woods and Chamigny. At Chamigny it was that our battery was dug in. Things got very hot and we were told to stand by while the guns were taken back. The Germans came up suddenly and I had nothing but my Colt forty-five automatic, with three clips of cartridges. I was shooting as fast as I could, when I got a crack with the butt of a rifle in the back. As I started to fall I got another smash that crushed the second and third vertebrae of my spine. Before I hit the ground a bullet from a Mauser pistol caught me in the forehead and ploughed across the top of my head, following the skull. It is there now. Feel it (which I did).

"Thirty-seven hours later stretcher bearers picked me up. I had been unconscious all the time. I was taken to Base Hospital 33, at Brest, and later to Greenhut's Hospital. Finally I was sent to Fort McPherson, where Dr. Little took charge of me. He found fractures of the two vertebrae and I lay for one year and eight months in a plaster cast at Fort McHenry and at Fox Hills, Staten Island.

"When I was discharged I had nearly $2,000 in money. The girl I had known before I was hurt went back on me. She said she wouldn't marry a hunchback, and the hump on my back was far worse then than it is now. I promptly went to the dogs, not caring what happened to me.

"When my money was about gone I shipped on the U. S. and Australasia Line's steamship *Cathlameet* for Australia via Panama. We touched at Melbourne and Perth and then went back to Sydney, where I went home by train and saw my family again after a second absence of five years. After a week at home I returned to the States on the same ship and left her finally in New York.

"Then I went into the show business, going to London with Bud Atkins' Rodeo in charge of cattle and horses. I got a cow puncher's outfit and was one of the first cowboys to be chased off Rotten Row by the police. I hear they let them ride there now.

"Atkins went broke and came home, but I got the U. S. Consul to ship me for Hamburg on the *Schuylkill Bridge*. After a voyage or two on the *Manchuria* I went on the beach in Hamburg and bummed my way all over Germany. Then I stowed away in the bunkers of the *Mongolia* and made my way back to New York. It was not hard. Boys in the crew fed me and in New York I cleaned up, borrowed a pass from one of the sailors and went ashore. The officers never knew I was on the ship.

"The next two months I spent in New York. Tex Rickard gave me a job in his swimming-pool in Madison Square Garden. While on this job I became acquainted with young Henry John Harrison, the son of a New York millionaire. He wanted to see some rough life, so we beat our way together to San Francisco, crossing the country in one month. We then went to Los Angeles and I got a job in the movies, appearing as the hunchback in the Fox production called "Lights of the Underworld." As I got only three dollars per day, I soon quit and young Harrison and I went to San Pedro and shipped for New York on the tanker *Cape Ann*. Harrison went home well satisfied with his experience and I shipped for Australia on the freighter *Eastern Queen*, of the U. S. and Australia Line.

"As we left the Panama Canal we took in tow the yacht *Speejacks*, on which Mr. McGowan, of Cleveland, was taking his famous honeymoon. The *Speejacks* has gasoline capacity for only three thousand miles and we towed her all the way from Panama to Pago-Pago. She was ninety-eight feet long and twenty-five feet wide. Her power consisted of two sixty-horse-power Winton engines and she had a small jib sail. On this voyage we made long stops in the South Sea

Islands and I saw a good deal of them. I drank karva with the Samoan Chief, saw the Siva Siva dance in the moonlight and visited Massacre Bay, where four hundred bluejackets were once slain by the Kanakas. At Suva we caught an eighteen-foot shark with seven rows of teeth. I left the *Eastern Queen* at Sydney, and hearing that there was a vacancy in the engine-room of the *Speejacks*, I applied for the job and got it. I remained on her until she reached Marseilles, where things got so unpleasant that I left her in 1923. I could even then foresee the unhappy end of that honeymoon. While I was on her the *Speejacks* was never in any real danger except once when we were in a hard blow in the Indian Ocean.

"From Marseilles I shipped to New York and then hoboed to Florida. Then I went to North and South Dakota, working in the fields and in garages, finally working down to El Paso. I went into Mexico with some other hoboes, with the idea of getting mixed up in their revolution. We all landed in jail, but managed to escape and get across the line. Otherwise we might finally have been shot. I stuck around the border gambling houses awhile, and then shipped back to New York. I made five trips to Bremerhaven on the *Amerika* and am now on my second trip on the *Republic*.

"I think I'll make one more trip to the Orient and then settle down on shore. I know I can't live this way forever, but my experience with women makes me afraid to pick out a girl and settle down. I hope I'll meet the right one some day. I think I'll try a German girl. They seem to help a man more and not to have such extravagant ideas."

TOP—*The Resolute.*

MIDDLE—*The conservatory of the ship.*

BOTTOM—*The spacious "winter garden."*

Ship Scenes

# XIX

## HOME ON THE RESOLUTE

"Paris," said a home friend one day several years ago, as we were sitting in a boulevard cafe, "never changes. I have been coming here a good many years now, and except for the motors and taxis in the streets, I might never have been away."

So it seemed to me when I strolled out from the Hotel Crillon, and made my leisurely way down the Rue Royale to the Madeleine and thence on the boulevards to the Opera. The crowds drinking brandy and sirup and cold coffee under the awnings of the Cafe de la Paix were apparently the same people who were drinking there when I left them a couple of years before, and they were certainly being served by the same waiters. Two-thirds of the broad footwalk was given over to the restaurant and glasses and teacups were parked amongst the feet of the passing throng. What a contrast to fine and orderly old London—a contrast that is the more striking when one makes the sudden transition involved in the air passage. It is true that there is a new building or two in sight, one of them erected by a big British bank. They have a better lot of taxicabs, too, for the old pre-war vehicles are now ending their careers of usefulness. And there is a new American newspaper, *The Times*, published in the afternoon. At the Follies the crowd was bigger than ever, with so many standing on the ground floor and in every balcony that late-comers did well to get a glimpse of the stage. The same flocks of street girls were around with their incessant importunations for a cigarette, a Benedictine or a twenty-franc souvenir.

A very nice man, widely known in American athletic circles, told me of his night adventures. With a companion

he went out to see the town, and as was inevitable, in the first or second place they visited, two girls attached themselves to them and would not be shaken off. They took a taxi and went from restaurant to restaurant all night long. At each place the young women seized upon all the change, until their accumulation of my friend's francs became a serious matter. He plotted a revenge. About 5 a. m. he directed the driver to stop at the Ritz, where his friend said that he must run to his room for a moment. My friend then told the cabman to drive around to the American bar on the other side. With many warnings to his female companions not to desert him, and with assurances that he would be absent but a moment, he went into the bar, and through to the other side, where his companion awaited him with another cab. In a moment they were on their way to distant Saint Germain, speculating as to the nature of the conversation that was bound to take place between the two women of Paris and the old cab driver, who had a whole night's fare due him.

The American Express exchanged my order for a ticket on the *Resolute* and got me a seat in the boat train, leaving St. Lazare for Cherbourg at 8:20 a. m. So well did the polite young clerk serve me, without making any charge at all, that when I found my compartment in the special car, I discovered it was placarded, "Mr. C. R. Greer and party." Thus I had for a single fare an entire first-class compartment to myself for the six-hour ride of two hundred and ten miles from Paris to the old fishing town of Cherbourg, which an artificial harbor has made one of the most important of French ports.

I journeyed in extreme comfort, alternately reading, dozing and gazing from the window at the landscape of Normandy, parts of which, especially to the west of the mediaeval town of Caen, are far the finest agricultural districts I have ever seen in France. They might well have been a bit of my own Miami Valley. The restaurant car provided

a luncheon that left nothing to be desired. It may be of interest to many to know that the highly intelligent representative of the United American Lines, who went down with us from Paris, pronounced Normandy with a distinct stress on the second syllable.

The Cherbourg dock, separated from the main town by an inlet of the sea, was a scene of considerable activity when we arrived shortly before 2:30 p. m. The *Olympic* and the *George Washington* had already come in from Southampton and were lying inside the breakwater a couple of miles out, as the water at the landing stage is too shallow for large ships and passengers must be sent out in tenders.

The passport offices and custom-house are clearly marked for the various lines using the port, and although west-bound ships were running light between seasons, the aggregate for the three ships made a considerable crowd. The center of attraction was General John J. Pershing, who was going home after an inspection of the American cemeteries in the war zone. In his civilian clothes he looked fit and vigorous and not at all as a man marked for the age retirement that awaited him soon after his return. He had come down from Paris in an army car in rather fast time, we heard.

With my passport stamped and my boarding card safely tucked away, nothing remained except to idly study my fellow voyagers and to kill as best I might the weary hours until the *Resolute* should appear and take us aboard. My attention was attracted by three Japanese youths carrying presses of tennis rackets, and I assumed that they were the members of the Japanese Olympic tennis team. Approaching them I said, "I suppose you have been playing tennis in the Olympic games. How did you come out?" With that smile so characteristic of the Japanese, their leader responded, "No good; the Americans win everything." After a little more friendly talk the Japanese lad said, "We are in much trouble;" and turning to T. Harada, added, "when we went to the train this morning my friend leave his passport on the

table in his room and not find it out until the train had gone." Now this was bad enough. They were two hundred and ten miles from Paris, and the *Olympic*, on which they were booked, was waiting for the tender to take them aboard. I inquired as to the condition of the papers of the other two and was told that they were all right. The young men spoke English very indifferently and they seemed at quite a loss as to what course to pursue. My sympathies were aroused and I volunteered to give them such help as was within my power. A Raymond and Whitcomb man was passing, and thinking that he would know all the port and steamship authorities, I appealed to him to bring the matter at once to the attention of the American Consul and the White Star Line officials. In a short time he returned with a representative of the consulate and a minor White Star official. When the situation was explained the consul said that he would make no objection to the young man going aboard. But this did not satisfy the steamship man. He explained to me that his company would subject itself to a possible fine of $1,000, if it brought a passenger to New York without the proper papers, and that the matter would have to be settled by someone higher in authority. I pressed him to exert himself further and in a short time he reappeared with two other White Star men. They finally agreed to permit Harada to sail, with the understanding that they investigate his story and forward the missing passport to the proper authority in New York. They explained very clearly that if the passport were not found they would cable to have him deported on the same ship. A charge of $3 was exacted to cover the cable tolls, and greatly relieved, the three Japanese boys were put aboard their tender. They distributed tips freely and rewarded me with most profuse thanks and a Japanese cigarette. A week later we had a wireless on shipboard telling of their arrival. The facts were slightly garbled, but it was made clear that after a detention of a couple of hours Mr. Curran, the Immigration Commissioner, paroled Harada. As I have

Elbow-room at Sea

*The spaciousness of the accommodations on the Resolute is suggested by these pictures:*

TOP—*The dining-room.*

MIDDLE—*The broad promenade deck.*

BOTTOM—*The swimming-pool.*

since seen reports of his matches in the United States, I have no doubt his troubles were all speedily adjusted. Their names, as I made them out from their entry in my note-book, were L. Okavioto, M. Fukuda and T. Harada.

Boarding a steamship for home sounds like a very simple process; for example, much like taking a taxi at the office door at 4:50 and catching the 5:10 for home. But it isn't always so. It was more than fourteen hours from the time I stepped into a cab at the Hotel Crillon, at eight o'clock Wednesday morning, until I finally set my feet upon the deck of the United American steamship *Resolute*, bound for New York. It required, in the first place, over six hours to run to Cherbourg. When we arrived there the *Resolute* had not yet left Southampton. She had experienced two delays. The first was due to fog in the North Sea as she came down from Hamburg, or rather Cuxhaven. Then she bumped squarely into the Review of the British Grand Fleet, at Spithead, and although she had a wonderful view of the one hundred and ninety-three ships that His Majesty was giving the annual once-over, there was some delay in getting into Southampton. In fact the port of Southampton was entirely closed for a time.

About four o'clock we were informed that the tender would be ready at 8:30 p. m. and that we would be the guests of the company at dinner at the Casino, a hotel facing the sea and having a pleasant terrace and public rooms. The afternoon was the coolest I experienced in Europe and an overcoat felt quite comfortable. The beach curved around from the hotel, but was stony and uninviting. Further to the left it ran under an old sea-wall and it was here made up of slate-colored sand. The place swarmed with pleasure-seekers. To me they appeared to be residents of Cherbourg, but a woman who seemed to know the place well, said that Cherbourg was a watering place for the people of a considerable district of France. In any case the beach crowd consisted almost entirely of women and children. The former were all

busily engaged in knitting or embroidery, while the children dug in the sand or waded in the shallow surf. Many of them wore bathing suits, but I saw only a dozen or so hardy enough to brave the chilly water, and these were well-grown girls. On emerging they at once threw coats or sweaters over their shoulders, and most of the knitters had places in the sun and were muffled against the chilly breeze. Now bathing resorts never appeal to me as a place for a prolonged holiday, even when glorified to the point of Brighton or our own Atlantic City. But forlorn and ancient little Cherbourg seemed far from the abode of pleasure. When at early dusk we walked back to the wharf through the narrow and empty old streets, lined with almost windowless buildings of another age, it seemed to me that an active American would find the life of such a town unendurably comfortless and restricted. I did not envy the people their daily life.

I was relieved to see a motor-car from Paris, for which we had watched in the afternoon. Two American girls, in considerable mental stress, had been waiting for it a long time, They told me that their mother had stopped to say good-by to a friend at the station in Paris and had delayed so long over her farewells that the train began to move and she could not board it. The daughters had swung on, and there they were with their mother and their passports left behind. She had wired that she was engaging a motor-car to bring her down. The captain of the *George Washington* held the ship nearly three hours and she was taken aboard on a launch, after a drive from Paris that must have harassed her already strained nerves.

Our tender put off before nine o'clock and we could see the dark mass of the *Resolute* looming over the breakwater. She came inside, where we met her, and despite a stiffish breeze, we were speedily at her side and a gang-plank brought us aboard. Getting on board the two racing shells used by the Yale University crew in their Olympic victory, was not quite so simple. John M. Goetschius, the Yale graduate manager,

and Sid Coe, the trainer, kept a watchful eye on their craft as they were swung clear and hoisted to the boat deck. These shells represented a cost of about $1,500 each, and though they would not be used another year in racing, because of the danger of their getting out of true, they were still of use as training boats. Ben Spock, the number seven of the crew, was also going home. He had a summer job awaiting him. In the opinion of some very good judges, he was the best oar on the boat; yet he started as a high jumper and only took to rowing in the hope that it might develop his chest. Mr. Averill Harriman, son of the famous E. H. Harriman, the railroad magnate, is the chief owner of the United American line, which operates in connection with the Hamburg-American. He is an old Yale oarsman and I learned that he charged the crew nothing for their transportation. A son of the late William Rockefeller was the crew captain and he and a couple of other boys did not return, but proceeded on a trip around the world, preliminary to his embarkation in the banking business.

There was among our party in the tender an attractive and spirited young American girl who had, however, spent most of her life on the other side. High above us on the deck of the *Resolute*, she espied a girl cousin who had got aboard in Southampton. Their shouted greetings quickly merged into a conversation to the great entertainment of her fellow passengers. "Did you have a good time in Paris?" called the cousin. "Oh, wonderful," came the answer, "except that I spent most of my time in a hospital. You know I had an operation. I'll tell you all about it. Oh, well, I had my appendix taken out." At this juncture her mother suggested that she wait until she got aboard before disclosing further details.

During the next eight days I led the most restful and perhaps the most uneventful life of my entire career. The return was in striking contrast to the outgoing voyage, when the ship was filled to overflowing and enthusiasm ran high.

We were on one of the most comfortable ships afloat and nothing that could contribute to our well-being was lacking. But the fact remained that we were between seasons and there were but seventy-one of us in the first class, where accommodation is provided for nearly five hundred. Three ships leaving Cherbourg for New York in one afternoon gave fairly convincing evidence that the shipping business isn't all beer and skittles and that competition is too great for profit. The trouble is, of course, that Americans travel for pleasure mainly in the summer; and the peak load going east in May, June and early July, and going west in late August, September and October, is enormous. At other times the picking is rather slim. The *Resolute*, as a matter of fact, drops out of the service in the winter and makes a long tourist cruise. During the previous two winters she had been around the world with excursion parties, and in the winter of 1924-25 she goes around South America. Her spaciousness and solid comfort and the experience of her crew and stewards, most of whom have been with her ever since she bore her present name, must make her an ideal boat for such a voyage. In fact, the U. S. Health Service Major, who boarded us in New York and with whom I gossiped as we went down from quarantine, expressed the conviction that the *Resolute* and her sister *Reliance*, were among the pleasantest ships coming into the port of New York.

Our days were spent in eating and sleeping, mainly, with intervals of gossip about one another. We had aboard one man who furnished abundant material. He was not less than sixty years of age and I think he was of German birth. He had lived long in New York and married a rich woman, it was said. In any case, he started his ship career by picking on the youngest girls first. Their ability to take care of themselves baffled him immediately, and then he progressed through the list of matrons, until at the end of the voyage it was commonly said that there was but one woman on the ship who would speak to this aged Lothario. Even the ship

officers began to take an interest in his conduct. My respect for the worldly wisdom of our flapper class rose considerably when one of the very youngest of them said to me one evening: "I wish that old beast would get drunker than he is and fall overboard."

Going over on the *Republic*, Mr. M. C. Robbins, the New York publisher of advertising and gas trade journals, made a speech at a luncheon I attended. It was his first crossing and he said that two things impressed him particularly. The first one was that the sea was a pretty big place; the second was that it was the handiest place in the world for throwing things out the window. I remember hearing Mr. Lloyd George tell a story on his American visit. It concerned an old Welshman who had lived seventy years in great frugality on a small patch of land and had never wandered more than ten miles from home. Some friends finally took him to the coast. As he stood on a cliff and gazed silently out to sea, one of them said, "Well, David, what do you think of it?" "I was thinking this," he responded; "I thank God that for once in my life I have seen something that there seems to be plenty of." A ten-day boat, or even an eight-day boat, makes the Atlantic Ocean appear a pretty sizable place. From the moment I set foot on the *Resolute* until we passed Nantucket lightship I never saw a thing but water. There were a few porpoises near the lightship.

The party was too small for the usual ship social activities and our excellent eight-piece German orchestra played night after night in the sumptuous winter garden for groups of dancers that never reached a dozen. We encountered quite a bit of fog and then, for ten seconds out of every sixty, the deep-throated whistle of the *Resolute* boomed out over the empty sea. Two voyages previously she passed through one thousand, three hundred and fifty miles of fog going east and thirteen hundred on the westward passage.

The weather was mainly fine and neither way did I put on an overcoat at sea. At breakfast I often lingered long

over my coffee, gathering the point of view of the German soldier from my waiter, Fred H. Braemer, a Hamburg boy of extraordinary intelligence. He had fought the whole war through until he was captured by the Americans twelve days before the Armistice. His first service was on the Russian front, where he saw the fighting at Tannenburg and the Mazurian Lakes. Contrary to my expectation, he spoke with great respect of the Russian soldiers, whom he regarded as among the bravest and strongest men he had faced, as well as the best shots. He thought them badly led from the first and later they were without equipment. Their officers, he said, hung back, whereas the young German officers, most of them mere boys, were always in the forefront, and as a consequence are now nearly all dead. He told of villages in the Russian interior so backward that they did not even know the use of iron. Even the nails in their houses were of wood. Yet these simple people gave them food and water as they marched through, which was more than his own fellow countrymen often did.

The knowledge this man displayed of the larger aspects of the fighting was astonishing. On the pad used for writing down his orders he would sketch the main features of every campaign and every battle in which he took part. He attributed the failure of Germany to win at the outset to a general, whose name I think was von Hausen, and who was the artillery chief in the general staff. It was von Hausen, he thought, who had caused the first retreat at the Marne, when, in his opinion, the west flank might easily have been protected. The American losses were far larger than necessary, because of the inexperience of the men and the manner in which they needlessly exposed themselves. His picture of the final exhaustion of the German army was quite tragic. For two years, he said, the men had no food except black bread and imitation coffee morning and night and a poor quality of soup at noon. Their physical and spiritual decline under this diet he professed to have seen from day to

day. The British airmen he held in great respect, telling of one instance in which his regiment was holding a parade far back of the lines, when an English aviator suddenly swooped down on them, killing more than one hundred men with bombs and escaping unscathed.

The interest of the voyage was much increased by the courtesy of the chief steward in reserving a place for me at the table of the executive officer, Mr. F. H. Landenberger, a young and good-looking Philadelphian, who had spent more years at sea than his appearance would have suggested. He was a very fine type of the American officer, with a friendly naturalness of manner that was very appealing, and was of course a favorite with all on board, including the young girls. Though he had been several times around the world and had visited almost every seaport, he had never seen the interior of the United States west of Philadelphia. From our table conversation I picked up odds and ends of sea lore. One of the facts I recall is the disappearance of the term "mate," except on freight ships. The terms executive officer and first officer have replaced them. Our skipper was also the commodore of the fleet, Mr. Malman, of German birth and appearance, but a loyal American of long standing, as evidenced by a fine war record.

One evening Mr. Landenberger told us a curious story of the seas. We were talking of the loneliness of their vast expanse, on which for days on end no living thing was seen. "Yes," he said, "the sea is a big place, and one's chance of being found, if lost upon it, would seem small. Yet queer things do happen, as when Harry Hawker, flying alone across the Atlantic, happened to fall within a mile of the only ship perhaps within some hundreds of miles. A few years ago, when I was the skipper of a tanker, we were going down the Florida coast one night. It was very dark, but the sea was calm. I went to bed about eleven, and after one o'clock I was suddenly awakened by a queer vibration of the ship. When I became sufficiently aroused, I realized that our screw

was in reverse and the ship was trembling all over. I ran to the bridge in no very pleasant frame of mind and asked the man at the wheel what was the trouble. 'I heard a voice calling from the sea,' he said, 'and it cried, "Stop that ship."' I told him that he must be crazy, but he was so sure and earnest that I put about on our course, stationing a man on each side with a megaphone. Sure enough, from out of the darkness I myself heard a human voice. We put out a boat with a lantern, so that we wouldn't lose it in the blackness, and following the sound, my men found and took aboard two men who were floating on the wing of an airplane. Their only injuries consisted of terrible sun-burns, from which one had his eyes completely closed. They had started from Miami for Havana and their plane blew up, dropping them into the sea unhurt. They scrambled on a wing and had been on it eleven hours when we found them. The current had carried them about 75 miles north of the place in which they fell. I put them ashore and they soon came around all right. So you see a man may be found, even in as big a place as the sea, though I admit this was one chance in a million."

# APPENDIX

## *The Official Program*
## INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISING CONVENTION

London, July 13-17, 1924

*Patron*:
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE PRINCE OF WALES, K. G., K. T.

*Convention Presidents*:
THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON
THE RIGHT HON. THE VISCOUNT BURNHAM, C. H.
THE RIGHT HON. THE VISCOUNT LEVERHULME

*President*:
LOU E. HOLLAND, ESQ.

*Chairman—District* 14: C. HAROLD VERNON, ESQ.

*Secretary-Treasurer*: JESSE H. NEAL, ESQ.

GENERAL PROGRAM COMMITTEE:

*Chairman*: HARRY TIPPER, ESQ.
*Vice-Chairman*: W. S. CRAWFORD, ESQ.
*Vice-Chairman*: JOHN H. LOGEMAN, ESQ.
*Vice-Chairman*: FRANK MCCLURE, ESQ.
*Secretary*: EARLE PEARSON, ESQ.

JULIUS KLEIN, ESQ.
FRANK T. CARROLL, ESQ.
R. H. DONNELLEY, ESQ.
THEODORE G. MORGAN, ESQ.
C. K. WOODBRIDGE, ESQ.
FRED JOHNSTON, ESQ.
E. D. GIBBS, ESQ.
JOHN H. FAHEY, ESQ.

# Sunday Arrangements

**Sunday Morning—13th July**

10:15—WESTMINSTER ABBEY—*Preacher*, The Lord Bishop of Durham, the Right Rev. Herbert Hensley Henson, D.D.
12:00—WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL (R. C.)—The Rev. Father Knox, M. A.

**Sunday Afternoon—13th July**

## THE CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER

*Inspirational Meeting at 3:15 P. M.*

*Speaker*—Fred B. Smith, Esq., of New York.

*Presiding*—C. Harold Vernon, (Chairman District 14, Associated Advertising Clubs of the World).
*Invocation*—By the Very Rev. Albert Victor Baillie, C.V.O., M.A., (Dean of Windsor).
Organ Recital on the Grand Organ by Mr. Arthur Neale, F.R.C.O. from 2:45.

**Sunday Evening—13th July**

7:00—St. Paul's Cathedral—The Very Rev. W. R. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's.
7:00—Wesley's Chapel, City Road, E. C.—The Rev. Walter H. Armstong and Frederick E. Potter (Chairman Church Advertising Department).
7:00—City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, E. C.—The Rev. Dr. Lynn Harold Hough, of Detroit, Michigan.
7:00—Central Hall, Westminster—The Rev. Dinsdale T. Young, D.D.
7:00—Westminster Congregational Church, Buckingham Gate, S. W.—The Rev. John A. Hutton, D.D.
7:00—Kingsway Hall (West London Mission), Kingsway—The Rev. J. E. Rattenbury and J. D. Mugford (Hon. Sec. Publicity Club, of London).

Many of the leading Brotherhood Meetings are being addressed by distinguished overseas delegates in the afternoon.

# Welcome Session

## MAIN CONFERENCE HALL, PALACE OF INDUSTRY, WEMBLEY

### Monday Morning—14th July

*Presiding*—The Rt. Hon. Viscount Burnham, C.H.

10:00—Music.
10:30—Chairman's Address.
10:40—Convention declared open by H.R.H.THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G., K.T.
10:50—His Excellency, Frank Kellogg (United States Ambassador).
11:10—The Right Hon. J. H. Thomas, P.C., M.P., (Colonial Secretary).
11:30—Lou E. Holland, Esq. (President Associated Advertising Clubs of the World).
11:50—*The Spirit of the Convention*—Harry Tipper, Esq. (Chairman General Program Committee of the Convention).
12:10—F. M. Fieker, Esq. (Special Commissioner, Department of Commerce of the United States).
12:45—C. Harold Vernon, Esq. (Chairman of District 14, of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World).

The opening ceremony and speeches will be broadcast by the British Broadcasting Co., Ltd.

### Monday Afternoon at 2:30

Mr. Lou E. Holland, *Presiding.*

Chairman's Address.
"*Exhibitions and the Arts of Display*"—Sir Lawrence Weaver (Director of United Kingdom Exhibit, Wembley).
"*Advertising the Creator of Public Standards in Business*"—Mr. Francis H. Sisson (Vice-President Guaranty Trust Company, New York).
"*The Future of Advertising*"—Sir Charles Higham.
Rt. Hon. J. R. Clynes, M.P. (Lord Privy Seal and Leader of the House of Commons).
"*Welding the Nations by Advertising*"—Mr. E. Leslie Bergin.
Mr. Gerald France.

## General Session

**Tuesday Morning—15th July**

THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT LEVERHULME, *Presiding*.

Chairman's Address.
Rt. Hon. STANLEY H. BALDWIN, M. P.
"*Industrial and Commercial Leadership the Need of the Day*"—Mr. JAMES D. MOONEY, (President, General Motors Export Company, New York).
Sir ROBERT S. HORNE, M.P.
"*Essentials of Advertising Progress*"—Mr. O. C. HARN (Advertising Manager of the National Lead Co., New York).
Sir PHILIP LLOYD-GREAME, M.P.
*Announcements*—Mr. HARRY TIPPER (Chairman of General Program Committee).

## General Session

**Thursday Morning—17th July**

C. HAROLD VERNON, Esq., *Presiding*.

Chairman's Address.
"*Building a Nation with Advertising*"—Mr. E. W. BEATTY (President of Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal).
"*Advertising a Protection to the Public*"—Sir HERBERT MORGAN.
Rt. Hon. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.
"*How Advertising Welded the United States Market*"—Hon. E. T. MEREDITH (ex-Secretary of Agriculture, U. S. A.).
Sir WM. BERRY.
Mr. JOHN CHESHIRE.

## Farewell Session

**Thursday Afternoon—17th July**

Mr. Lou E. Holland, *Presiding.*

Opening. All delegates to assemble in main conference hall under countries and national State banners.

*Schedule of meeting*:

Reports of officers and committees.
Adoption of resolutions.
Confirmation of selection of Convention city for 1925.
Election of president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World for 1924-25.
Election of secretary-treasurer of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World for 1924-25.
Special presentations.

## Annual Meeting of National Advertising Commission

**Monday—14th July, 1 P. M.**

CONFERENCE HALL No. 5, PALACE OF INDUSTRY, WEMBLEY

## Official Dinner for Board of Club Presidents

**Tuesday—15th July, Piccadilly Hotel—7:30 P. M.**

## Meeting of Joint Assembly

**Tuesday—15th July, 1 P. M.**

PALACE OF INDUSTRY, WEMBLEY (Conference Hall No. 5.)

## Advertising Agents' Department

**Tuesday Afternoon—15th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. L. O. Johnson, President, A.B.A.A.

*"What Advertising Agency Service Means."*

(*a*) In Great Britain—Mr. Percy C. Burton.
(*b*) In the U. S. A.—Mr. Roy S. Durstine.

*"Agency Association Progress."*
(*a*) In Great Britain—Mr. JAMES STRONG.
(*b*) In the U. S. A.—Mr. NEWCOMB CLEVELAND.

**Wednesday Morning—16th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. STANLEY RESOR, President A. A. of A. A.

*Markets of the British Empire*—Mr. W. LINT SMITH.
*Markets of the U. S. A.*—Mr. WILLIAM J. BOARDMAN.
Mr. J. C. SIBBETT (South Africa) and Advertising Agents from other countries overseas will contribute to the discussion.

## Advertising Specialty Department

**Wednesday Afternoon—16th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. U. RAE COLSON.

*"The Value of Advertising Specialties"*—Mr. U. RAE COLSON (President U. Rae Colson Company, Paris, Illinois).
*"Art in Advertising"*—Mr. E. J. BARKLOW (Vice-President Gerlach-Barklow Company, Joliet, Illinois).
*"The Place of the Advertising Specialty in a National Campaign"*—Mr. CARROLL H. SUDLER (Ketterlinus Litho. Co., Chicago).
Showing of the Association's film, "The Way to Success."

## Blockmaking and Photographic Reproduction

**Wednesday Afternoon—16th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. ANDREW DARGAVEL (President of the Federation of Master Process Engravers of Great Britain).
Kinematograph Film—*"How Illustrations are Made"*—Mr. FRANK COLEBROOK, F.A.I.
*"Your Story in Pictures Leaves Nothing Untold"*—Mr. E. W. HOUSER (President Barnes-Crosby Company, Chicago).
*"Co-operation between Photo-Engravers and Advertisers"*— Mr. H. C. CAMPBELL, Seattle, Washington (Vice-President American Photo-Engravers' Association).
*"Federation: For and Against"*—Mr. DAVID GREENHILL (Treasurer, Home Counties' Alliance, F.M.P.)
*Discussion*—Continued by Mr. LOUIS FLADER (Commissioner, American Photo-Engravers' Association).

# Business Research Department

**Tuesday Afternoon—15th July**

*Presiding*—The Rt. Hon. Lord Ebury.

"*Business Research in Great Britain*"—Mr. A. L. McCredie (Director of Business Research, Paul E. Derrick Advertising Agency, Ltd.; President Business Research Association of Great Britain).

"*How Simplification is Earning Dividends in British Business*"—Mr. Cecil Chisholm (Managing Editor of *System*).

"*Business Research in the United States*"—Mr. Paul T. Cherington (Director of Research, J. Walter Thompson Co., New York).

"*Co-operative Development of Markets for Basic Industries*"—Sir Stanley Bois (Director, The Rubber Growers' Assocation).

**Wednesday Morning—16th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. Harry Tipper, Secretary Automotive Division, United Publishers' Corporation, New York.

"*Research in Merchandising*"—Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge (Chairman, Selfridge and Co., Ltd., London).

"*Research Work by American Advertising Agencies*"—Mr. Harry Dwight (Smith, Fuller and Smith, Cleveland, Ohio).

"*Research in a Catering Organization*"—Mr. Alfred Salmon (Chairman and Managing Director, J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., London).

"*Statistical Services Available to American Business Men*"—Mr. Ray Vance (President, Brookmire Economic Service, New York).

**Wednesday Afternoon—16th July**

*Presiding*—Major van den Heuvel (J.C. Eno, Ltd., London).

"*Research Work of The Curtis Publishing Company*"—Mr. Charles Coolidge Parlin

"*Business Forecasting by Research*"—Professor A. L. Bowley (Professor of Statistics in University of London).

"*Research Work by American Colleges*"—Professor G. B. Hotchkiss (Chairman, Marketing Division, School of Commerce, New York University, New York).

"*The Application of Industrial Design to Commercial Products*"—Mr. Chas. Tennyson (Deputy Director, Federation of British Industries).

# Church Advertising Department

**Tuesday Afternoon—15th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. Frederick E. Potter, London.

"*What is Religious or Church News?*"—Mr. James Schermerhorn (formerly Owner and Editor the *Detroit Times*, Detroit, Michigan).

"*Publicity for a Local Church*"—Mr. Sydney Walton (Publicist and Chairman of Convention Press Bureau).

"*The Need for Church Advertising*"—Dr. W. J. Stidger (Detroit, Mich.).

"*Discerning the Times*"—Rev. Tom Sykes (General Secretary, Brotherhood Movement).

"*Space for Church Advertisements in Newspapers*"—Mr. James W. Brown (Owner and Editor of *Editor and Publisher*, New York).

"*The Personal Touch in Church Advertising*"—Mr. B. Whitworth Hird (Press Consultant, London and North-Eastern Railway Co.).

**Wednesday Morning—16th July**

*Presiding*—Sydney W. Pascall, J.P. (James Pascall, Ltd.).

"*Backing Up Church Advertising*"—Mr. A. C. Pearson, Vice-President United Publishers' Corporation, New York).

"*Publicity as an Evangelistic Medium*"—Mr. G. E. Rogers (Wesleyan-Methodist Temperance and Social Welfare Department).

"*Illustrations of Church Advertising*"—Mr. Rowe Stewart (Business Manager *Philadelphia Record*, Philadelphia).

"*A Great Vision—Can it be Realized?*"—Mr. A. E. Wiseman (The Pyrene Co., Ltd., London).

"*Forms of Church Advertising*"—Mr. John Clyde Oswald (Owner and Editor of the *American Printer*, New York).

**Wednesday Afternoon—16th July**

*Presiding*—John Clyde Oswald, New York.

"*First Things in Church Advertising*"—Mr. Paul T. Cherington (Director of Research, J. Walter Thompson Co., New York).

"*What the Y. M. C. A. Owes to Publicity*"—Sir Arthur K. Yapp (Secretary National Council of Y. M. C. A.).

"*What Should the Church Advertise?*"—Dr. Charles Stelzle (New York).

"*The Cinema and the Church*"—Rev. Fred. W. Chudleigh (East London Mission).

"*Wireless and the Christian Message*"—Mr. Oscar E. Seyd (St. James's Advertising and Publishing Co., Ltd., London).

# Club Development Conference

**Wednesday Morning—16th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. Lou E. Holland, President Associated Advertising Clubs of the World.

"*The Convention and District* 14"—Mr. C. Harold Vernon.

"*Building an Advertising Club*"—Mr. Carl Hunt (Manager, Associated Advertising Clubs of the World).

"*Study Programs*"—Mr. Paul T. Cherington (Director of Research, J. Walter Thompson Company, New York).

*Round-Table Talks from Clubs* (five-minute speeches)—Mr. Carl T. F. Meyer (President, Advertising Club of St. Louis), and Mrs. H. C. Squires (Advertising Club of Scranton), representing Clubs in the United States and Representatives from five British Clubs.

# Community Development

**Tuesday Afternoon—15th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. Charles F. Hatfield, St. Louis.

Report by Mr. J. M. Mallory (Secretary-Treasurer).

"*Publicity as a Factor in the Development of Civic Pride*"—Major Richard Rigg (Chairman of the London Temperance Hospital); Mr. H. B. Dickson (Manager, Columbus Conventions, Expositions, and Community Service Association, Columbus, Ohio).

"*Town Planning*"—Mr. Merrill C. Jenkins (New Haven, Conn.); Alderman E. Coleman (Margate).

**Wednesday Morning—16th July**

*Presiding*—Councillor Stanley Dowling (Margate).

"*The Relation of Chambers of Trade and Commerce to the Municipality*"—Mr. Patrick Howling (General Secretary of National Chamber of Trade, London).

"*The Relation of Chambers of Trade and Commerce to Municipal Authorities*"—Mr. Roland B. Woodward (General Secretary, Chamber of Commerce, Rochester, New York).

"*How to Boom Holiday Resorts*"—Mr. John Hatton (Publicity Director of the Borough of Bath); Mr. A. W. Neally (Geyer-Dayton Co., Dayton, Ohio).

# Direct Mail Advertising Department

**Tuesday Afternoon—15th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. Joseph B. Mills, President, Direct Mail Advertising Association of America.

"*The A B C of Direct Mail Advertising*"—Mr. Arthur Chadwick (Managing Director, Amalgamated Publicity Services, Ltd., London).

*Discussion.*

"*Commercial Correspondence—A New Business Building Force*"—Mr. Louis Balsam (Editor, *The Mail Bag*, Cleveland, Ohio).

*Questions.*

"*Dealer Helps and Sales Assistance by Direct Advertising*"—Mr. T. H. McArthur (The Wellington Press, London).

*Discussion.*

"*Selling by Mail*" (Post)—Mr. John Howie Wright, New York.

*Discussion.*

"*Loose Leaf Catalogues in the Field of Direct Advertising*"—Mr. Gerald Poulton (Poulton Bros., Ltd., London).

*Questions.*

**Wednesday Morning—16th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. Arthur Chadwick.

"*Where and How to Use Direct Mail in Marketing*"—Mr. Homer J. Buckley (President, Buckley, Dement and Co., Chicago).

*Discussion.*

"*House Organs—How They Help in Direct Advertising*"— Mr. Charles B. Penwarden (Managing Director, Penwarden and Co., Ltd. Manchester).

*Questions.*

"*Specific Sales Success from the Use of Good Mailing Lists*"—Mr. R. N. Fellows (Advertising Manager, Addressograph Co., Chicago).

*Discussion.*

"*Photogravure in Direct Mail Advertising*"—Mr. Wm. G. Meredith (Director, Clarke and Sherwell, Ltd., Northampton).

*Questions.*

**Wednesday Afternoon—16th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. Homer J. Buckley.

"*The Fine Art of Follow-up in Mail Order*"—Mr. Frank Derry (Ambrose Wilson, Ltd., London).

*Questions.*

"*Personality in Sales Letters*"—Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore (Director S. S. Selling Service, London).

*Questions.*

"*Direct Mail Advertising of Today and Tomorrow*"—Mr. Joseph B. Mills (Publicity Director, J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit).

*Discussion.*

"*Some Results of Postal Advertising Campaigns in Great Britain and Ireland*"—Mr. A. Mortlock (Director, Smith, Dalby-Welch, Ltd., London).

*Questions.*

"*What the Printer Can Do to Improve Direct Mail Advertising*"—Mr. George F. Storey (Storey, Evans and Co., Ltd., Leeds).

## Overseas and Export Department

### Tuesday Afternoon—15th July

*Presiding*—Mr. Eric Field.

"*Belgium and Holland*"—Mr. Fernand A. Marteau (Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London).

"*France*"—M. Marcel Nancey, representing the French Affiliated Organizations.

"*Latin-America*"—Mr. James S. Martin (Foreign Publicity Manager, Remington Typewriter Co., New York).

"*Italy and Spain*"—Mr. H. A. Lawrence (Editor, *Kelly's Directory of Merchants, Manufacturers and Shippers of the World*).

"*South Africa*"—Mr. A. H. Tatlow (Manager Publicity Department, South African Railways and Harbours).

"*Sweden*"—Mr. E. G. Sahlin (Swedish Consul-General in London).

"*Denmark and Norway*"—Mr. C. Thompson Walker (D. J. Keymer and Co., Ltd.).

### Wednesday Morning—16th July

*Presiding*—Mr. James S. Martin.

"*Australasia*"—Mr. C. H. Jones (Advertising Manager, *Melbourne Argus*, Past President, Advertising Association of Australia).

"*China and Japan*"—Sir Edward Crowe, K.C.M.G.

"*India and Ceylon*"—Sir Daniel Keymer.

"*Canada*"—Mr. W. A. Lydiatt (President, Marketing Publishers, Ltd., Toronto).

## French Session

**Wednesday Morning—16th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. JOHN HART.

"*Marketing a Product in Great Britain and America*"—Mr. JOHN HART (Hart and Hartford, Ltd., London).

"*The Functions of the American Better Business Bureaus and the Audit Bureau of Circulation in America and Great Britain*"—Mr. FERNAND A. MARTEAU (London).

## Association of National Advertisers (America) and Inc. Society of British Advertisers

**Wednesday Afternoon—16th July**

*Presiding*—Messrs. A. G. STEELE and P. L. THOMSON.

"*How to Develop Export Trade*"—

2:30 P. M.—Mr. MONT H. WRIGHT (Publicity Director, John B. Stetson Co., Philadelphia).

3:00 P. M.—ARTHUR TAYLOR, Esq. (Advertising Manager Eno's Fruit Salt and Vice-President, Business Research Association of Great Britain).

3:30 P. M.—Mr. ANTHONY J. J. MACCHI (Export Manager, Australian Soap Co.).

4:00 P. M.—Mr. ERIC FIELD (Director, Erwoods, Ltd., International Advertising Agents, London).

*Discussion.*

## Federation of Women's Advertising Clubs

**Tuesday Afternoon—15th July**

*Presiding*—Miss MARION JEAN LYON (Advertising Manager of *Punch* and President of the Women's Advertising Club of London).

"*The Psychology of the British Buying Public*"—Mrs. WILSON (A. J. Wilson and Co., Ltd., London).

"*The Psychology of the American Buying Public*"—Miss MINNA HALL SIMMONS (President, League of Advertising Women, New York).

"*The Need to Explain that the Consumer Does Not Pay for Advertising*"—Miss ELLA F. THOMPSON (Advertising Consultant, London).

"*How the American Public is Being Educated in Advertising*"—Miss JESSAMINE HOAGLAND, Chicago.

"*Women in Advertising*"—Miss JULIA C. COBURN (Publicity Director La Salle and Koch Co., Toledo, Ohio).

## Women's Conference

*Presiding*—Miss E. V. MAGUIRE, of Philadelphia, Chairman of the Federation of Women's Advertising Clubs of the World.

## Film Advertising Department

**Tuesday Afternoon—15th July**

*Presiding*—The Rt. Hon. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

"*Screen Advertising in General*"—Sir WM. VENO (Vice-President, Screen Advertising Association.)

"*Activities of Screen Advertisers' Association*"—Mr. MAURICE J. CAPLAN (President, Metropolitan Motion Picture Co., Detroit; Vice-President, Screen Advertisers' Association).

**Wednesday Morning—16th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. DOUGLAS D. ROTHACKER (President Screen Advertisers' Association).

"*Slide Advertising*"—Mr. S. PRESBURY (Principal of S. Presbury and Co., London).

"*Choice Subjects for Screen Advertising*"—Mr. A. V. CAUGER (United Film Advertising Service, Kansas City, Mo.).

**Wednesday Afternoon—16th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. K. BARON HARTLEY.

"*Film Advertising*"—Mr. G. E. TURNER (Sales Manager, Cinads, Ltd., London).

"*Uses of the Screen by American Manufacturers for Educational and Welfare Work*"—Mr. BENNETT CHAPPLE (Director of Advertising, American Rolling Mill Company, Middletown, Ohio).

## Financial Advertising Department

**Wednesday Afternoon—16th July**

"*Trust Advertising*"—Mr. CLINTON F. BERRY (Advertising Manager, Union Trust Company, Detroit).

"*Investment Advertising*"—Mr. FRANK L. BLANCHARD (Director of Public Relations, Henry L. Doherty and Co., New York).

"*Novel Advertising and Merchandising Plans*"—Mr. HARRISON B. GRIMM (Manager of Business Extension Department, Security Trust Company, Detroit).

"*Savings Bank Advertising*"—Mr. C. H. HENDERSON (Publicity Manager, Union Trust Company, Cleveland).

# Industrial Advertisers' Department

**Tuesday Afternoon—15th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. M. C. Robbins, President Gas Age Publishing Co., New York.

"*The Business Paper—The Main Highway to Specific American Markets*"—Mr. Jesse H. Neal (Executive Secretary, Associated Business Papers, Inc., and Secretary-Treasurer, Associated Advertising Clubs of the World).

"*How The Hyatt Roller Bearing Company Uses Business Papers*"—Mr. Philip C. Gunion (Advertising Manager, The Hyatt Roller Bearing Co., Harrison, N. J.).

"*Industrial Co-operation in the United States and the Business Papers*"—Mr. Harry Tipper (Secretary, Automotive Division, United Publishers' Corporation, New York).

"*The Press and Industry*"—Sir Ernest Benn, Bart., C.B.E. (Benn Bros., Ltd., London).

"*Relationship between Editorial and Advertising Departments of the Business Press*"—Mr. Percival Marshall (Chairman Trade and Technical Section of the Periodical Trade Press and Weekly Newspaper Proprietor's Association).

"*Factors to be Considered in Writing Advertising Copy*"—Mr. J. C. McQuiston (Manager, Department of Publicity, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, East Pittsburgh, Pa.).

**Wednesday Morning—16th July**

At Stationers' Hall, Amen Corner, Ludgate Hill, E. C.

*Presiding*—Mr. Julius S. Holl, Vice-President, the National Industrial Advertisers' Association; Advertising Manager, Link-Belt Co., Chicago.

"*Industrial Markets of America*"—Mr. Malcolm Muir (Vice-President, McGraw-Hill Co., New York). (Illustrated).

"*Some Industrial Advertising Achievements in the U. S. A.*"—Mr. Bennett Chapple (Director of Publicity, American Rolling Mill Co., Middletown, Ohio)

"*The Marketing of High Grade Textiles*"—Mr. Holbrook Jackson (National Trade Press, Ltd.).

"*Mechanics of Industrial Advertising and Today's Practice*"—Mr. G. W. Morrison (Publicity Director, Ingersoll-Rand Co., New York).

"*The Influence of Class Papers on English Journalism*"—Mr. Ewan S. Agnew (of *Punch*, London.)

"*The Use of Direct Mail in Industrial Advertising*"—Mr. Ezra W. Clark (Advertising Manager, Clark Trutractor Co., Buchanan, Mich.)

"*Advertising and Marketing in the Machine Tool Industry in the U. S. A.*"—Mr. E. P. Blanchard (Advertising Manager, The Bullard Machine Tool Co., Bridgeport, Conn.).

**Wednesday Afternoon—16th July**

*Presiding*—Sir EDWARD ILIFFE, C.B.E., M.P. (Iliffe and Sons, Ltd.; Vice-President of Periodical, Trade Press and Weekly Newspaper Proprietors' Association.)

"*Distribution to British Markets*"—Captain A. U. M. HUDSON (Morgan Brothers, Publishers, Ltd.).

"*Distribution to American Markets*"—Mr. A. C. PEARSON (Vice-President United Publishers' Corporation, New York).

"*Advertising in Relation to the Distribution of Merchandise to British Markets*"—Lieut. Col. G. S. HUTCHISON, D.S.O., M.C. (The London Press Exchange, Ltd., Advertising Agents).

"*The Place of Dealer Papers in American National Advertising Plans*"—Mr. M. P. GOULD (President, M. P. Gould Co., Advertising Agents, New York).

"*Co-operation Between the Sales and Advertising Departments*"—Mr. KEITH J. EVANS (Advertising Manager, Joseph T. Ryerson and Son, Chicago).

## Insurance Advertising Department

**Wednesday Morning—16th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. B. SMITHER, Clerical, Medical and General Life Insurance Society.

"*Methods and Management of an Insurance Advertising Department*"—Mr. CLARENCE A. PALMER (Insurance Company of North America), and Mr. A. F. SHEPHERD (Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Co.).

"*Practical Application of Research Methods to Life Insurance Selling*"—Mr. J. M. HOLCOMBE (Manager, Life Insurance Sales Research Bureau), and Mr. J. F. JUNKIN (Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada).

**Wednesday Afternoon—16th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. CLARENCE A. PALMER, Insurance Co. of North America.

"*Overcoming Public Lethargy in the Matter of Insuring Promptly and Adequately*"—Mr. H. C. BREARLEY (President, Glen Falls Insurance Co.). and Mr. C. S. CRUMMETT (American Mutual Liability Insurance Co.).

"*Place of an Insurance Journal in an Advertising Program*"—Mrs. NORA VINCENT PAUL (Vice-President, National Underwriter Company).

*Discussions.*

## National Advertisers' Department

**Tuesday Afternoon—15th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. William H. Hartley.

"*Truth About Circulation*"—
Mr. S. A. Hirst (Advertising Director, C. E. Fulfor, Ltd.).
Mr. O. C. Harn (Advertising Manager, National Lead Co., New York).
Mr. B. Lichtenberg (Assistant Director of Advertising, Alexander Hamilton Institute, New York).
Mr. Louis Wiley (Business Manager, *New York Times*).
Mr. Stanley Resor (President, J. Walter Thompson Company, New York).

## Newspaper Advertising Executives

**Tuesday Afternoon—15th July**

*Presiding*—Lieut. Col. E. F. Lawson, D.S.O., M.C. (*The Daily Telegraph*, London).

"*London Daily Newspapers*"—Sir Andrew Caird, K.B.E. (*The Daily Mail*, London).

"*Development of American Newspapers*"—Mr. Louis Wiley (Business Manager, *New York Times*).

"*Developing the Opportunities of a British Provincial Newspaper*"—Sir James Owen (*Express and Echo*, Exeter; Past President, The Newspaper Society).

"*Newspapers—The National and International Medium*"—Mr. William H. Rankin (President, William H. Rankin Co., New York).

"*The Successful Use of the Newspapers in Developing the Automobile Industry*"—Mr. E. Leroy Pelletier (Advertising Manager, The Rickenbacker Motor Company, Detroit).

**Wednesday Morning—16th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. George M. Burbach, *Post-Dispatch*, St. Louis.

"*British and American Newspapers Compared*"—Mr. J. C. Kirkwood (St. James Advertising Company, Ltd., London).

"*Color Printing*"—Mr. L. W. Claybourn (President, Claybourn Corporation, Milwaukee, Wisconsin).

"*Newspaper Conditions in Scotland*"—Mr. James Gourley, B. Sc., J.P., *The Glasgow Herald*).

"*The Tabloid Newspaper*"—Mr. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR. (President, Vanderbilt Newspapers, Inc., Los Angeles).

"*Pictorial Newspapers*"—Mr. JAMES HEDDLE (General Manager, *Daily Sketch* and *Illustrated Sunday Herald*, London).

**Wednesday Afternoon—16th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. GEOFFREY FAIRFAX, *Sydney Morning Herald*, Sydney, Australia.

"*Newspaper and Periodical Geography*"—The Right Hon. LORD RIDDELL (Vice-Chairman, Newspaper Proprietors' Association, London).

"*Newspaper Merchandising Service*"—Mr. W. E. DONAHUE (*The Chicago Tribune*).

"*The Newspaper in India*"—Sir STANLEY REED, K.B.E. (*The Times*, of India).

"*Better Business Bureaus*"—Mr. LOU E. HOLLAND (President, Associated Advertising Clubs of the World).

"*The Mechanical Side of the Production of a Daily Newspaper*"—Mr. JOHN R. SCOTT (*The Manchester Guardian*; Past President, The Newspaper Society).

## Poster Advertising Department

**Tuesday Afternoon—15th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. WALTER HILL, of Walter Hill and Co., Ltd., London.

"*Art on the Hoarding*"—Sir HERBERT MORGAN.

"*Psychology of Mass Selling*"—Mr. COLVER GORDON (Vice-President, Outdoor Advertising Agency of America, New York).

"*The Romance of the Poster*"—Mr. A. E. CANNEY (Bovril, Ltd., Virol, Ltd., Chairman, Advertising Section of London Chamber of Commerce).

"*The Three Essentials*"—Mr. CLARENCE B. LOVELL (Poster Advertising Co., Inc., New York).

"*Poster Advertising a Commodity of World - Wide Consumption*"—Mr. KENNETH WARDEN (Advertising Manager, Lever Bros. Co.).

**Wednesday Afternoon—16th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. E. L. RUDDY, Toronto.

"*The Educative Power of the Poster*"—Mr. W. E. D. ALLEN (London).

"*The Fundamentals of Poster Advertising*"—Mr. W. T. SANGSTON (Advertising Manager, Standard Milling Co.)

"*Voluntary Censorship*"—Councillor CHAS. PASCALL (Managing Director, Pascalls, Ltd., London).

"*Poster Advertising as a Factor in Marketing*"—JUDGE E. ALLEN FROST (Poster Advertising Association, Chicago).

## Printing and Graphic Arts Department

**Wednesday Morning—16th July**

*Presiding*—Councillor W. B. Wykes, President of the Master Printers' Association.

"*How the Printer Helps the Advertiser*"—Mr. R. A. Austen-Leigh (President East Anglian Alliance).

"*The Printer and the Advertiser*"—Mr. John R. Demarest (Wilson H. Lee Company, New Haven, Conn.).

"*The Labor Problem in the Printing Industry*"—Mr. Charles Francis (Founder of the Printers' League).

"*Organization in the Printing Industry*"—Mr. John Clyde Oswald (Publisher, *The American Printer*, New York).

**Wednesday Afternoon—16th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. J. R. Demarest, President Graphic Arts Association, Connecticut.

"*Collective Advertising for the Printing Industry*"—Lieut. Col. H. Rivers Fletcher, of Norwich (Ex-President Federation of Master Printers).

"*The Color Note in Advertising*"—Mr. D. Greenhill (Sun Engraving Co., Watford).

"*The Printer as a Salesman*"—Mr. William J. Betting (Treasurer, Redfield, Fisher and Wallace, Inc., New York).

## Press Representation Department

**Tuesday Afternoon—15th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. W. Nefydd Roberts.

"*Outline of Our Plan of Work*"—Mr. William F. Rogers (Chairman Bureau of Advertising, American Newspaper Publishers' Association; Advertising Manager, *The Boston Transcript.*)

"*Space Sellers I Never Want to See Again*"—Mr. Alfred Marland (Director, Griffiths-Hughes, Ltd., Manchester).

"*Selling Newspaper Advertising Space*"—Mr. F. St. John Richards (*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*).

"*Magazine Advertising in America*"—Mr. James O'Shaughnessy (Secretary, American Association of Advertising Agencies).

"*Some Sidelights on Magazine Advertising*"—Mr. George French (Author).

"*The Representative as a Creator of Business*"—Mr. W. T. Robertson (Advertising Manager, *The Amalgamated Press*, London).

## Public Utilities Advertising Department

**Tuesday Afternoon—15th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. F. W. Goodenough.

*Address*—Mr. W. P. Strandborg (President of the Public Utilities Advertising Association of America).

"*How to Win Good Will for the Company*"—Mr. P. L. Thompson (Publicity Director, Western Electric Company, New York).

"*Company Ownership and Operation Under Public Control*"—Mr. Jacques Abady (Barrister-at-Law).

"*Progress of Customer Ownership*"—Mr. Frank Leroy Blanchard (Henry L. Doherty Company and Cities Service Company, New York).

"*Co-operative Advertising of a Public Utility*"—Mr. W. M. Mason (Manager of The British Commercial Gas Association), and Lieut. Col. W. A. Vignoles, D.S.O., M.I.E.E. (Borough Electrical Engineer, Corporation of Grimsby).

**Wednesday Morning—16th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. Frank Leroy Blanchard.

"*The American Traction Situation and the Part Publicity has Played in It*"—Mr. Lucius S. Storrs (President, The Connecticut Company, New Haven).

"*The Personal Element in Public Utility Advertising*"—Mr. Evelyn Boys, M.C., A.C.I.S. (Secretary, North Metropolitan Electric Power Supply Company).

"*Education in Relation to Public Utilities*"—Mr. M. C. Robbins (Publisher, *Gas-Age Record*, New York).

"*Municipal versus Company Ownership*"—Mr. B. J. Mullaney (People's Gas Light and Coke Company, Chicago).

"*Railway Advertising*"—Mr. Ivor Fraser (Publicity Manager, Underground Railways of London), and Mr. W. M. Teasdale (Advertising Manager, London and North Eastern Railway).

## Retail Advertising Department

**Tuesday Afternoon—15th July**

*Presiding*—Sir R. Woodman Burbidge, Bart., C.B.E., President of the Incorporated Association of Retail Distributors.

"*General Retail Advertising*"—

Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge (Chairman of Selfridge & Co., Ltd.).

Mr. Edward A. Filene (President, Wm. Filene's Sons' Co., Boston, Mass.).

Mr. Percy A. Best (Managing Director of James Shoolbred & Co., Ltd., London, Chairman of the Incorporated Association of Retail Distributors).

Mr. Joseph B. Mills (Publicity Director, J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit, Michigan).

Sir Sydney M. Skinner (Chairman of John Barker & Co., Ltd., London; Past-President of the Incorporated Association of Retail Distributors; President of Drapers' Chamber of Trade).

Mr. Vern C. Divine (President, Standard Corporation, New York and Chicago).

Mr. Sheldon R. Coons (Advertising and Sales Director, Gimbel Bros., New York).

**Wednesday Morning—16th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. Theodore Gold Morgan, President, Associated Retail Advertisers of the United States of America and Canada; Director, Henry Morgan and Co., Ltd., Montreal.

"*Results from Newspaper Advertising in Great Britain*"—Mr. C. F. Tomkinson (Advertising Manager of Harrods, Ltd., London).

"*Sales and Publicity Methods of Large Department Stores*"—Mr. Sheldon R. Coons (Advertising Manager, Gimbel Bros., New York; Director Associated Retail Advertisers).

"*American versus British Illustrations and Typography Compared*"—Mr. A. H. Williams (Advertising and Sales Manager of Selfridge and Co., Ltd., London).

"*The Value of Typography in Advertising*" (illustrated)—Mr. Frederick M. Farrar (Typographic Service Co., New York).

"*The Ethics of British Retail Advertising*"—Mr. W. H. King (Advertising Manager of Waring & Gillow, Ltd., London).

**Wednesday Afternoon—16th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. Percy A. Best, Chairman of the Incorporated Association of Retail Distributors, and Managing Director of James Shoolbred and Co., Ltd., London.

"*The Effect of Paris on the Sale of Fashions*"—Mr. F. E. Richards (Advertising Manager of William Whiteley, Ltd., London).

"*Retailing as a Civic Force*"—Mr. Vern C. Divine (President, Standard Corporation, New York and Chicago).

"*Scottish Retail Advertising*"—Mr. Sydney Earl (Advertising Manager of Jenners, Ltd., Edinburgh).

"*Advertising and World Peace*"—Mr. Edward A. Filene (President of William Filene's Sons' Company, Boston, Mass.).

*Farewell Message*—The Chairman.

# Sales Managers' Department

**Tuesday Afternoon—15th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. J. W. CATLOW, Managing Director, South British Manufacturing Co., Ltd., London.

*"Strength and Weakness of Sales Managers"*—Mr. FRANCIS R. JONES (C. & A. Modes, Ltd., Liverpool and London).
*"Sales Administration"*—Mr. C. K. WOODBRIDGE (President, Dictaphone Co., New York).
*"Making a Retailer a Better Distributor"*—Mr. S. W. LEVERS (Dennison Manufacturing Co., London).
*Discussions.*

**Wednesday Morning—16th July**

*Presiding*—C. K. WOODBRIDGE.

*"Correlating Sales, Finance and Production through Budgetary Control"*—Mr. E. L. FLETCHER (John MacIntosh and Sons, Ltd., Halifax, England).
*"The Relation of Sales Administration to Factory Administration"*—Mr. H. R. SWARTZ (President Intertype Corporation, New York).
*"Guiding Principles in Training Salesmen"*—Mr FRANK WILLIS MOORE (Spirella Company of Great Britain, Ltd).
*Discussion.*

**Wednesday Afternoon—16th July**

*Presiding*—Mr. ARTHUR CHADWICK, Managing Director, Amalgamated Publicity Services, Ltd., London.

*"Vision in Sales Management"*—Mr. HOPTON HADLEY (Vice-Chairman, Inc. Sales Managers' Association of the United Kingdom).
*"Salesmen's Remuneration"*—Mr. R. D. KEIM (Director and General Sales Manager, E. R. Squibb and Sons, Manufacturing Chemists, New York).
*"The Preparation and Proper Use of the Sales Manual"*—Mr. JOHN C. KIRKWOOD (St. James's Advertising and Publishing Co., Ltd., London).

## SOCIAL AFFAIRS

### SUNDAY

Informal Dinner of Welcome to Overseas Engravers, arranged by the Federation of Master Process Engravers at Hotel Cecil.... 7:30

Reception by Mr. Gordon Selfridge at Lansdowne House.. 9 p. m. to 11:00

### MONDAY

Group Tour of Old London, arranged by the Ladies' Entertainment Committee..... 2:30

Banquet at the Savoy Hotel to meet the Chairman and Board of Management of the British Empire Exhibition..... 7:00

### TUESDAY

Group Tour of Old London, arranged by the Ladies' Entertainment Committee.....10:30

Overseas Delegates will be the Guests at Lunch of the Directors of Harrod's, Ltd., Brompton Road, S. W. Chairman: Sir R. Woodman Burbidge, Bt., C.B.E. Arranged by Retail Advertising Section..... 1:00

Lunch at Prince's Restaurant. Arranged by the Screen Advertising Section..... 1:00

Luncheon at the Lucullus Restaurant, British Empire Exhibition, Wembley. Arranged by the Public Utilities Section..... 1:00

Women's Lunch at the Connaught Rooms for Members of the Federation of the Women's Advertising Clubs of the World..... 1:30

Lunch, arranged by the Ladies' Entertainment Committee for accompanying Ladies, at Criterion Restaurant..... 1:30

Lunch at Marylebone Room, Gt. Central Hotel. Arranged by Press Representation Section..... 1:30

Dress Parade for Ladies in the Ball Room, Piccadilly Hotel. Music and Tea..... 3:00

Banquet and Ball at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, W.C. Arranged by the Incorporated Society of British Advertisers. Reception 6:30 p. m. to 7:00. Dancing 10:30 p. m. to 2:00 a. m. 6:30

Presidents' Dinner in the Georgian Room, Piccadilly Hotel. Reception, 6:45. Dinner, 7:30 p. m. ..... 6:45

Banquet to Overseas Engravers at Victoria Hotel. Arranged by the Federation of Master Process Engravers ..... 7:00

Banquet at Guildhall to Overseas Advertising Agents, by permission of the Lord Mayor of London and the Corporation. Arranged by Advertising Agents' Section. Reception, 7:00 p.m. to 7:30 p.m. 7:00

Dinner at the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant. Arranged by the Inc. Sales Managers' Association ..... 7:30

Dinner at Prince's Restaurant. Arranged by the Screen Advertising Section ..... 7:30

The Publicity Club of London will entertain 100 Overseas Delegates at the Winter Garden Theatre, Drury Lane, to witness a performance of "To-night's the Night," followed by a Buffet Supper, Dance and Cabaret Show in the Victoria Hall, Hotel Cecil ..... 6:00 p. m— 2:00

## WEDNESDAY

Conference of National Advertisers at the Connaught Rooms, followed by lunch ..... 10:30

Group Tour of Old London. Arranged by Ladies' Entertainment Committee ..... 10:30

Luncheon in Lucullus Restaurant, British Empire Exhibition, Wembley, given by Lord Ebury, Chairman, and Director of the Army and Navy Co-operative Society, Ltd., in honor of the Empire Delegates and Guests of the Business Research Association ..... 12:45

Overseas Delegates will be the Guests at Lunch of the Directors of William Whiteley, Ltd., Queen's Road, W. Chairman: John Lawrie, Esq., J.P. Arranged by Retail Advertisers' Section .. 1:00

Lunch at the Lucullus Restaurant, British Empire Exhibition, Wembley. Arranged by the Graphic Arts Section ..... 1:00

Lunch at Liberty's, Regent Street. Arranged by Ladies' Entertainment Committee ..... 1:00

American Chamber of Commerce invites fifty American Delegates to Luncheon in the Grand Hall, Hotel Cecil ..... 1:15

Lunch at Stationers' Hall, Ludgate Hill. Chairman: Lord Riddell. Speakers: Viscount Burnham and Mr. Louis Wiley ..... 1:15

Lunch at Connaught Rooms. Arranged by the Association of National Advertisers and the Incorporated Society of British Advertisers ..... 1:00

Lunch at Prince's Restaurant. Arranged by Screen Advertising Section ..... 1:00

Fifty Ladies will be entertained to Tea on the Terrace of the House of Commons by Mrs. Phillipson, M.P ..... 4:00

Meeting of the Aldwych Club Lodge in the Grand Temple, Freemasons' Hall, Gt. Queen Street, W.C ..... 5:00

Welcome Dinner to Overseas Poster Delegates in the King's Hall Suite, Holborn Restaurant ..... 7:00

Dinner to French-speaking Overseas Delegates in the Georgian Room, Piccadilly Hotel ..... 7:15

A Dinner will be held in honor of the Overseas Delegates at the National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, arranged for by the Insurance Section ..... 7:15

The *Daily Chronicle* are giving a gala performance of opera at His Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket, W ..... 8:30

## THURSDAY

Grand Tour of Old London. Arranged by the Ladies' Entertainment Committee ..... 10:30

National Margarine Lunch, Stationers' Hall ..... 1:00

Lunch at Marshall and Snelgrove, Ltd., Oxford Street, W ..... 1:00

Overseas Delegates will be the guests at Lunch of Lord Waring (Waring and Gillow, Ltd.), in the Lucullus Restaurant, Wembley 1:15

Afternoon at Hurlingham for Visiting Ladies. Arranged by the Ladies' Entertainment Committee ..... 2:30

Fifty Ladies will be entertained to Tea on the Terrace of the House of Commons by Mrs. Phillipson, M.P ..... 4:00

Epilogue Ball at Olympia ..... 9:30 p. m.— 2:00

## FRIDAY

Golf at Walton Heath, as Guests of Lord Riddell. The party will be conveyed by motor-coach leaving Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, at 8:30 a. m. The following trophies will be open for competition:

Gold Challenge Trophy, presented by the *News of the World*, and Trophies presented by Lord Riddell, the *Strand Magazine* and *London Opinion*. Fourball Foursome Bogey round for prizes presented by *Daily Mail*, Allied Newspapers, Ltd., *Star*, *Sporting and Dramatic*, C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., *The Daily Telegraph* ..... 8:30 a. m.—6:00

Golf at Moor Park. Arranged by the Federation of Master Process Engravers.....9:00 a. m.— 6:30

Group Tour of Old London. Arranged by Ladies' Entertainment Committee.....10:30

Major the Hon. J. J. Astor, M. P., invites 1,000 Delegates to Hever Castle, Kent.....11:30 a. m.— 6:30

Lord Ashfield and the Directors of the Underground Railway invite 600 Delegates to visit Hampton Court Palace. Motor-coach from Northumberland Avenue.....2:00 p. m.—7:00

Group Tour of Old London. Arranged by Ladies' Entertainment Committee..... 2:30

Kingsway Theatre, Kingsway. Guests of Mr. Donald Calthrop... 2:30

Ball at Lansdowne House to Retail Advertisers as Guests of Mr. Gordon Selfridge (Supper).....10:00 p. m.— 2:00

## SATURDAY

The Overseas Advertising Agents will be taken by car to Windsor, arriving 11:15 a. m. After being shown over the Castle by the Dean of Windsor, Luncheon will be taken in Windsor Great Park, by permission of the Chief Ranger. After Luncheon, Guests will be taken to one of the big riverside houses in Marlow for tea. Arranged by the Advertising Agents' Section, 10:00 a.m.—6:30

## SUNDAY

Garden Party at "The Hill," Hampstead, at the invitation of Viscount Leverhulme and Miss Lever..... 3:30

## LIST OF TOURS

A number of special tours of Great Britain have been arranged by the National Sight-Seeing Committee, commencing on Saturday, July 19. The following are the dates and places, together with the reference initial or number:

Brighton—Trip No. 1: Wednesday, July 23, and Thursday, July 24, inclusive.

Margate—Trip No. 2: Saturday, July 19, to Monday morning, July 21, inclusive.

Oxford and Stratford-on-Avon—Trip No. 3: Tuesday, July 22. On Train presented to Overseas Delegates by the Great Western Railway.

Edinburgh—Tour A: Monday, July 21, to Thursday, July 24, inclusive. On Special Train presented to Overseas Guests by the London and North-Eastern Railway Co.

Glasgow—Tour B: Monday, July 21, to Friday, July 25, inclusive. On Special Train presented to Overseas Guests by the London Midland and Scottish Railway.

Yorkshire—Tour C: Monday, July 21, to Monday, July 28, inclusive.

Northampton, Leicester, Nottingham and Birmingham—Tour D: Monday, July 21, to Saturday, July 26, inclusive.

Lancashire—Tour E: Sunday, July 20, to Saturday, July 26, inclusive.

South-West England: Tour F: Monday, July 21, to Saturday, July 26, inclusive.

Norwich, Lincoln, York, Durham, Newcastle-on-Tyne (Cathedral and Architectural Tour)—Tour H: Saturday, July 19, to Saturday, July 26, inclusive.

Belfast—Tour I: Monday, July 21, to Saturday, July 26, inclusive.

Dublin—Tour J: Monday, July 21, to Saturday, July 26, inclusive.

Paris—Saturday, July 26, to Thursday, July 31, inclusive.

## THE FRENCH VISIT

The French Reception Committee, which, under the patronage of President Doumergue, is arranging for the visit of members of the American Advertising Clubs to Paris, has issued the following program:

SATURDAY, July 26—Afternoon: Journey from Calais to Paris by special trains of the Compagnie du Nord. Arriving in Paris, the members will go to the different hotels, where apartments have been reserved for them.

SUNDAY, July 27—10:30 a. m.: Visit to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. 11 a. m.: Religious services in the American churches. Afternoon: Visit to the great fountains in the park of Versailles (transportation by automobiles). 7:30 p. m.: Dinner in the hotels of Versailles. 9 p. m.: Fireworks at the Bassin de Neptune and return to Paris by automobiles.

MONDAY, July 28—10:15 a. m.: Reception of the Advertising Clubs in the Sorbonne by the Government and the Press. 12 a. m.: Reception by the American Chamber of Commerce. 4:45 p. m.: Reception in the Palais de l'Elysée by M. Doumergue, President de la République, who will come back to Paris especially for that purpose. 8:30 p. m.: Great banquet given to the members of the Advertising Clubs by the French Committee at the Hotel Continental.

TUESDAY, July 29—Morning: Visit of the Agence Havas, 62, Rue de Richelieu. 5 p. m.: Great festival of the aeronautics in honor of the Advertising Clubs at the Aerodrome du Bourget (transportation by automobiles). 9:30 p. m.: Gala at the Theatre National de l'Opéra.

## THE DIGNITY OF ADVERTISING

From *The Telegraph*

The International Advertising Convention at Wembley, which was brought to a successful close yesterday, must have convinced everybody that advertising is one of the most potent and vitalizing forces of modern civilization. No one, we feel sure, who has read attentively the many columns which we have devoted to the proceedings of the past four days, can have failed to be impressed, not merely by the variety, the knowledge and the wit displayed in the many speeches, but also by the high tone that was maintained from first to last. The Prince of Wales, who opened the convention on Monday, struck the true note when he spoke of its international character and of its beneficent aims, which he rightly summed up as a desire to promote greater sales at a lower cost, to the advantage of both producer and consumer. Should these aims be achieved, the prince went on to say, we should have gone far towards solving some of our gravest social and economic problems. The American Ambassador, Mr. J. H. Thomas, and Mr. Clynes (who spoke for the government), Mr. Baldwin, Sir Robert Horne and Mr. Churchill testified, sometimes humorously, but none the less earnestly, to their sense of the great importance of the convention. The many prominent men and women, representing the churches, the arts, and the older professions, as well as commerce, who took part in the later sessions, showed in varied ways their full appreciation of the magnitude of the theme. And the numerous excellent papers read by delegates, whether from Great Britain, the Dominions, the United States, or from abroad, completed the demonstration. The work of the advertiser can no longer be ridiculed or contemned. It is as serious, as important, as essential, to the cause of progress as any other form of ordinary human endeavor in the workaday world. If, like others, the advertising profession began humbly and made many mistakes through ignorance and inexperience, it has now come into its own; and the convention's motto, "Truth in Advertising," speaks for itself.

In our vast modern communities the chief difficulty of those who offer either their wares or their services is to make their fellow men aware of the fact. It is clear, of course, that a particular shop even in a busy London thoroughfare must seek greater publicity for its wares than is afforded by the passers-by. It is fairly obvious, too, that an insurance office must find some way of drawing attention to the terms on which it, as distinct from competing offices, will insure clients against various risks. It is beginning to be understood that any one seaside resort has good

reason to proclaim its exceptional charms, over and above those of rival holiday haunts. But it has not been generally realized that advertising is now found to be necessary and beneficial even for concerns which are in no sense competitive. Some of the most remarkable papers at the convention were devoted to the advertising of public utilities, which are virtual monopolies—such as the railway, the tramway, the omnibus, the gas company, or the electric supply company. It was shown conclusively that the managers of such enterprises could no longer be content to do their work in silence, secure in the belief that the public, knowing of their existence and having no alternative, would use them as and when it pleased. On the contrary, they have to press home to the public the fact that they exist, are offering it valuable opportunities, and are ready and anxious to give it full service. The remarkable development and commercial success of the publicity methods of the London Underground Railways is a typical case in point. Furthermore, advertising has been found of immense value in making known state loans and in promoting in this country, by means of the national savings movement, the practice of thrift. It has been applied not merely in domestic politics, but in the wider sphere of international affairs. We may indeed regard the exhibition where the convention met as one vast advertisement—a superb gesture of pride in the British Empire, and an invitation to all mankind to compete with us in the arts of peace. Finally, the advertiser has been called in to the aid of religion, and the thoughtful papers read in the section devoted to that subject may lead even the most conservative to consider whether the churches may not derive much assistance from well-devised methods of making their message known. The advertiser, like the laughing philosopher in Terence's comedy, finds that nothing of human interest is really alien to him.

The value of advertising is as well marked as its variety. Its continued growth and vitality are due to the essential fact that it benefits not merely the advertiser, but all parties concerned. The producer of a good article or a good service—and none else is worth advertising or can be made, in the long run, to sell by means of advertisement—profits when he finds a customer or client by advertising, and the customer, for his part, is rewarded by having his want both defined and supplied. We may illustrate the co-operative nature of advertising by reference to the daily press, which is unquestionably the most powerful and effective means of publicity. The advertiser helps the newspaper to thrive, so that it may improve its news service and give the reader the best information on current topics at a low cost. But the newspaper, in turn, by thus increasing the number of its readers and gaining more influence and importance, is enabled to offer the advertiser an ever-growing circle for his announcement. The advantage becomes reciprocal. The same principle holds good throughout the advertis-

ing field. The railway company which goes to the trouble of procuring artistic posters that interest and please will reap the advantage in increased traffic on its lines. The cause which is advertised intelligently and emphatically, so that readers will be set thinking, will be materially assisted in its progress by those whose sympathies and interests have been aroused. In the whole sphere of trade, advertising has worked a revolution. No one can possibly doubt that the public is infinitely better served than it used to be. It can obtain manufactured goods of a far higher quality and in greater variety at a proportionately lower cost than ever before. The simple reason for this is, as Mr. Churchill said in his able speech yesterday, that "Advertising nourishes the consuming power; it creates wants, it reveals possibilities, it brings together in fertile union what would otherwise never have met." By creating and ever enlarging the demand, advertising makes it possible for manufacturers to produce on a larger and larger scale, thus cheapening the product to the advantage of every consumer. That, in normal times, is the benefit which advertising confers on the public. But Mr. Churchill was well justified in emphasizing its exceptional importance in these days, when we are but slowly recovering from the ravages of a great war that perhaps left the producing power of the world more or less intact, but has certainly weakened its consuming power to a terrible extent. Never was it so difficult in modern times to sell goods or services as it is now. The science and art of advertising have thus developed into maturity just when they are most urgently needed to bring together all the forces working for a revival of trade and a restoration of that peace which all men so keenly desire.

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